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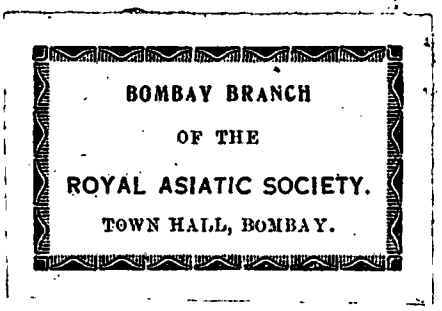

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CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH

ITALY.

Hæc est Italia diis sacra, hæ gentes ejus, hæc oppida populorum.

Plin. Nat. Hist. III. 20.

An. MDCCCII.

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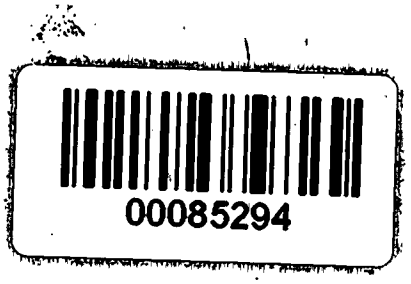

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD BROWNLOW,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK

IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS MANY VIRTUES,

AS AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS CONSTANT KINDNESS,

AND AT THE SAME TIME,

AS A MONUMENT OF AN INSTRUCTIVE AND PLEASANT TOUR,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

FELLOW-TRAVELLER,

AND

MOST SINCERE FRIEND,

JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

PREFACE.

THE Author presents the following pages to the Public with diffidence. He is aware that the very title of a Tour through Italy is sufficient in itself to raise expectation, which he has learned from the fate of similar compositions, is more frequently disappointed than satisfied. To avoid as much as possible this inconvenience, he thinks it necessary to state precisely the nature and object of the present work, that the reader may enter upon its perusal with some previous knowledge of its contents.

The Preliminary Discourse is intended chiefly for the information of youthful and inexperienced travellers, and points out the qualities and accomplishments requisite to enable them to derive, from an Italian Tour its full advantages. The Reader then comes to the Tour itself.

The epithet *Classical* sufficiently points out its peculiar

character, which is to trace the resemblance between Modern and Ancient Italy, and to take for guides and companions in the beginning of the nineteenth century, the writers that preceded or adorned the first. Conformably to that character, the Author may be allowed to dwell with complacency on the incidents of ancient history, to admit every poetical recollection, and to claim indulgence, if in describing objects so often alluded to by the Latin writers, he should frequently borrow their expressions;

Materiæ scripto conveniente suæ *.

Citations, in fact, which notwithstanding the example of Cicero, and the precept of Quintilian †, some severe critics are disposed to proscribe, may here be introduced or even lavished, without censure; they rise spontaneously from the soil we tread, and constitute one of its distinguishing beauties.

In Modern History, he may perhaps be considered as sometimes too short, but it must be remembered that Modern History is not *Classical*, and can claim admission only as an illustration. As for the forms of government established in

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* Ovid, Trist. l. v. 1.

† Quintil. lib. 1. cap. v. Edit. Rollins.

many provinces by the present French rulers, they are generally passed over in silence and contempt, as shifting scenes or rather mere *figuranti* in the political drama, destined to occupy the attention for a time, and to disappear when the principal character shows himself upon the stage.

Of the state of painting and sculpture, though these arts reflect so much lustre on Italy, little is said; an acknowledgment which may surprize and disappoint many readers. But, on the one hand, to give a long catalogue of pictures and statues, without explanatory observations, appeared absurd; and on the other, to execute such a work in a becoming manner requires leisure, technical information, and the pen of a professed artist, perhaps of a Reynolds. The subject is therefore touched incidentally only; but as it is extensive and amusing, and affords scope to the display of skill, taste and erudition united, it will, it is to be hoped, ere long attract the attention of some writer capable of doing it justice.

As to the Style—in the first place some, perhaps many expressions, and occasionally whole sentences, may have been inadvertently repeated; a defect great without doubt, but pardonable because almost unavoidable in descriptive composition. *Who*, in truth, *can paint like Nature*, or who *vary his colouring* with all the tints of Italian scenery, lighted by Italian

skies? If Lucretius has repeated at length two of the most beautiful passages in his poem *, the Author may claim indulgence, if in describing the perpetual recurrence of similar objects, he has been betrayed into similar language.

In Proper Names, he has ventured frequently to use the ancient appellation if not irrecoverably lost in the modern. Thus, he sometimes introduces the *Benacus*, *Liris*, and *Athesis*, instead of the *Lago di Garda*, *Garigliano* and *Adige*, because the former names are still familiar to the learned ear and by no means unknown even to the peasantry. The same may be said of the *Arno*, the *Tiber*, and several other rivers, and may be extended to many cities and mountains. He has, as much as possible, attempted to discard the French termination in Italian names, and laments that he cannot carry consistency so far as to apply it to antiquity, and rejecting the semi-barbarous appellations with which the French have misnamed some of the most illustrious ancients, restore to Horace, and Virgil, all their Roman majesty †. But this general reformation must be left to more able and more popular writers, or rather perhaps recommended to the learned gentlemen who

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* Lib. I. v. 925.—Lib. IV. v.

† Titus Livius owes the recovery of his Roman appellation to the Bishop of Llandaff.—*Apology for the Bible.*

preside over the Universities and the great Schools, and to the Critics who direct the public taste in Reviews, and have of late exercised no small influence over custom itself.

We now come to objects of greater moment, and here the Author must, however reluctantly, obtrude himself on the attention of the Reader. Religion, Politics, and Literature, are the three great objects that employ every mind raised by education above the level of the labourer or the mechanic; upon them, every thinking man must have a decided opinion, and that opinion must occasionally influence his conduct, conversation, and writings. Sincere and undisguised in the belief and profession of the Roman Catholic Religion, the Author affects not to conceal, because he is not ashamed of its influence. However unpopular it may be, he is convinced that its evil report is not the result of any inherent defect, but the natural consequence of polemic animosity, of the exaggerations of friends, of the misconceptions of enemies. Yes! he must acknowledge that the affecting lessons, the holy examples, and the majestic rites of the Catholic Church, made an early impression on his mind; and neither time nor experience, neither reading nor conversation, nor much travelling, have weakened that impression, or diminished his veneration. Yet with this affectionate attachment to the ancient Faith, he presumes not to arraign those who support other systems. Persuaded that their claims to mercy as well as his own, depend upon Sincerity and Charity, he leaves them

and himself to the disposal of the common Father of All, who, we may humbly hope, will treat our errors and our defects with more indulgence than mortals usually shew to each other. In truth, Reconciliation and Union are the objects of his warmest wishes, of his most fervent prayers: they occupy his thoughts, they employ his pen; and if a stone shall happen to mark the spot where his remains are to repose, that stone shall speak of Peace and Reconciliation.

We come next to Politics, a subject of a very delicate nature, where difference of opinion, like disagreement in Religion, has given occasion to many rancorous and interminable contests: and here, expressions apparently favourable to republicanism, or perhaps the general tendency of his principles to the cause of freedom, may incline some of his readers to suspect him of an excessive and unconstitutional attachment to that form of government. Without doubt, Liberty, the source of so many virtues, the mother of so many arts, the spring of public and private happiness, of the glory and the greatness of nations, is and ever will be the idol of liberal and manly minds, and that system which is most favourable to its development must necessarily obtain their approbation. But fortunately they need not have recourse to fine-spun theories for the principles, or look to past ages or distant countries for the practice of a free, and, what may justly be called, a republican government. The Constitution of England actually comprises the excellencies of all the ancient commonwealths,

together with the advantages of the best forms of monarchy; though liable, as all human institutions are, to abuse and decay, yet like the works of Providence, it contains in itself the means of correction and the seeds of renovation. Such a system was considered as one of unattainable perfection by Cicero, and by Tacitus pronounced, a vision fair but transient. A scheme of policy that enchanted the sages of antiquity may surely content the patriot and the philosopher of modern days, and the only wish of both must be, that, in spite of courtly encroachment and of popular frenzy, it may last for ever.

In Literature, if the Author differs from those who have preceded him in the same Tour, if he censures the opinions of any other traveller or writer, he hopes he has expressed the reasons of his dissent with the tenderness and the attention due to their feelings and reputation.

On the merits of the French language and literature he differs from many, but he is open to conviction even on this subject, and only requests the Reader to weigh with impartiality the reasons which he produces against both, and the more so, as the question is of greater importance than may perhaps be imagined; for, to the wide circulation of French authors may be attributed many of the evils under which Europe now labours. This observation naturally leads to the following. If ever he indulges in harsh and acrimonious language, it is when speaking of

the French, their principles, and measures; and on this subject he acknowledges that his expressions, if they correspond with his feelings, must be strong, because his abhorrence of that government and its whole system is deep and unqualified. Neither the patriot who recollects the vindictive spirit with which the Ruler of France carries on hostilities against Great Britain, the only bulwark of Europe, and the asylum of the Independence of Nations, because he knows where Freedom makes her last stand,

Libertas ultima mundi
Quo steterit ferienda loco,

Lucan VII.

nor the philosopher who considers the wide wasting war which the French government has been so long carrying on against the liberties and happiness of mankind, will probably condemn the author's feelings as intemperate, or require any apology for the harshness of his expressions. As long as religion and literature, civilization and independence are objects of estimation among men, so long must revolutionary France be beheld with horror and with detestation.

It now only remains to inform the reader, that the Tour sketched out in the following pages was undertaken in company with PHILIP ROCHE, Esq. a young gentleman of fortune, who, while he spared no expence to render it instructive, con-

tributed much to its pleasures by his gentle manners, and by his many mild and benevolent virtues; virtues which, as it was hoped, would have extended their influence through a long and prosperous life, and contributed to the happiness, not of his family only, but of an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance. But these hopes were vain, and the Author is destined to pay this unavailing tribute to the memory of his friend and companion.

The two gentlemen who, with the Author and his fellow traveller, formed the party often alluded to in the following pages, were the Honourable Mr. CUST, now Lord BROWNLOW, and ROBERT RUSHBROKE, of Rushbroke Hall, Esq. The information, the constant politeness, and good humour of the former, with the liveliness, the mirth, and the accomplishments of the latter, heightened the pleasures of the journey, and, by supplying a continual fund of incident and conversation, rendered even Italy itself more delightful. To Lord BROWNLOW, the Author must acknowledge another obligation, as he is indebted to his Lordship for several useful observations during the course of this work, and particularly for the details of the excursion to the island of *Ischia*, and the account of the solitudes of *Camaldoli* and of *Alvernia*.

The publication of these volumes has been delayed by frequent avocations, and particularly by a more extensive and

scarcely less interesting excursion to parts of *Dalmatia*, the Western Coasts of *Greece*, the *Ionian Islands*, to *Sicily*, *Malta*, &c. &c. The details of this latter Tour may, perhaps, be presented to the public if the following pages shall seem to meet its approbation.

Great Chesterford, Essex,
Sept. 14, 1812.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt
O dulces comitum valete cœtus
Longè quos simul à domo profectos
Diversè variæ viæ reportant.

Catul. XLIV.

THE degree of preparation necessary for travelling depends upon the motives which induce us to travel. He who goes from home merely to change the scene and to seek for novelty; who makes amusement his sole object, and has no other view but to fill up a few months that must otherwise remain unemployed, has no need of mental preparation for his excursion. A convenient post-chaise, a good letter of credit, and a well-furnished trunk are all that such a loiterer can

possibly wish for; for occupation he will have recourse to inns, to coffee-houses, and to theatres, with their appurtenances, which cannot fail to supply him with incidents, anecdote, and pastime in abundance. But he who believes with Cicero that it becomes a man of a liberal and active mind to visit countries ennobled by the birth and the residence of the Great; who, with the same Roman, finds himself disposed by the contemplation of such scenes to virtuous and honourable pursuits; he who, like Titus Quintius employing the first days of leisure after his glorious achievements in visiting the celebrated monuments of Greece, embraces the earliest opportunity of visiting the classic regions of Italy, such a traveller will easily comprehend the necessity of providing before-hand the information necessary to enable him to traverse the country without constant difficulty, doubt, and inquiry. And indeed, if there be a Tour in which such preparation is more peculiarly necessary than in any other, it is that which I allude to: as Italy owes more to history than even to nature; and he who visits it merely with his eyes open to its embellishments, and his mind intent on observation, though he may see much and learn much also, will yet, with all his curiosity and diligence, discover one-half only of its beauties. Even those travellers who have made some efforts to qualify themselves by previous application, will find many occasions to regret that they have not extended their researches still farther, and

that they have not, by a longer course of preparation, added to their means both of amusement and of instruction *. It may, therefore, be considered as an appropriate, if not as a necessary, introduction to an account of Italy, to point out to the reader such branches of information as are either indispensable or highly advantageous to a traveller visiting that country; after which I mean to add a few reflections and cautions, with a view either to prevent inconveniencies or to remove prejudices.

CLASSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

I. As these pages are addressed solely to persons of a liberal education, it is almost needless to recommend the Latin Poets and Historians. Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Livy, ought to be the inseparable companions of all travellers; they should occupy a corner in every carriage,

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* Vous ne sauriez croire, *says the Abbé Barthelemi to the Comte De Caylus*, combien mon voyage (en Italie) mà humilié; j'ai vu tant de choses que j'ignorois, et que j'ignore encore, qu'il m'a paru fou de se savoir gré de quelques connoissances superficielles.—*Lettre* XXI.

Yet the author of Anacharsis was one of the most learned and judicious antiquaries in France.

and be called forth in every interval of leisure to relieve the fatigue and to heighten the pleasure of the journey. Familiar acquaintance or rather bosom intimacy with the ancients is evidently the first and most essential accomplishment of a *classical* traveller. But there is a class of Poets who, though nearly allied in language, sentiments, and country, to the ancients, are yet in general little known; I mean the modern Latin poets, Vida, Sannazarius, Fracastorius, Flaminius, Politian, &c.* who laboured so successfully to restore the pure taste of antiquity.

Boileau and the French critics affected to despise these authors†,

* Pope printed, or rather, I believe, reprinted with additions, a collection of poems from these authors in two volumes duodecimo. The Clarendon press gave the public a superb specimen of typographical elegance, in an edition of Vida, in three volumes octavo, in the years 22, 23, 24, of the last century.

† The contempt which the French critics generally shew for modern Latin poetry may, perhaps, arise from a consciousness of their own deficiency in this respect. *Vaniere*, *Rapin*, and *Santeuil*, are the only Latin poets, if I recollect well, of any consideration that France has produced, and though they are not without some merit, yet they betray in the effort with which they advance and in the very art which they display, somewhat of the latent barbarian. Even in Latin prose the French do not seem to have succeeded better. There is always an appearance of study and constraint in their style, very different from the easy,

and, for what reason it is difficult to discover, undervalued their latinity. But men of equal discernment, Atterbury, Pope, and Johnson, entertained a very different opinion of their merit, and not only read but sometimes borrowed from them. Every body is acquainted with the beautiful compliment which the British poet pays to Vida, and through him indirectly to his fellow bards, whose united rays lighted up the glories of the second Augustan age; and every reader not blinded by prejudice must admit the propriety of this poetical tribute, and acknowledge, that not Vida only but several of his contemporaries tread in the footsteps of their illustrious countrymen Virgil and Horace; not unfrequently catch a spark of their inspiration, and often speak their language with the grace and facility which distinguish native Romans. Upon the present occasion I mean to recommend, in particular, only such passages in their works as have an immediate connection with Italy, and are calculated

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unaffected flow of Italian authors. The latter only have either preserved or recovered the *certa vox Romani generis, urbisque propria, in qua nihil offendi, nihil displicere, nihil animadverti possit, nihil sonare, aut olere peregrinum.*—*(Cicero de Or.)*

Hence Mr. Roscoe has reason to mention these poets with partiality, under the flattering but merited appellation of the rivals of Virgil and Horace.

to give an additional interest to any part of its history, scenery, or antiquities. In these passages, where the subject calls forth their energies, they glow with the fire of enthusiasm, and in numbers not unworthy the fathers of Roman verse, pure, majestic, or pathetic, celebrate the grandeur, describe the beauties, or lament the misfortunes of their country.

ITALIAN LANGUAGE.

II. It is evident that he who wishes to become acquainted with the manners, or to enjoy the society of the inhabitants of any country, must previously learn their language; it is not therefore my intention, at present, merely to recommend, what indeed no traveller entirely neglects, the *study of Italian*, but to enforce the necessity of commencing it at a much earlier period, and of continuing it for a much longer space of time than is now customary. He who enters Italy with an intention of applying to its language particularly, must make a longer residence there than our countrymen usually do, or he will find too many external calls upon his attention and curiosity to allow him to devote his time to cabinet studies. Information *there*, is to be gathered, not from sedentary application, but from active research and observation. One day is devoted to the contemplation of churches or ruins, the next is passed in the examination of pictures, a third is dedicated to a groupe of ancient statues, and a fourth

and a fifth are agreeably spent in the galleries or the gardens of a villa; then excursions are to be made to spots consecrated by history or by song, to Horace's Sabine farm or to Virgil's tomb, to *Tibur* or *Tusculum*, to *Fesole* or *Vallombrosa*. In these delightful and instructive occupations, days, weeks, and months glide away with imperceptible rapidity, and the few leisure hours that may chance to occur at intervals are scarcely sufficient to give the diligent traveller time to collect his remarks and to embody his recollections. Let him, therefore, who wishes to visit Italy with full satisfaction and advantage acquire, if possible, such an acquaintance with its language, previous to his journey, that nothing may be wanting to complete his command of it but practice and conversation. *He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school and not to travel*, says Bacon.

ITALIAN HISTORY.

III. The next object which claims the attention of the traveller is the *History of the different Revolutions of Italy*, not only before, but during the decline and after the fall of the Roman Empire.

The republican part of Roman history is considered as purely classical, and as such is presupposed in the first

paragraph. The lives or the reigns of the first Emperors are contained in Suetonius, Tacitus, and Herodian, whose curious and amusing volumes must of course be perused with attention, while the *Scriptores Historiæ Augustæ* will not be neglected. The Abate *Denina's* History of the Revolutions of Italy, a work in great estimation, gives a very full and satisfactory view of the whole subject, including both ancient and modern times. To these historical works we may add, Cluverius's Italia, containing as many passages from ancient authors, geographical remarks, and disquisitions, and of course as much solid information as will satisfy the curiosity of the keenest enquirer.

MEDALS.

IV. Though I do not mean to turn young travellers into profound antiquaries, yet I would have them at least skim over all the regions of ancient learning. No spot in this extensive territory is either dreary or unproductive. Medals are intimately connected with the history and with the manners, the arts and even the taste of the ancients.

> And faithful to their charge of fame
> Through climes and ages bear each form and name.
> In one short view, subjected to our eye,
> Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.

They merit therefore considerable attention. Addison's Dialogues, written with the usual felicity of that graceful author, deserve to be recommended as a very proper introduction to this amusing branch of ancient knowledge. These dialogues have also, independently of their scientific merit, a very strong claim to the attention of the classical traveller, from the numberless extracts from the ancients, and particularly the poets, introduced with art, and frequently illustrated with elegance.

ARCHITECTURE.

V. As Italy possesses some of the most perfect monuments of antiquity now remaining, the *Res antiquæ laudis et artis*, as well as the most splendid productions of modern genius in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, it is absolutely necessary to acquire a general knowledge of the principles of these three great arts.

With regard to Architecture, Dean Aldrich's *Elements*, translated by Mr. Smyth of New College, is a very clear and concise treatise on the general principles, proportions, and terms of this art, and may be recommended as a good work of the kind for the use of beginners. The five orders, according

to *Palladio's* system, are explained in a little treatise, and illustrated in a set of neat engravings by *Cypriani.** *Scamozzi's* Lives of the principal Architects, preceded by a dissertation on the art in general, is an useful and very entertaining work.

But the man who wishes to have accurate ideas and comprehensive notions on this subject, must not content himself with these nor indeed with any modern compositions. He must have recourse to the ancients—*inventas qui vitam excoluere per artes*—and in their writings and monuments study the best models and the fairest specimens of architectural beauty. Rollin's short treatise, in his Appendix to his Ancient History, enriched with several citations and classical references, may serve as an introduction. It is not perhaps *always* accurate, because written before an exact survey of several ancient monuments had been made, or at least published, but it is perspicuous and interesting, and like all the works of that excellent author, admirably calculated to awaken curiosity in the youthful mind. Stuart's Athens, a work of surprising exactness, presents to the eye, in one vast groupe, a collection of the noblest specimens of Grecian art and of Attic taste now

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* Roma 1801.

existing*. In fact, in these matchless edifices, erected during the most flourishing period of Grecian architecture, the reader will discover the genuine proportions of the *original* Doric, the first and favourite order of the Grecian architects; an order either slightly mentioned or totally omitted by modern artists, though it is supposed, at least as employed in the Parthenon and temple of Theseus, to unite above all others, ornament with simplicity and beauty with solidity. Vitruvius, must be perused with attention, with the assistance of the Italian translation and notes, to remove such difficulties as must invariably occur without some explanation†.

Many works of greater length and more detail might be recommended, but the few alluded to are sufficient, not indeed to perfect an architect, but to form the taste of a young traveller. Besides, when the first principles are once known and the original proportions well understood, an attentive observer may improve his taste by comparing the best

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* Mr. Wilkin's magnificent work, entitled, *Magna Grecia*, is, in execution, accuracy, and interest, equal to any of the kind, and cannot be too strongly recommended.

† Vitruvio del Galiani, Neapoli.

models of Greek and Roman, of ancient and modern, architecture *.

SCULPTURE.

VI. We come in the next place to Sculpture. Some acquaintance with anatomy is a desirable preliminary to the knowledge of this art; a gentleman therefore who wishes to form correct notions of the statues, which he must necessarily

* No art deserves more attention than Architecture, because no art is so often called into action, tends so much to the embellishment or contributes more to the reputation of a country. It ought, therefore, at all events to occupy some portion of time in a liberal education. Had such a method of instruction as that which is here recommended been adopted a century ago, the streets of London, Oxford, and Cambridge, would not present so many shapeless buildings, all raised at an enormous expence, as if designed for eternal monuments of the opulence and of the bad taste of the British nation. We should not see such a multitude of absurd edifices under the names of temples, ruins, &c. disgrace the scenery of England so much admired by foreigners. In short, instead of allowing architects to pursue novelty at the expence of taste, and seek for reputation by adaptations and pretended improvements of their own invention, a method which has never yet succeeded, their employers would oblige them to adhere strictly to the ancients, and by adopting their forms and proportions to adorn England with the noblest edifices of Greece and of Italy.

examine during his travels, would do well to attend a few courses previous to his departure from the University. The best method of acquiring a correct and natural taste in sculpture is, without doubt, to inspect frequently the masterpieces of the art, to compare them with each other, and to converse occasionally with the best informed artists.

PAINTING.

VII. Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting, and Sir Joshua Reynold's well known discourses, together with much observation and frequent conversation with persons well versed in this enchanting art, may enable young travellers to distinguish the different schools, to observe the characteristic excellence of each great master, the peculiar beauty of every celebrated piece, and give them, if not the *eruditos oculos*, the discriminating eye of the professed artist, at least the liberal satisfaction of the judicious admirer.

MUSIC.

VIII. As Italy is acknowledged to be the first country in the world for Music, both with regard to composition and execution, something perhaps may be expected on that subject also. But, much as we may value music, yet I think that young travellers ought rather to be cautioned against its allurements

than exposed to their dangerous influence by preparatory lessons.

Music in Italy has lost its strength and its dignity; it is little calculated either to kindle patriotism or to inspire devotion; it does not call forth the energies of the mind, or even touch the strings of melancholy. It tends rather by its effeminacy to bring dangerous passions into action, and like the allegorical stream of antiquity to unman those who allow themselves to be hurried down its treacherous current. Plato would have forbidden such music, and banished its professors from his republic; at all events it neither wants nor deserves much encouragement, and we may at least be allowed to caution the youthful traveller against a taste that too often leads to low and dishonourable connections.

IX. I have now pointed out the preparatory knowledge which I think absolutely necessary to all travellers who wish to derive from their Italian Tour, their full share of information and amusement. I will next proceed, according to my plan, to point out such dispositions, as will contribute very materially to this object, by removing prejudices, and leaving the mind fully open to the impressions of experience and observation.

All the dispositions alluded to, are included in one short

but comprehensive expression, *an unprejudiced mind.* This excellent quality is the result of time and observation, of docility and benevolence. It does not require that we should be indifferent to the prosperity of our own country or blind to its pre-eminence; but, that we should shew some indulgence to the errors, and some compassion for the sufferings of less favoured nations. Far be it from me, to wish to repress that spirit of patriotism which forms one of the noblest features of the national character, and still farther every idea of encouraging the unfeeling sect, who conceal general indifference, under the affectation of philanthropy, and sacrifice the feelings of the patriot, to the pretended benevolence of the philosopher.

But attachment to our own country, and partiality to its reputation, neither dispose nor authorize us to despise those nations, which having been once tumbled from the pinnacle of Glory, are held by a series of disastrous revolutions and irresistible circumstances in a state of dependance and of consequent degradation. On the contrary, the numberless evils and abuses which result from slavery and oppression, cannot but excite sentiments of compassion and of sympathy. Scipio, when he beheld the flames of *Carthage* ascending to the skies, exclaimed with a prophetic application to Rome then triumphant.

Εὖ μὲν γὰρ τόδε οἶδα κατὰ φρένα, καὶ κατὰ θυμὸν
Ἔσσεται ἦμαρ, ὅτ' ἂν ποτ ὀλώλῃ Ἴλιος ἱρὴ

Iliad VI. 447—8.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by Fates,
How my heart trembles, while my tongue relates!
The day when Thou, imperial Troy! must bend
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.

Iliad VI.

Empire, like the sun, has hitherto rolled westward: when we contemplate the dominions of Great Britain, and its wide-extended power, we may without presumption imagine that it now hovers over Great Britain; but it is still on the wing; and whether it be destined to retrace its steps to the East, or to continue its flight to Transatlantic regions, the days of England's glory have their number, and the period of her decline will at length arrive. The inhabitants of these islands may, like the sons of Greece and Italy, lie prostrate at the feet of a victorious enemy, and claim his compassion as a tribute due to the greatness of their ancestors. Let us therefore extend our sympathy to the now enslaved offspring of our predecessors in the career of glory, of the former LORDS OF HUMAN-KIND —*terræ dominantis alumni.*

In fine, let us contemplate the different forms of worship which prevail in different parts of Christendom, not with the acrimonious contempt of a narrow minded sectary, but with the compassionate indulgence of a mild and humble Christian. Let it be remembered that Englishmen are reproached by foreigners with intolerance, and that it becomes

them to keep up the national reputation of candour and of good sense, by conciliatory and forbearing conduct. I do not mean to recommend either compliance with practices which they condemn, or indifference for that form of Christianity which they have adopted; but surely every candid and consistent Protestant will admit, that Christianity is excellent in all her forms; that all Christian Establishments receive the same primitive creeds, believe the same mysteries, and admit the same moral obligations; that it becomes a benevolent and charitable mind to consider rather in what they agree, than in what they differ; especially as the former is so much, and the latter comparatively so little; that while the spirit of Christianity is like its divine author, immutable, its external form may change with the age and the climate, and, as public opinion and authority shall direct, assume or resign the pomp and circumstance of worship; that ceremonies, in themselves unmeaning, signify just as much as those who employ them attach to them; and that Catholic as well as Protestant nations may be allowed to adopt in religion as well as in civil life, such forms and rites as may seem calculated to ensure order and respect; that whether the service be read in the language and according to the simple forms of the Church of England, under the Gothic vaults of York or of Canterbury; or whether it be chanted in Greek and Latin, with all the splendour of the Roman ritual under the golden dome of the Vatican; it is always and every

where, the same voice of truth, the same gospel of salvation: in fine, that all Christians are marked on their entrance into life, with the same seal of salvation; that all hope to receive at the eucharistic table the same pledge of redemption, and that all resign their souls in death to the same merciful Father, with humble hopes of forgiveness through the same gracious Redeemer. That there should be such an universal agreement in these great and interesting articles must be a subject of consolation, and of pious acknowledgment to every benevolent mind.

But I fear that Charity itself can scarce look for a greater unanimity. An agreement in all the details and consequences drawn by arguments from first principles, is not to be expected in our present state, so chequered with light and shade, where knowledge is dealt out so unequally, and where the opinions of even good and wise men are so biassed by education, by habit, and by prejudice. But if we have not knowledge enough to coincide in speculation, we may at least have charity enough to agree in practice, by treating each other's opinions with tenderness; and, in all our differences and discussions, keeping in view that beautiful maxim inculcated by a very learned, a very zealous, and a very benevolent Father, *In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus Caritas.*

X. It is usual to take with us as guides on our journey cer-

tain works written for the purpose, or travels through the same, and Addison's travels are generally recommended, and indeed his known taste and character, together with the avowed purpose of his journey, might have justified the expectation of a finished performance. But though Addison had naturally an enlarged mind, humane feelings, and a fancy teeming with classical imagery, yet prejudice had narrowed his extensive views, religious acrimony had soured his temper, and party spirit had repressed his imagination. He gave therefore to one half of the nation, what he owed to the whole; he considered principally how he might support one party and annoy the other; and ran over great part of Europe, particularly Italy, not so much a Classic as a Whig traveller. Hence in his eyes countries appeared fertile and happy, or barren and miserable, not as nature formed them, but as they were connected with France or with Austria, as their religion was Protestant or Catholic. Hence, he dwells with at least as much complacency on the little miserable details of German and Italian superstition, as on the interesting remains of Roman grandeur, and fills with the dreams of bigotry and the censures of intolerance, those pages which ought to have been devoted to the effusions of classical enthusiasm, and strewed with the flowers of ancient poesy *.

* Vide seven pages devoted to St. Anthony's Sermon to the Fish, in Italian and English.

Prejudice or malevolence, in ordinary writers, excites neither surprize nor regret; the ignorance or the folly of mediocrity can claim nothing more than contempt; but the errors and the defects of the wise and of the good awaken more serious emotions; and while we justly lament the weakness of human nature we are cautioned by such examples against the indulgence of passions, which could imbitter the benevolence, and pervert the good sense, of the mild, the judicious Addison. Succeeding travellers have improved on this author's defects, and loaded their pages with misrepresentation and invective; while, within the last ten years, some tourists have employed their journals as vehicles of revolutionary madness, and instead of the *laudes Italiæ* and the *fortia facta patrum* have given the public elaborate panegyrics on the French generals, and accounts of their achievements as exaggerated as their own dispatches.

To conclude this topic, an attentive traveller, after having acquired the preparatory knowledge recommended in the preceding pages, may safely rely on his own diligence, aided by the observations of the intelligent inhabitants, and by the maps and guides to be procured in every great town. Books, though necessary, are an incumbrance which never fails to increase as we advance; we ought therefore to confine ourselves t the classics, if possible, and even then we shall find our librar sufficiently numerous and bulky.

XI. Maps form an indispensable part of a traveller's furniture. At setting out, two will be sufficient: one of Ancient, one of Modern Italy. Of the former *D'Anville's* is the best; of the latter, an excellent one, extremely beautiful in the execution, and upon a scale large enough for information without being burthensome, has been published at *Florence*, by *Molini*, which may probably be had in London. As the traveller advances, he must enrich his collection, and procure in its principal town, the map of each province or division. At *Milan*, he will find separate maps of the lakes and various regions of the *Milanese*. At *Mantua*, a beautiful, correct, but I believe scarce map, of that city and its vicinity, should be enquired for. At *Bologna* may be had the excellent maps of the Roman territory by Father *Boscovich*. At Rome may be purchased a map of the patrimony of St. Peter, and one of Latium. These I recommend, as they give the ancient and modern names of each town and territory, and at the same time mark the ancient roads, aqueducts, and ruins. The great and beautiful map of Rome must not be neglected, though if it should be deemed too expensive and bulky, there are two others of a smaller and more convenient size. The best map of the kingdom of Naples is in four sheets, well printed, and said to be very accurate, by *Zannoni*. There are moreover, three maps of Naples and its neighbourhood, of the bay and its islands, of exquisite beauty in execution

and ornament. These of course every traveller of taste will purchase*.

ROUTE.

XII. We are now to speak of the time requisite to make a full and complete Tour of Italy, as well as of the season best adapted to the commencement of such a tour. A year, I think, is the shortest space that ought to be allotted, and a year and a half or even two years might be well devoted to this useful and amusing part of our travels. The want of leisure is the only objection that can be made to this arrangement, but it is an objection seldom well grounded, as youth in general from nineteen to three or four-and-twenty, have more time than business, and seem much more frequently at a loss for occupation than for leisure. Occupation, necessary at all seasons, but particularly in youth, should be furnished, and no occupation can suit that age when the mind is restless and the body active, better than travelling. Moreover, every man of observation

* Maps on the same scale, and of the same beauty, of all the provinces of the Neapolitan territory, have, I believe, been since published.

who has merely made a cursory visit to Italy, will find that a first view of that country has merely qualified him to make a second visit with more advantage, and will perhaps feel the cravings of unsatisfied curiosity, the *visendi studium*, at a time when travelling may be inconsistent with the cares and the duties of life. It is more prudent, therefore, to profit of the first opportunity, and by then allotting a sufficient portion of time to the tour, gratify himself with a full and perfect view for ever. Supposing therefore that a year and a half is to be devoted to this part of the journey, I advise the traveller to pass the *Alps* early in the autumn, thus to avoid the inconvenience of travelling in winter or cold weather, an inconvenience always felt on the Continent, where ready fires, warm rooms, doors and windows that exclude the air, are seldom found. His route to the *Alps* may be as follows. He may first proceed to *Brussels*, thence to *Liege*, *Spa*, *Aix-la-Chapelle*, *Cologne*, *Bonne*, and along the banks of the *Rhine* to *Coblentz*, *Mentz*, and *Strasburg*; there cross the *Rhine* to *Manheim*, traverse the Palatinate, the territories of *Wittenberg*, *Bavaria*, and *Saltzburg*, enter the defiles of the *Tyrol* or *Rhetian Alps*, and passing through *Inspruck* and *Trent* turn to *Bassano* and to *Maestre*, whence he may send his carriage by land to *Padua*, and embark for *Venice*. From *Venice* he may go by water up the *Brenta* to *Padua*, where he may establish his head quarters,

and visit *Arcqua*, the *Monti Euganei*, and thence pass onwards to *Ferrara* and *Bologna;* then follow the *Via Emilia* to *Forli*, thence proceed to *Ravenna* and *Rimini*, make an excursion to *San Marino*, and advance forward to *Ancona*, whence he may visit *Osimo*. He will then continue his journey by *Loretto* and *Macerata* to *Tolentino;* thence over the *Apennines* to *Foligno*, *Spoleto*, and *Terni*, and so follow the direct road through *Civita Castellana* to Rome.

I suppose that a traveller passes the *Alps* in September; of course he should reach Rome by the end of November. I calculate ten or fifteen days delay on account of the autumnal rains; for it is advisable by all means to stop at some large town during that period of inundation. These autumnal rains take place sometimes in September, though they frequently fall at a later period. At all events, I would by no means advise a traveller to pass the *Apennines*, or visit any territory supposed to lie under the influence of the *malaria*, till these salubrious showers have purified the air and allayed the noxious vapours that hover over the *Pontine* marshes, the *Campagna di Roma*, and some other low tracts, during the latter weeks of summer and the beginning of autumn: the air of *Venice* itself is supposed by many persons not to be quite exempt from this inconvenience.

The traveller will devote the month of December to the first contemplation of Rome, and the consideration of its most striking beauties. He will then do well to proceed to Naples, where the months of January, February, and (if Easter be in April) of March, will be delightfully employed in visiting the numberless beauties that lie in that neighbourhood, and along the *storied* shores of *Magna Grecia*. At all events, the traveller must so time his return as to be at Rome the week before Easter, in order to be present at the ceremonies that are performed in the Sixtine Chapel, and in St. Peter's, before and during that festival.

The months of April, May, and June will not appear long when passed in a leisurely survey of the remains of ancient magnificence and the study of the great models of modern art, and when enlivened by frequent excursions to *Tibur*, *Ostia*, *Antium*, *Mount Soracte*, *Præneste*, and the *Sabine* mountains. The *Alban Mount*, with all its *tumuli* and *luci*, may be reserved for the hot months of July and August; there he may easily establish himself in some villa, whose cool retreats will afford him shade and refreshment during the oppressive heats of the season.

In the course of September, or rather when the autumnal rains have fallen, it will be time to turn towards *Florence*. The

first object which should claim the attention of the traveller in the neighbourhood of this city is *Vallombrosa*, because its elevated situation renders it difficult of access at an early period of autumn. The first opportunity therefore must be embraced, and the excursion, if the weather be favourable, continued to *Camaldoli* and *La Vernia*, two other celebrated and highly romantic solitudes. The winter may be divided very agreeably between *Florence* and the other *Tuscan* cities.

In the beginning of February the traveller may pass the *Apennines* to *Modena*, *Parma*, *Placentia*, *Lodi*, *Cremona*; *Mantua*, and *Verona*, allowing four days or a week to each town and its neighbourhood. From *Verona* he will visit *Peschiera* and the *Lago di Garda (Benacus)*; thence direct his course by *Brescia* and *Bergamo* to *Milan*. From *Milan* he will make the celebrated lakes *Como* and *Maggiore* objects of attention, and thence shape his course by *Vercelli*, and *Tortona*, to *Genoa*. He will then take the road of the maritime *Alps* by *Savona* to *Nice*, after which he will turn inland to *Turin*. Mount *Cenis*, the termination of his Italian Tour, then rises before him in distant perspective.

If, while at Naples, he find it safe or practicable to penetrate into the southern provinces of *Calabria* and *Apulia*, he will not neglect the opportunity; and, with the

addition of that excursion, by following the road which I have traced out, he will have seen every town of note, and indeed every remarkable plain, hill, or mountain in Italy, and become intimately acquainted with the numberless beauties and curiosities of that most interesting country. But if he should not have so much time at his disposal, he may retrench the first part of the tour, proceed direct to *Switzerland*, pass the *Alps* by Mount *St. Gothard* or *Sempione*, and descending directly to *Domo D'Ossola* visit the lakes, and proceed from *Como* to *Milan*, *Brescia*, *Verona*, *Vicenza*, *Padua*, *Venice*, and returning again by *Padua* and *Vicenza* turn to *Mantua*, *Piacenza*, *Parma*, *Modena*, *Bologna*, along the *Adriatic* as above. He will moreover abridge the time devoted to Naples and Rome, pass the summer in *Tuscany*, go by sea from *Leghorn* or *Carrara* to *Genoa*, and pass thence by the *Bocchetta* direct to *Turin*. The visit to the lakes ought to be so timed as to avoid the equinoctial winds, extremely dangerous, because very sudden and very boisterous; so that it is not uncommon in these seasons to see the lakes pass, in the short space of half an hour, from a state of perfect calm to the most tremendous agitation.

XIII. The great roads in Italy are good, the posts well furnished with horses, and robberies not common; travelling is therefore, in general, safe and expeditious. The principal, and

indeed almost the only inconveniencies, arise from the equinoctial rains and the summer heats. The influence of both is felt over all Italy: that of the former is particularly inconvenient and even sometimes dangerous, especially in the northern provinces and along the eastern coast. The immense number of considerable rivers, such as the *Tanaro*, the *Tesino*, the *Bormida*, the *Adda*, &c. that pour their tributary waters into the *Po*, while with it they contribute so largely to the luxuriancy and beauty of the plains through which they glide, yet, when swelled with continued rains, like it they overflow their banks and inundate the level surface of the surrounding country. On these occasions the roads are covered with mud, the fords rendered impassable, bridges not unfrequently swept away, and communication between different towns and provinces entirely suspended. Nor do these inundations always subside as soon as might be expected from the general heat and dryness of the climate; their pernicious effects are sometimes felt for months afterwards, and I recollect to have myself observed in March 1802, in the neighbourhood of *Mantua*, or rather about ten miles lower down, between the *Mincio* and the *Po*, vast sheets of water, and whole fields immerged, the effects of an inundation some months before. Virgil, whose farm bordered upon the Mincius, seems to have had a particular apprehension of the consequences of inundations, if we may judge from the accurate details which he gives of the signs of approaching rain, and the picture which

he draws of their disastrous consequences. The traveller therefore, who may be surprized by these periodical showers, if in compliance with the advice given above, he establish himself in the first commodious inn, will not find such accidental delays either useless or unpleasant.

But to return to the principal object of this paragraph. Though the sun in Italy have, even in the cooler seasons, a sufficient degree of warmth to incommode a foreigner, yet the heat can scarcely be considered as an obstacle to travelling, except in the months of July and August; then indeed it is intense, and it is considered imprudent to expose oneself to the beams of the sun for any time; though Englishmen frequently seem insensible of the danger, and brave alike the rigours of a Russian winter and the heats of an Italian or even of an Egyptian summer. Fevers and untimely deaths are sometimes the consequences of this rashness, and more than one traveller has had reason to regret his imprudence. To avoid these dangers, persons who are obliged to travel during the hot months generally proceed by night, and repose during the sultry hours of the day. By this method, without doubt, they guard sufficiently against the inconveniences and dangers of the weather, but at the same time they sacrifice one of the principal objects, the scenery of the country; and this sacrifice in Italy can, in

my opinion, be compensated by no advantages. The best method, therefore, is to set out a full hour before sun-rise, to stop at ten, and repose till four, then travel till eight at the latest: by this arrangement of time the traveller will enjoy the prospect of the country, the freshness of the morning, and the coolness of the evening, and devote to rest those hours only which heat renders unfit for any purpose of excursion or of enjoyment.

ACCOMMODATIONS.

A few words upon the inns and accommodations in Italy will be sufficient. An English traveller must, the very instant he embarks for the Continent, resign many of the comforts and conveniencies which he enjoys at home, and which he does not sufficiently prize, because he is seldom in the way of learning their value by privation. Great will be his disappointment if, on his arrival, he expects a warm room, a newspaper, and a well stored larder. These advantages are common enough at home, but they are not to be found in any inn on the Continent, not even *Dessennes* at *Calais* or the *Maison Rouge* at *Frankfort*. But the principal and most offensive defect abroad is the want of cleanliness, a defect in a greater or lesser degree com-

mon to all parts of the Continent. In Italy, to which these observations are confined, the little country inns are dirty, but the greater inns, particular in *Rome*, *Naples*, *Florence*, and *Venice*, are good, and in general the linen is clean, and the beds are excellent. As for diet, in country towns, the traveller will find plenty of provisions, though seldom prepared according to his taste. But, "*il faut bien*," says Mr. De la Lande, "*rachèter par quelque chose les agrémens de l'Italie.*"

This representation of Italian accommodations, which it is hoped, will be found on experience tolerably accurate, is not on the whole discouraging, and our traveller may commence his journey without the apprehension of any *very* serious or distressing inconvenience. In fact, he who can content himself with plain food and a good bed, will find abundant compensation for the absence of the supernumerary pleasures of accommodation, in the indulgence of rational curiosity, and the acquisition of elegant knowledge. The classical reader will console himself in the assurance, that accommodations in the worst Italian inns at present, are far better than what they seem to have been in Horace's time, if at least, we may be allowed to form conjectures about the state of inns in general from that of *Beneventum* in particular.

The inconvenience of which the poet complains at *Trevicus*

is at present very general at the inns both of France and Italy, where the shivering traveller finds himself, if he happens to travel in cold weather, like Horace, often ushered into a damp room, and placed before a newly lighted fire, diffusing a half smothered flame, *lacrimoso non sine fumo.*

OBJECTS OF ATTENTION.

XIV. It may not be deemed superfluous to enumerate the principal objects which deserve a traveller's attention, and to point out, at the same time, the best method of satisfying his curiosity. The manners, customs, and opinions, together with the different lights which religion, government, and climate throw upon the characters of nations and individuals, without doubt, claim our first attention. To converse with the natives of the country, to frequent public assemblies and courts, and, on the other hand, to take an occasional range in the humble walks of life, is the proper method of acquiring this useful information. The introduction to the higher class in Italy is not very difficult; they meet in evening parties, either at particular houses, where such assemblies are called *conversazzioni;* or at the *casino*, a sort of fashionable club established in most towns in Italy. A good letter of introduction to any person of rank will open all such assemblies to a stranger. But the traveller, who really wishes to know the

manners of the Italian gentry, must endeavour to penetrate into the interior of society, and form acquaintance with some of the principal characters in each town, particularly if there be any among them of literary reputation. Nor would this be a difficult task, if we went to Italy better versed in its language; and if we devoted more time to the cultivation of our acquaintance there. This private society, if it be select, and I recommend no other, is, I think for very obvious reasons, far preferable to larger circles.

But, while speaking of society, I think it necessary to make an observation, the propriety of which must strike every reader, because it is founded upon the change which has taken place in the higher classes on the continent during the last ten years. The court of *Versailles* was formerly considered the most polished court in the world, and the state of society in the higher classes at Paris, as well as at Rome and Turin, was supposed to have reached a very high degree of refinement. The principal object of travelling then was to acquire, in such accomplished society, that ease and those graces which constitute the perfection of good breeding, and were seldom, it was then fancied, to be discovered in the manners of a home-bred Englishman. How far this opinion was true it is not my intention to examine, but it was very generally admitted, and in consequence no young man of rank was deemed qualified to make an

advantageous entrance into the world till, by a considerable residence in the capitals mentioned above, he had worn off somewhat of the native roughness of the Briton. But the case is very different at present. The French Revolution has been as fatal to the manners as to the morals of nations; it has corrupted the one and *brutalized* the other. It is not to society in such a state that he is to look for improvement, nor indeed is such improvement either the sole or the principal motive of travelling at present, nor is it necessary to wander over the Continent in quest of accomplishments. London, that has long been the first city in Europe for population, extent, and opulence, is now also confessedly the first in point of society, and the Capital of the polite and fashionable, as it has long been of the commercial world. The first class of its society, the most numerous of that description that has ever been united in any great city, comprehends all the advantages of title, of fortune, and of information. I do not hereby mean to depreciate continental society or represent it as useless, but I wish to point out to the reader the change that has taken place, and caution him against expecting from foreign society, in its present state, those superior advantages which were formerly supposed to be derived from it.

This subject naturally leads us to a question which, I believe, is generally solved rather from habit and prejudice than

reason. Are we, as Bacon says, "to sequester ourselves from the company of our countrymen" while abroad, or may we be allowed sometimes to associate with them? The answer to this question should be drawn from principles of general or rather durable utility. The object of all our travels, studies, and pursuits is, or at least ought to be, permanent advantage. We do not, doubtless, travel to France or to Italy *to see Englishmen*, but yet we travel for improvement and for amusement; and whatever society contributes to either, ought to be cultivated with an assiduity proportioned to its advantages. The traveller, therefore, ought by all means to procure an introduction to all the fashionable societies of the great towns and Capitals through which he may pass; and at the same time he may become acquainted with such English gentlemen as may chance to be in the same place. Such an acquaintance superinduces no obligation; it may be cultivated or dropt at pleasure; but the trial ought to be made; and if experience may be credited, the reader may be assured, that casual acquaintance not unfrequently ripens into settled and permanent friendship. Continental connections in general are of a very different nature; however agreeable they are contracted only for the occasion, and cannot be supposed, in general, strong enough to resist the influence of absence. Besides, why should we voluntarily reject one of the greatest advantages of travelling, an opportunity of selecting friends, and forming strong and durable attachments;

for, as Ovid observes in some beautiful lines, there is not a stronger bond than that which is formed by a participation of the accidents and of the vicissitudes of a long and eventful journey *.

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* Te duce, magnificas Asiæ perspeximus Urbes:
Trinacris est oculis, te duce, nota meis.
Vidimus Etnæâ cœlum splendescere flammâ;
Suppositus monte quam vomit ore gigas:
Hennæosque lacus, et olentia stagna Palici,
Quaque suis Cyanen miscet Anapus aquis . . . . .
Et quota pars hæc sunt rerum, quas vidimus ambo,
Te mihi jucundas efficiente vias!
Seu rate cæruleas picta sulcavimus undas:
Esseda nos agili sive tulere rotâ.
Sœpe brevis nobis vicibus via visa loquendi;
Pluraque, si numeres, verba fuere gradu.
Sœpe dies sermone minor fuit; inque loquendum
Tarda per œstivos defuit hora dies.
Est aliquid casus pariter timuisse marinos;
Junctaque ad æquoreos vota tulisse Deos:
Hæc tibi si subeant (absim licet) omnibus horis
Ante tuos oculos, ut modo visus, ero.

Ovid. Ep. ex Ponto, lib. II. X. 21. seq.

SCENERY.

The general face of the country, so conspicuously beautiful all over Italy, merits from this circumstance alone peculiar attention, and when to its picturesque features we add those charms, less real but more enchanting, which Fancy sheds over its scenery, we give it an irresistible interest that awakens all the feelings of the *classic* youth. Our early studies, as Gibbon justly observes, allow us to sympathize in the feelings of a Roman, and one might almost indeed say of every school boy not insensible to the sweets of his first studies, that he becomes in feeling and sentiments, perhaps even in language, a Roman, and is more familiar with the heroes and the sages of antiquity than with the worthies of his own country. It is not then wonderful, that when in a riper age he visits that country and beholds those very scenes which he has imaged to himself so long before, he should feel an uncommon glow of enthusiasm, and in the moment of enchantment add some imaginary to their many real charms. Besides, the scenery of Italy is truly classical; I mean, it is such as described by poets and historians. Earthquakes, the only species of revolution that can permanently alter the great features of nature, however common they may be there, have, if we except a few places in the neighbour-

hood of Naples, and some distant parts of the coasts of *Calabria*, made in the whole but little alteration. Even wars, invasions, and the devastation of eighteen centuries have not yet eradicated those local ornaments that arise either from the tendency of the soil or from the persevering attention of the inhabitants. The Sylaris is still shaded with groves and thickets; the rose of *Pæstum*, though neglected, still blooms twice a year, *to waste its sweetness in the desert air;* while Mount *Alburnus* still glories in the ilex and in the never-fading verdure of his lofty forests.

But not to anticipate various observations that will occur, each in its proper place, one advantage, at all events, the face of nature possesses in Italy, which is, that it seldom or never disappoints the traveller, or falls short of his expectations, however high they may have been previously raised; on the contrary, if I may form any opinion of the sentiments of foreigners in general by my own and by those of my fellow travellers, the lakes, the vale of the *Clitumnus*, the fall of the *Anio*, the banks of the *Nar*, the waters of *Tibur*, the groves of *Albano*, and the plains, the hills, the coasts, the bays of *Campania Felix*, not only equal but even surpass the descriptions of the poets, and the bright pictures of youthful imagination.

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE.

RUINS.

The same observation cannot be applied to ruins, which, however interesting they may be, seldom answer expectation. In fact, when we read or hear of Roman ruins we figure to ourselves a vast scene of broken columns, shattered cornices, mutilated statues, hanging arches, and interrupted colonnades. Such a magnificent scene of desolation may indeed be seen at *Pæstum*, *Agrigentum*, and *Selinus;* and such also is occasionally presented on the Seven Hills, in the majestic remains of the ancient City. But these grand objects are rare: for, if to the exceptions just mentioned, we add the temple of *Tivoli*, the amphitheatre and gates of *Verona*, and two or three triumphal arches, we shall find little more than tottering walls and vast masses of brick. In fact, ruins, till the revival of taste in the fifteenth century, were considered as quarries furnishing materials to those who chose to employ them; and unfortunately many did employ them with little or no regard to their ancient fame, their costly workmanship, or their fair proportions. When Belisarius turned the tomb of Adrian into a fortress, he paid little attention to the masterpieces of sculpture that adorned its circumference, and it is said that, on that occasion, the sleeping Faun pleaded in vain the beauty of his limbs and the grace of his attitude. Whatever obstructed the machinery was tumbled to the ground, whatever was fit for de-

fence was worked into the rampart. In short, first war, then convenience, and lastly, Taste itself directed by self-love destroyed or defaced the works of ancient art, and either left no marks of their existence behind, or reduced them to a mere shattered skeleton. The traveller, therefore, must not be sanguine in his expectations of satisfaction from the first appearance of ruins, in general, but content himself with the certainty of finding, amid numberless uninteresting masses that bear that name, some few beautiful specimens of Roman taste, as well as some awful monuments of Roman magnificence.

CHURCHES.

Modern edifices next claim our attention, and among them the principal are churches, particularly cathedrals. Many of the latter are indeed very noble piles, and either externally or internally present striking instances of architectural beauty. Even where there is no display of architecture, there is generally a richness of materials, a profusion of marble, and not unfrequently a luxuriancy of sculpture and painting that delights and surprizes the transalpine spectator. There is also in every cathedral a chapel of the Holy Sacrament, which is almost universally of exquisite workmanship and of splendid decora-

tions. Some indeed are perfect masterpieces of proportion, symmetry, and elegance.

I have hinted above, that few churches present an exterior and interior equally finished; in reality one-half of the great churches in Italy are left in a very imperfect state with regard to the outside; the fact is singular, but the reason obvious. At the restoration of the arts, a sudden enthusiasm seized all Italy; princes, bishops, noblemen, entered the lists of taste with ardour, each longed to signalize himself and immortalize his name by some superb fabric, and rival cathedrals, palaces, and villas rose on all sides. But their means were not always adequate to their grand undertakings. Some edifices were finished, some entirely neglected, and many have been continued with slow, parsimonious patience down to the present period. The nobility of *Vicenza* are said to feel even at present the consequences of their forefathers' magnificence, and the *Palladian* decorations of their city are still supposed to prey on their finances.

However, the propensity of the nation is irresistible, for though public and private property has been exhausted by the French invasion, yet the enemy were scarcely withdrawn when, with laudable spirit, exertions were instantly made in many places to repair some of the edifices which those modern Vandals had damaged, and to supply the place of some of the

masterpieces which they had carried away. Churches, on the whole, are very interesting, as there are few that do not present some object worthy the attention of the traveller. With respect to palaces, I must venture to say that, in general, they are deficient in strict architectural beauty, as few, I fear, are to be found even in Italy, where, in some point or other, the architect has not sacrificed the symmetry and proportion of the Orders to caprice and vanity. But if it be possible to overlook a defect so material, it must be acknowledged, that the marbles, statues, and paintings that generally adorn the spacious apartments, oftentimes compensate the caprice that deforms the exterior of these edifices. In fine, with regard to buildings, we may generalize and apply to Italy the observation which was originally made on Rome, that no country presents so many specimens both of good and of bad architecture.

Of museums, galleries of paintings and statues, public libraries, &c. I need only say that they exist in almost every town in Italy, and open an ample field to the exercise of observation and curiosity.

CONCLUSION.

To conclude, let me recommend the traveller, with due at-

tention to his health and fortune, to spare neither pains nor expence, to acquire every previous information, and to explore, when travelling, every recess and visit every object, without relying too much on the representations of others: as the common guides are lazy and interested, Cicerones are often ignorant, and writers as often wrong, through want of opportunity, of knowledge or of exertion, and not unfrequently from too great an attachment to their own systems.

CAUTION.

But one final observation, I wish to impress strongly on the mind of the youthful traveller, as its object is intimately connected with his present repose and with his future happiness. Moral improvement is or ought to be, the end of all our pursuits and of all our exertions. Knowledge, without it, is the amusement of an idle moment, and the great and splendid exhibitions which nature and genius present to our contemplation are merely the shifting scenery of an evening drama—delightful but momentary. Let him therefore look continually to this most important attainment, and while he endeavours every day to increase his store of knowledge, let him exert himself with still greater assiduity to add to the number of his virtues.

Nations, like individuals, have their characteristic qualities, and present to the eye of a candid observer, each in its turn, much to be imitated, and something to be avoided. These qualities of the mind, like the features of the face, are more prominent and conspicuous in southern countries, and in these countries perhaps the traveller may stand in more need of vigilance and circumspection to guard him against the treachery of his own passions, and the snares of external seduction. Miserable indeed will he be, if he shall use the liberty of a traveller as the means of vicious indulgence, abandon himself to the *delicious immorality* (for so it has been termed) of some luxurious Capital, and forgetful of what he owes to himself, to his friends, and to his country, drop one by one as he advances, the virtues of his education and of his native land, and pick up in their stead the follies and vices of every climate which he may traverse. When such a wanderer has left his innocence and perhaps his health at *Naples;* when he has resigned his faith and his principles at Paris; he will find the loss of such inestimable blessings poorly repaid, by the languages which he may have learned, the antiques which he may have purchased, and the accomplishments which he may have acquired in his journey. Such acquirements may furnish a pleasing pastime; they may fill the vacant intervals of an useful life; they may even set off to advantage nobler endowments and higher qualifications: but they can never give the

credit and the confidence that accompany sound principles, nor can they bestow, or replace *the mind's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy*, at once the effect and the reward of virtue. These are the real, the permanent, I might almost add, the only blessings of life. He who possesses them can want but little more, and he who has forfeited them, whatever his fortune may be, is *poor indeed*.

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A CLASSICAL TOUR

THROUGH ITALY.

CHAP. I.

DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA—MUNICH—SALTZBURG—SALT MINES—DEFILE OF THE ALPS—INSPRUCK—ASCENT OF THE BRENNER—SUMMIT OF THE ALPS—DESCENT—BRIXEN—BOLSANO—TRENT.

SOME travellers, having set out from England during the summer of 1801, met at Vienna the following autumn; and finding that their views and tastes coincided, agreed to make the tour of Italy together. Although eager to commence their journey, and reach its confines, they were detained by the charms of the Austrian capital, which, since the manners of Paris have been barbarized by the Revolution, has become the seat of politeness, and the school of refinement. An account of the state of society, as well as a description of the city itself, would be both entertaining and instructive; but, as Italy is the grand object of these volumes, the reader will probably be as

impatient as the travellers themselves, and dispense with details, which, however amusing elsewhere, would here only retard them in their progress towards that classic region. We shall, therefore, reserve the description of this city, as well as that of Munich and the intermediate country, for our German tour, and only inform the reader, that on Thursday, January the twenty-eighth, 1802, we withdrew from the attractions of Vienna, and commenced our journey, which we continued through deep snow, with little interruption, till we reached Munich, where we arrived late at night on the following Monday. We devoted four days to the inspection of this capital, and the usual ceremonies of presentation at court; and in justice to the Elector I must add, that by his affability and condescension, he converted this formality, in general dull and tiresome, into a very pleasing interview.

On Friday the fifth of February, we set out from Munich at eleven o'clock at night. At break of day the Alps, just reddened by the beams of the morning, and mingling with the clouds, presented to our eyes a new and interesting object, and continued to attract our attention during the day, by shifting their situation with the windings of the road, and changing their tints with every shadow that flitted over them. We entered Saltzburg late in the evening.

We are now at the foot of the Alps; and considering ourselves as treading classical ground, we may be allowed to expatiate more at large on the surrounding scenery. The mountains, now rising immediately before us, were represented by the ancients as an insuperable rampart raised by nature to separate Italy from the less favoured regions of the north, and

to protect her beauties and her treasures from the assault of barbarian invaders.* Though this natural barrier has long ceased to answer that object, because one or other of the petty powers possessing the defiles has usually been in the interests of the common enemies, yet it is well calculated for such a purpose; and may, in times more favourable to Italy, be rendered a frontier far more impenetrable than the triple range of fortresses, which guarded the northern boundaries of France, and on a late occasion saved that country from invasion and ruin. These defiles, according to the same authors, were opened with incredible labour by the early inhabitants of Italy, and may be regarded as so many avenues leading to the garden of Europe. Saltzburg, a subalpine city, is placed, as if to guard the entrance into the grand defile, which traverses the Rhetian Alps; and it may be considered, for that reason, as forming one of the outposts of Italy. The cathedral is built of fine stone, and has two towers in front. It is said to be one of the earliest specimens of Italian architecture in Germany, and is fashioned internally on the Roman model; that is, with the choir behind the altar, and a canopy over the latter, supported by four marble pillars, an exact copy, as our guide pretended, of a similar ornament in St. Peter's; yet, with all these supposed advantages, this church is neither large nor beautiful, and has little to boast of besides its solidity.

There are two palaces belonging to the Prince Bishop. In one there are several very fine rooms, in the other a spacious and most magnificent gallery. But the most striking object

* Herodian, II. 39, viii. 2.

that Saltzburg presents, is a very noble gateway cut through the solid rock, which rises perpendicularly to a considerable elevation, is crowned with tall and spreading elms, and forms a natural rampart equally strong and beautiful. Through this mass of stone a passage has been opened, three hundred feet in length, thirty in height, and twenty four in breadth. The inscription, in honour of the bishop who executed this noble work, is neat and appropriate—*Te saxa loquuntur*. This grotto opens on a little square, the principal ornament of which is an equestrian statue of St. Sigismund, in dress, attitude, and form, extremely classical.

The situation of this city is, however, its principal beauty and advantage; in a valley watered by the Salza, open only to the north, and enclosed on the other sides by hills and mountains of various forms and magnitude. Upon one of these hills, immediately contiguous to the town, stands the citadel, an edifice large and roomy, but ill supplied, ill furnished, and ill supported. The bishops of Saltzburg indeed, like all the petty princes of Germany, rely more upon the watchfulness and jealousy of the greater powers, than upon their own strength, for defence and independence. But, however neglected the citadel may be, its situation is very bold and commanding. Behind it, on the eminence, is a beautiful walk; and from an oak near this walk, expands a most romantic view, extending over fertile vales, deep dells, rocks and crags, hills and mountains. The descent from this lofty site is worked in the rock, and formed into regular flights of steps. It brought us under the wall to the gate which I have already described.

Among the mountains in the immediate neighbourhood of the

town, the Unterberg is the most conspicuous. Rough, craggy, and wooded, it seems to frown upon the city and vale below; and by its shaggy mass, and dark sullen appearance, forcibly attracts the attention. Popular tradition, which seldom fails to select appropriate scenery for its wayward tales, has converted the Unterberg into a place of confinement for certain perturbed spirits, or rather made it the haunt of a club of infernal sportsmen. Confined to the bowels of the mountain during the day, and perhaps doomed there to undergo certain unknown chastisements, these hapless spirits are said to fill the cavern with groans and shrieks, and yells so loud, as to pierce the surface of the earth, and not unfrequently to reach the ear of the lonely woodman. But at night the dungeon is opened, the imprisoned spirits are at liberty, and the woods, that overhang the steep brows of the mountain, echo with the sound of an infernal trumpet, the barking of hellish dogs, and shouts too deep and loud to proceed from mortal organs. Tradition does not say, that the sportsmen have ever condescended to shew themselves to any human being; but it is reported, that at midnight, flames of a blueish tint and various sizes have been seen traversing the forests of the Unterberg with the velocity of lightning; and these flames the people have turned into hounds and horses, huntsmen and beast, all of fire. Some conjecture, that the chief of these restless sportsmen is one of the former bishops, who, like many of his German brethren, in ages not very remote, was accustomed to pass in the chace the hours and days which he ought to have devoted to the duties of his station. Others pretend, that it was a Count, or, what was nearly the same thing in certain periods of German history, a robber, who had built a castle amid the fastnesses of the Unterberg, and used to employ his days in pursuing and arresting travellers, ravaging the fields and vallies below,

and compelling all the country round to pay him tribute. It would be difficult to decide the question, as the bishop and the Count seem both to have a fair claim to the manorial honours of the Unterberg: we shall therefore wave the discussion of this knotty point; and the more readily, as the invisible horn has now ceased to sound, the infernal pack no longer disturb the silence of the Unterberg, and the spirits of the chace have either fulfilled the days of their punishment, or are sent to sport in solitudes less liable to observation. The Unterberg, however, is not the only mountain in Germany supposed to be the haunt of infernal hunters.

The salt mines at Halleim, about four miles from Saltzburg, are deservedly celebrated. The entrance is near the summit of a mountain, and the ascent, though over a good road, long and tedious. Near the summit is a village with a handsome church. Seeing a crowd assembled round the door of a public house, we were informed, that they were celebrating a jubilee, on the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of an old couple, and, at the same time, the wedding of a grandson. As soon as we were observed, we were immediately invited in, and treated with cake, wine, and beer. The dance was going on merrily, and some of our party joined in it, *con spirito*; a circumstance which seemed to give much satisfaction. The persons of the younger damsels were not uncomely, nor were their countenances without expression: but their dress was such as would have disfigured far more perfect forms, and turned beauty itself into deformity. To enliven the dance, they now and then clapped their hands, and uttered a shriek very grating to ears unaccustomed to the tones of Alpine merriment. We departed, pleased with the novelty of the scene, and still more with the hospitality of the good people.

At length we reached the summit, and entered the mines by a long subterranean gallery, which terminated in the mouth of the first descent. We there accoutred ourselves in miners' dresses, and slid down five hundred feet, in a manner perfectly safe and commodious. It is managed thus. The shaft may be about four feet broad, and about five high, worked above into the form of an arch. The line may diverge about thirty feet in the hundred from the perpendicular. The space in the middle is hollowed and worked into steps. On each side of these steps at about a foot distance, runs a pole like the side of a ladder. On these poles a miner reclines with his feet extended, so that the poles pass under his knees and under his arms. A traveller places himself behind him in the same posture, but so close, as to rest the inside of his knees on the miner's shoulders. The others follow the example, and form a line, in such a manner, that the one above always rests gently on the shoulders of the one below. Another miner generally goes in the middle, and a third closes the rear. The first miner regulates the motion, and, if he finds it necessary to check or stop it entirely, he needs only to put his foot backward, and touch one of the steps behind. The miners carry torches made of the fir tree. When the line is formed, upon a signal given, the miner undermost lets the ropes loose, (for two ropes run parallel with the poles, and nearly touch them), and glides down with great rapidity. We suddenly found ourselves in an immense hall, lighted up with a prodigious number of candles. This hall was very long and broad, but extremely low, and as the cieling was flat, unsupported either by pillars or props, and apparently of very crumbling materials, it was natural to feel some apprehension of its giving way. The miners, however, tranquillized us, by assuring us that such accidents never happened, however probable they

might appear. The sides were adorned here and there with basso relievos of different bishops, rudely worked in the earth or rock. The lights, as I said above, were numerous; but instead of being reflected from a great variety of spars and shining minerals, which a traveller might naturally expect to find in a salt mine, the blaze falls sullen and dead from the walls, and serves only to shew the thickness of the surrounding gloom. From this hall we passed into a gallery, and thence descended, in the same manner as before, into a second, a third, and a fourth, of nearly the same form and dimensions. These halls are used for the following purpose: the salt is worked from the sides and cieling; then water is let in, and kept confined for some time, after which it is drained away and the salt remains deposited on the floor.

We quitted the mine with as much facility as we entered. We were placed astride a long bench; one miner moved before to guide, two others were placed behind to push this bench down a gently inclined plane. After some minutes of rapid motion, we perceived the appearance of a star, which gradually increased upon us, till we were launched once more into full day. The exit is as picturesque as the entrance is gloomy. It opens under a cliff, clad with brambles growing out of its crevices, and overhung with pines and firs, clinging to the sides, and bending from the brows of the precipice. On one side, a torrent bursting from the cragg, tumbles from steep to steep, till it engulphs itself in a deep shaded dell; and on the other, far below, stretches the town of Halleim, with its white houses and spire. On our exit, the miners presented each of us with a little box, containing specimens of salt. They were very beautiful in colour and shape, but are not easily preserved, as they crumble into dust

by the motion of the carriage, and are dissolved by the least humidity. On the whole, our visit to the mines of Halleim was a very pleasant, and not unimproving excursion.

Our stay at Saltzburg was much enlivened by the hospitality of Prince J. Schwartzenburgh, a canon of the cathedral, to whom the Princess of Schwartzenburgh had obligingly recommended us. This young nobleman entertained us with great splendour, pointed out to us the most interesting objects, introduced us to the best company at his dinners, concerts, and suppers, and rendered the place so agreeable, that we fixed the day of our departure with no small reluctance. We must ever retain a grateful recollection of his attention and kindness.

February the 10th. About nine in the morning we set off from Saltzburg. A thick fog hung over the surrounding scenery. We could only perceive that the road ran over a plain, naked in general, but occasionally ornamented with villages, whose graceful spires at intervals attracted our attention. After having crossed the plain, we reached the skirts of a vast mountain, presenting at first a black indistinct mass, which cast a dark shade on the fog that enveloped it, and then just displayed its fir-clad summit so far above the mist, that it appeared to hang in the air, and to belong to some other region.

Reichenhall is a well-built little town, or rather village, remarkable for its salt works, and in a prosperous condition. We were now at the very foot of the Alps, and entered their defiles at a place called Unkin, about one mile from Reichenhall. The road first sweeps along the base of a noble eminence covered with firs; a church spire rises on the side of a hill; and on the summit of the same hill stands a castle in ruins. Proceeding onwards we come to the foot of the precipice, which

with its castle overhangs the road in tremendous majesty. We then enter a dell, a sudden turn of which presents on one side a vast mountain clad with firs; while on the other the precipice, girded with a zone of forest trees, increases in height and grandeur, and, surmounted with the old rampart walls, looks like the battlemented dwelling of a race of giants. In front, an immense mass, covered with a hundred woods, and half wrapped in fogs and clouds, obstructs the view, and forms an awful foreground to the picture. Still continuing to ascend, we wind along the dell, with a torrent murmuring by the road side, and all around mountains in various shapeless forms, increasing in height, shagginess, and horror.

The scene was here truly tremendous. The defile is very narrow, leaving space only for the road and the torrent. The mountains rise on each side so nearly perpendicular, that the vast forests growing on their sides cast a dismal shade over the road, and loaded as they were with a weight of snow, seemed ready to fall, and bury the traveller as he passed below. Now and then, a chasm broke the uniformity of this gloomy scenery, and presented an object less dark, but equally terrific—a torrent arrested in its fall by the frost, hanging from the brow of a crag in solid masses, and terminating in immense pointed icicles. The least of these icicles, if detached from the sheet above, would have crushed the whole party; and, when contemplated thus suspended over our heads, *jamjam lapsura cadentique adsimilis*, could not fail to excite some emotions of terror. Whenever the mountains receded and sloped backwards, they only enabled us to discover forests rising above each other, and swelling into new regions, till they concealed their extent and elevation in the clouds. The snow lay deep on the road, and on the approach of night began to fall again in great quantities. We moved slowly on;

and when night set in, with all the darkness of the season, our situation appeared such as might have discouraged even experienced travellers. In fact, after some hours' exertion, and very little progress, our drivers were seriously alarmed, and entreated us to allow them to return with their horses, before the depth of the snow, which was every moment increasing, should render the roads impassable. They promised to come to our assistance early in the morning, with a sufficient number of persons to remove the snow, and enable us to proceed. This proposal, as may be supposed, was rejected, and the drivers were, partly by representations, and partly by threats, induced to remain. All the horses were put alternately to each carriage, whilst we proceeded on foot, and with no small difficulty at length reached the post house, where we took sledges, and continued our journey at the rate of ten miles an hour.

We reached St. John at a late hour. A neat collegiate church is the only remarkable object in this little town.

February 11th. The scenery this day did not appear so grand and awful as on the preceding; whether this part of the defile be more open, or whether our eyes were more accustomed to its gloomy magnificence I know not; but I believe the former to be the case, as the road gradually ascends, and consequently the elevation of the mountains apparently diminishes; whereas, while at the bottom of the defile, we beheld the whole mass of the Alps in full elevation above us. I need not, I suppose, caution even the untravelled reader against a mistake, into which some have fallen, that any of the passages through the Alps crosses the ridges, or even approaches the summits of these mountains. The various roads traversing the Alps are conducted through as many defiles, and were probably traced out by the paths, that

have served from time immemorial as means of communication between the fertile valleys that lie interspersed up and down the windings of this immense chain. These defiles are always watered, and were perhaps formed, by streams incessantly gliding down from the eternal snows that mantle the highest regions: these streams, increasing as they descend, work their way between the rocks, and continue for ever opening and enlarging their channels. Such is the Inn that now bordered our road, and such is the Salza still nearer the plains of Bavaria. When therefore it is asked, who first crossed the Alps, or opened such a particular passage over these mountains, the question means only, what general or what army first forced a way through this immense barrier, or made such a particular track or path practicable? Of these tracks, that which we are now pursuing seems to have been one of the most ancient and most frequented. The first people who passed it in a body were probably the Gauls; that race ever restless, wandering, and ferocious, who have so often since forced the mighty rampart, which nature raised to protect the fertile provinces of Italy from the rapacity of northern invaders. Of a tribe of this people, Livy says, * that in the consulship of Spurius Posthumius Albinus, and Quintus Marcus Philippus, that is, in the year of Rome 566, they passed the Alps by roads till then undiscovered, and entering Italy, turned towards Aquileia. Upon this occasion, contrary to their usual practice, they came in small numbers, and rather in the character of suppliants than enemies. But the most remarkable army that ever crossed these mountains was that of the Cimbri, who in less than a century after the above mentioned period, climbed the Rhetian Alps, and rushed like a torrent down the Tridentine defile. The first successes and final destruction of this horde of savages are well

* L. xxxix. 22.

known. At length Augustus, irritated by the lawless and plundering spirit of some of the Rhetian tribes, sent a Roman army into their territory under Drusus, who in a very short space of time entirely broke the spirit of the mountaineers, brought their country into perfect subjection, and opened a commodious communication through the whole range of Alps that bears their name. This expedition is celebrated by Horace, and forms the subject of one of his most spirited productions.* Ever since this event, this road has been frequented, and always considered as the best and safest passage from the Transalpine regions to Italy.

As we had set out late, darkness fell upon us before we had made any very considerable progress, and deprived us of the view of the celebrated vale of Inspruck. We travelled nearly the whole night, and entered that city about four o'clock in the morning.

Inspruck is the capital of the Tyrol, a large Alpine province of the Austrian empire, and as it was once the residence of a sovereign prince, is still the seat of government, and has frequently been visited by the emperors. It possesses some noble edifices, more remarkable however, as is usual in Germany, for magnitude than for beauty. The style of architecture, therefore, both of the palace and the churches, is, as may be expected, below criticism; and, when I mention the great hall in the palace, I point out to the traveller almost the only building that deserves his notice. To this I will add another object, that has a claim upon his attention far superior to any that can be derived from mere architectural beauty. It is a little chapel, erected upon a very melancholy and interesting occasion. It is well known that the Emperor Francis the First, husband to the

* L. iv. 4.

celebrated Maria Teresa, died suddenly at Inspruck. He was going to the Opera, and while walking through the passage from the palace to the theatre, he fell down, and instantly expired. He was conveyed to the nearest room, which happened to be that of a servant, and there laid upon a miserable bed. Attempts were made to bleed him, but to no purpose; and it is stated, that for a considerable time the body remained with the blood trickling slowly from the arm, unnoticed, and unattended by a servant of any description. The Empress, who loved him with unusual tenderness, shortly after raised an altar on the very spot where he fell, and, clearing the space around, erected over it a chapel. Both the chapel and the altar are, though plain, extremely beautiful, and a pleasing monument both of the affection and taste of the illustrious widow. This princess, then in the full bloom of youth and beauty, and the first sovereign in Europe in title and territorial possessions, continued ever after to wear mourning; and to some subsequent matrimonial overtures, is said to have replied in the animated lines of Virgil,

Ille, meos primus qui me sibi junxit amores,
Abstulit, ille habeat secum servetque sepulcro!

The inscription runs as follows, and breathes more grief than elegance.

D: O: M.
Memoriæ æternæ fati, quo
Princeps optimus
Throni decus
Populi Deliciæ
Franciscus D: G: Rom: Imp: Aug:
Germ: & Jerus Rex
M: D: Het: Loth et Bur: D.
XVIII Aug: MDCCLXV
Vitæ hic loci et nobis ereptus
Monumentum posteritati positum—

I shall say nothing of the magnificent cenotaph of the Emperor Maximilian in the church of the Franciscans, with its sculptured pannels and bronze statues, nor of the humble cells of the Archduke of the same name in the convent of the Capuchins, but proceed to a much nobler object than either, the vale of Inspruck. This vale is perhaps the most extensive and most beautiful of all that lie in the Northern recesses of the Alps. It is about thirty miles in length, and, where widest, as in the neighbourhood of Inspruck, about six in breadth. It is watered by the Inn, anciently the Œnus, which glides through it, intersecting it nearly in the middle, and bestowing freshness and fertility as it winds along. The fields that border it are in high cultivation, finely adorned with every species of forest trees, enlivened with towns and villages, and occasionally graced with the ruins of a castle, frowning in shattered majesty from the summit of a precipice. Large woods line the skirts and clothe the sides of the neighbouring mountains, and, with the ragged misshapen rocks that swell above them, form a frame worthy of a picture so extensive and beautiful. In the southern extremity of this vale, stands Inspruck; and behind it rises a long ridge, forming part of the craggy pinnacles of the Brenner, one of the loftiest mountains of the Tyrolian Alps.

About five miles North of Inspruck is the town of Hall, famous for its salt works; and about four miles on the opposite side, on a bold eminence, stands embosomed in trees, the castle of Ambras. This edifice is of very ancient date, and its size, form, and furniture are well adapted to its antiquity. Its exterior is dignified with turrets, spires, and battlements; and its large halls are hung with spears, shields, and helmets, and lined with the forms of hostile knights, mounted upon their palfreys, with visors down and spears couched, as if ready to rush forward in

battle. The smaller apartments are fitted up with less attention to Gothic propriety than to utility, and contain various natural curiosities, intermingled with gems, medals, and pictures.

Though at Inspruck we had made a considerable progress in the defile, yet we had not risen in elevation so much as might be imagined; for that city is said to be no more than fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. But, about three miles further, the road suddenly turns, and the traveller begins in reality to work up the steep. The road is well contrived to lessen the labour of ascent, winding gently up the mountains, and affording everywhere perfect security, though generally skirting the edge of a precipice. It presents some striking objects, such as the Abbey of Willtean, anciently Villitenum, the castle of Sonenberg, and, through a break to the west, a transient view of a most majestic mountain, rising from the midst of the surrounding glaciers, and lifting its pointed summit to the skies. Its craggy sides are sheathed in ice, and its brow is whitened with eternal snows.* Its height is supposed to be nearly equal to that of Mount Blanc, though in grandeur, the mountain of Savoy yields to that of the Tyrol; because the former heaves itself gradually from the plain, and conducts the eye, by three different stages to its summit, whilst the latter shoots up at once without support or gradation, and terminates in a point that seems to pierce the heavens.

The ascent still continued steep and without intermission to Steinach; and the cold, which hitherto had not much incommoded us, except at night, became more intense. The scenery

* This mountain bears, I believe, the very barbarous appellation of Boch Kögel.

grew more dreary, gradually assuming all the bleak appearances of Alpine winter. The last mentioned place, though situated amidst the pinnacles of the Rhetian Alps, is yet not the highest point of elevation; and the traveller has still to labour up the tremendous steeps of the Brenner. As he advances, piercing blasts blowing around the bare ridges and summits that gleam with ice, stinted half-frozen firs appearing here and there along the road, cottages almost buried under a weight of snow, all announce the regions where winter reigns undisturbed; and the Alps here display all their ancient and unchangeable horrors.——"*Nives cælo prope immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora, jumentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi et inculti, animalia, inanimaque omnia rigentia gelu.*"*

The summit, or rather the highest region of the mountain which the road traverses, is crowned with immense crags and precipices, enclosing a sort of plain or valley: This plain was bleak and dreary when we passed through it, because buried in deep snow, and darkened by fogs and mists, and the shades of the approaching evening: yet it possesses one feature, which in summer must give it some degree of animation, beauty, and even of fertility; I mean the source of the river Atagis, which, bursting from the side of a shattered rock, tumbles in a noble cascade to the plain. We had just before passed the fountain head of the river Sill, which takes a northward course, and runs down the defile that leads to Inspruck, so that we now stood on the confines of the north, our faces being turned towards Italy, and the genial regions of the south. At the post we once more entered sledges,

* Liv. xxi.

and with great satisfaction began to descend, a vast mass of mountain hanging over us on the left, and the Atagis, now called the Adige, tumbling from steep to steep on our right. Night soon enveloped us, and we pursued our way with great rapidity down the declivity through Marck and Middlewald, and at length entered the episcopal city of Brixen, or Bressinone.

We had now passed the wildest retreats and most savage scenery of the Alps, once the impenetrable abode of fierce tribes of barbarians, and the haunt of associated robbers, who plundered with the numbers, spirit, and discipline of armies. The Roman legions were not unfrequently impeded in their progress, and more than once stripped of their baggage by these desperate mountaineers. The expedition of Drusus, before alluded to, seems to have reduced the Alpine tribes, at least the Vindelici and the Rhœti, so far to subjection, as to insure a safe and easy passage through their territories for many succeeding ages. The incursions, invasions, and consequent anarchy, that preceded and followed the dissolution of the Roman empire, naturally revived the fierceness of the mountain tribes, and renewed the disorders of earlier periods. But these disorders yielded in their turn to the increasing influence of Christianity and the authority of the clergy; two causes, which, fortunately for Europe, worked with increasing extent and energy, and successfully counteracted the prodigious efforts of ferocity, barbarism, and ignorance during the middle ages. So effective was their operation, that the Rhetians, from the most savage, became the most gentle of mountain tribes, and have for a long succession of ages continued to distinguish themselves by their innocence, simplicity and benevolence: and few travellers have, I believe, traversed the Rhetian Alps, without having witnessed

some instances of these amiable virtues. It is indeed fortunate, that religion has penetrated these fastnesses, impervious to human power, and spread her influence over solitudes where human laws are of no avail; that where precaution is impossible, and resistance useless, she spreads her invisible Ægis over the traveller, and conducts him, secure under her protection, through all the dangers of the way. In fact, while rapidly skimming the edge of a precipice, or winding cautiously along under the loose masses of an impending cliff, he trembles to think that a single touch might bury him under a crag precipitated from above, or the start of a horse, purposely alarmed, hurl him into the abyss below, and give the ruffian a safe opportunity of preying upon his plunder. When in such situations the traveller reflects upon his security, and recollects that these mountains, so savage, and so well adapted to the purposes of murderers and banditti, have not in the memory of man, been stained by human blood, he ought to do justice to the cause, and gratefully acknowledge the beneficent influence of religion.

Impressed with these reflections, he will behold with indulgence, perhaps even with interest, the crosses which frequently mark the brow of a precipice, and the little chapels hollowed out of the rock where the road is narrowest: he will consider them as so many pledges of security, and rest assured, that as long as the pious mountaineer continues to adore the* *Good*

* *Pastor bonus, Mater dolorosa;* such are the titles often inscribed over those rustic temples; sometimes a whole sentence is subjoined, as, *Pastor bonus qui animam suam dat pro ovibus suis.* Under a crucifix on the brow of a tremendous crag, I observed some lines taken from the *Dies Iræ*, a funeral hymn, which, though

Shepherd, and to beg the prayers of the *afflicted Mother*, he will never cease to befriend the traveller, nor to discharge the duties of hospitality. If French principles should unfortunately pass from the courts and cities in the plains, to the recesses of these mountains, the murderer may shortly aim his rifle, from behind the ruins of the cross, and the nightly banditti lurk, in expectation of their prey, under the roof of the forsaken chapel. But to proceed;

Bressinone, in German Brixen, presents nothing very remarkable to the attention of the traveller. Its cathedral is neither large nor beautiful; and its claim to antiquity is rather dubious, as the name of Brixentes, found in ancient authors, belongs not so much to the town, as to the inhabitants of the surrounding country. I need scarcely inform the reader, that the Brixia, alluded to by Catullus, is now Brescia, a well known and flourishing city in the plain below, between the lake Benacus and Cremona.

Brixia, Chinæa supposita specula;
Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela,
Brixia, Veronæ mater amata meæ*.

The River Mela, described in these verses as a yellow and

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disfigured by rhyme, was justly admired by Johnson and Lord Roscommon for its pathos and sublimity.—The lines were,

Recordare Jesu pie
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ—
Quærens me sedisti lassus
Redimisti crucem passus
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

* Catull. LXV. 32. 34.

smooth flowing stream, and represented by Virgil as meandering through cultivated valleys still retains its ancient name and character, and runs near the last mentioned town.

The descent from the little plain of Bressinone is not so steep as the road which leads to it. On a hill not far from Chiusa stands the abbey of Sabiona, the only remains of the ancient Sabina: Thus bearing its former name, with little variation. Chiusa, or Clausen, once Clusium, takes its name, as other towns of similar appellations, from its situation; as the plain, in which it stands, is terminated by a tremendous defile, whose rocky sides jut out so far and rise so high, as almost to hide the face of heaven: while the river, contracted into a torrent, or rather a continual cascade, rolls in thunder from steep to steep, hurrying shattered fragments of rock down its eddy, and filling the dell with uproar. The numberless chapels hewn out of the rock on the road, answer the double purposes of devotion and security, protecting the traveller against the sudden bursts of storm in summer, and the still more sudden and destructive masses of snow that roll from the mountains towards the termination of winter. The road which leads to this dell, runs along the edge of a most tremendous precipice, and is so near to it, that from the carriage, the eye without perceiving the parapet, looks all at once into the abyss below, and it is scarcely possible not to draw back with involuntary terror. The defile to which the road leads, seems yawning as if ready to swallow up the traveller, and, closing over him as he advances, has less the appearance of a road in the land of the living, than of a descent to the infernal regions. A heavy snow, falling as we passed, added to the natural gloom of the scene, and made it truly terrific.

We entered Bolsano late. The name of this town is converted by the Germans into the barbarous appellation of Bötzen. It is a commercial and busy place. Its situation, at the opening of several valleys, and near the confluence of three rivers, is advantageous; its neighbourhood well cultivated and romantic. It contains, however, no remarkable object. A little below Bolsano the Atagis flows into the Athesis; rivers, which from the resemblance of their names, are frequently confounded; especially as they now go under the same appellation, and are called the Adige, sometimes the Adese. The former name may be derived from either of the ancient titles; the latter can come from the Athesis only. This river takes its rise near a little town called Burg, not far from Cluras and Tiroli, anciently Tirioli, whence the territory takes its modern name, and after traversing the valley of Venosta, joins the Atagis at Bolsano.

From Bolsano the road presents nothing peculiarly interesting as Alpine scenery. Some castles, however, finely situated, project into the valleys of Sole and Anania; Monte Cerno and Monte Mendala are objects grand and beautiful. We left the village of Mezzo Tedesco, and entered that on the opposite side of the river called Mezzo Lombardo, with pleasure. Salurno interested us by its antiquity, of which its name is a memorial. Night had already closed upon us, when we entered Trent.

CHAP. II.

TRENT—COUNCIL OF TRENT—CASTELLO DELLA PIETRA—ROVEREDO—SLAVINI DI MARCO—ALA—CHIUSA—VERONA—ITS ANTIQUITIES AND HISTORY.

TRENT is the seat of an archbishop. Its ancient name was Tridentum, and the tribes and Alps in its vicinity were not unfrequently called Tridentini. It is seated in a small but beautiful valley, exposed, however, from its elevation, to intense cold in winter, and from the reflection of the surrounding mountains, to heat as intense in summer. When we passed, (February the sixteenth) the ground was still covered with snow, and the frost, notwithstanding the influence of the sun, very severe. The town is well built, and boasts some palaces. That of the prince bishop contains some very noble apartments, but it had been plundered and disfigured by the French in their late invasion. The cathedral is Gothic, and not remarkable either for its beauty or magnitude. Its organ is admired, though supposed to be inferior to that of the church Santa Maria Maggiore, in the same city.

But Trent owes its fame neither to its situation nor its edifices, but to the celebrated council held within its walls about the

middle of the sixteenth century*. It was opened in the cathedral, but generally held its sessions in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, where a picture still exists, representing the council sitting in full assembly. The most conspicuous figures are supposed to be portraits taken from the life. This assembly sat, with various interruptions, under three successive pontiffs, during the space of eighteen years. It was convoked by Paul the Third, and consisted of cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, chiefs of religious orders, representatives of the universities, and ambassadors from the Emperor, Kings of France, Spain, Portugal, &c. republics of Venice, Genoa, cantons of Switzerland, German Electors, &c. These ambassadors were called *Oratores*, and were accompanied each by a certain number of lawyers and divines, selected by their respective sovereigns. The whole number of persons comprising the general assemblies of the council, amounted to one thousand†. The business of the council was prepared in committees, and definitively settled in the general assemblies. The bull of convocation, issued by Paul the Third, is a master-piece of its kind. The style of the acts of the council is pure and dignified, and the dissertations and observations that precede the canons, cannot be perused, even by an impartial and pious protestant, without instruction and edification. One of the great objects of the council was the restoration of peace and unity among Christians. In this respect it failed: animosity prevailed over charity: conscious of authority on one side, rage of innovation on the other, would submit to no concession. The other object of the council

* One thousand five hundred and forty-two.

† Gibbon says of the council of Constance, that the number and weight of civil and ecclesiastical members might seem to constitute the states general of Europe; a remark equally applicable to the council of Trent.

was, the reformation of the church. Here its efforts were attended, if not with total, at least with very general success, and must receive the approbation of every impartial reader. Many of its regulations have been adopted by the civil authority, even in Protestant countries; such, for instance, as those relating to matrimony; and their utility, where admitted, has been felt and acknowledged. Intrigue, without doubt, was not inactive at Trent; and where so many persons of such rank and weight, so many diplomatic agents from almost all the countries and corporate bodies in Christendom, were brought together, it must have been frequently and strongly exerted. Yet with such an obstacle in its way, the Council drew up a set of articles clear and concise, comprehending all the principal points then in debate, and fixing the faith of the Catholic with logical precision.

After having thus represented the council in a favourable light, I must now, reluctantly, I confess, turn to the charges advanced against it; the first of which is the influence supposed to have been exercised over it by the Roman court; an influence which, after all, seems to have been confined to subjects connected with the temporal interests and the interior concerns of that court, and never extended either to the deliberations or the final decrees of the Council. In the second place, many a benevolent man, many a true friend of the peace and union of the Christian body, has deplored the degree of precision, with which the articles in debate were defined, and a line drawn between the contending parties,—to separate them perhaps for ever! Real union, indeed at that time of delirious contest, was not to be hoped for; but some latitude allowed to the wanderings of the human mind, a greater scope given to interpretation, and a

respectful silence recommended to the disputants on subjects too mysterious to be explained, and too awful to be bandied about in scholastic disputation, might, perhaps, at a more favourable season, have soothed animosity, and disposed all temperate persons to terms of accommodation. Remote, however, as we now are from that æra of discord, and strangers to the passions which then influenced mankind, it might seem to border upon temerity and injustice, were we to censure the proceedings of an assembly, which combined the benevolence, the sanctity, and the moderation of the Cardinals Pole and Sadoleti, Contareni and Seripando.

February 18th. From Trent the road continues to run through a narrow valley, watered by the Adige (or Athesis), and covered with vines conducted over trellis work, or winding from tree to tree in garlands. High mountains rise on either side, and the snow, though occasionally deep, was yet sensibly diminished. After the first stage, the snow appeared only on the mountains, while in the valley we enjoyed some share of the genial influence of an Italian sun. The number of neat villages seemed to increase on both banks of the river; though in all, the ravages of war and that wanton rage for mischief which, upon all occasions, distinguishes an invading army, were but too discernible. Cottages destroyed, houses burnt or damaged, and churches disfigured, forced themselves too frequently upon the attention of the traveller, and excited emotions of pity and abhorrence. A fortress, covering the brow of a steep hill, rises, on the left, at some distance from the road, and forms too conspicuous an object to pass unnoticed. Its ancient name was, according to Cluverius, Verrucca Castellum; it is now called Castello della Pietra, from its site. It was taken and re-taken twice by the French

and Austrians during the last war, though its situation might induce a traveller to consider it impregnable.

Roveredo, anciently Roboretum, the second stage from Trent, is a neat little town in the defiles of the Alps, situated, geographically speaking, in the German territory, but in language, manners, and appearance, Italian. The entrance on the side of Trent looks well, though the main street is narrow. An inscription over the gate, relative to the marriage and passage of the Princess of Parma, pleased me much, as it affords a specimen of the good taste of this little town.

Isabellæ
Philippi Borb. Parmæ ducis
Josepho Austriæ duci nuptæ
Viennam proficiscenti
Felix sit iter
Faustusque thalamus
Roboretanis gaudentibus.

In fact, as you approach Italy, you may perceive a visible improvement not only in the climate of the country, but also in the taste of its inhabitants; the churches and public buildings assume a better form; the shape and ornaments of their portals, doors and windows are more graceful, and their epitaphs and inscriptions, which, as Addison justly observes, are a certain criterion of public taste, breathe a more classical spirit. Roveredo is situated in the beautiful valley of Lagarina, has distinguished itself in the literary world, and has long possessed an academy, whose members have been neither inactive nor inglorious.

The descent (for from Steinach, or rather a few miles south of that village, three stages before Brixen, we had begun to descend) becomes more rapid between Roveredo and Ala; the river which glided gently through the valley of Trent, assumes the roughness of a torrent; the defiles become narrower; and the mountains break into rocks and precipices, which occasionally approach the road, sometimes rise perpendicular from it, and now and then hang over it in terrible majesty.* Ala is an insignificant little town, in no respect remarkable, except as forming the geographical boundary of Italy. The same appearances continue for some time, till at length the mountains gradually sink into

* Amid these wilds the traveller cannot fail to notice a vast tract called the Slavini di Marco, covered with fragments of rock torn from the sides of the neighbouring mountains by an earthquake, or perhaps by their own unsupported weight, and hurled down into the plains below. They spread over the whole valley, and in some places contract the road to a very narrow space. A few firs and cypresses scattered in the intervals, or sometimes rising out of the crevices of the rocks, cast a partial and melancholy shade amid the surrounding nakedness and desolation. This scene of ruin seems to have made a deep impression upon the wild imagination of Dante, as he has introduced it into the twelfth canto of the Inferno, in order to give the reader an adequate idea of one of his infernal ramparts.

Era lo loco ove a scender la riva
Venimmo, Alpestro e per quel ch' iv' er' anco,
Tal, ch' ogni vista ne sarebbe schiva.
Qual'e quella ruina che nel fianco
De qua da Trento l'Adice percosse,
O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco;
Che da cima del monte onde si mosse,
Al piano e si la roccia discoscesa,
Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse

hills; the hills diminish in height and number, and at last leave an open space beyond the river on the right. In front, however, a round hill presents itself at a little distance, which, as you approach swells in bulk, and opening, just leaves room sufficient for the road, and the river on the right, between two vast perpendicular walls of solid rock, that tower to a prodigious height, and cast a most terrific gloom over the narrow strait that divides them. As the road leads along a precipice, hanging over the river, without any parapet, several countrymen, who live at the entrance of the defile, crowd round the carriage to support it in the most dangerous parts of the ascent and descent. A fortification,* ruined by the French in the late war, formerly defended this dreadful pass, and must have rendered it impregnable. But French gold,

> Perrumpere amat saxa, potentius
> Ictu fulmineo.

In the middle of the defile a cleft in the rock on the left gives vent to a torrent that rushes down the crag, and sometimes sweeps away a part of the road in its passage. After winding through the defile for about half an hour, we turned, and suddenly found ourselves on the plains of Italy.

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* The fortress alluded to is called Chiusa, and said to have been originally built by the Romans; and though frequently destroyed during the wars and various invasions of Italy, yet it was as constantly repaired in more peaceable times. It must be acknowledged that Nature could not have erected a more impregnable rampart to Italy than the Alps, nor opened a more magnificent avenue than the long defile of the Tyrol.

A traveller, upon his entrance into Italy, longs impatiently to discover some remains of ancient magnificence, or some specimen of modern taste, and fortunately finds much to gratify his curiosity in Verona, the first town that receives him upon his descent from the Rhetian Alps.

Verona is beautifully situated on the Adige, partly on the declivity of a hill, which forms the last swell of the Alps, and partly on the skirts of an immense plain, extending from these mountains to the Apennines. The hills behind are adorned with villas and gardens, where the graceful cypress and tall poplar predominate over the bushy ilex and spreading bay-tree.

The plains before the city are streaked with rows of mulberry trees, and shaded with vines climbing from branch to branch, and spreading in garlands from tree to tree. The devastation of war had not a little disfigured this scenery, by stripping several villas, levelling many a grove, and rooting up whole rows of vines and mulberry trees. But the hand of industry had already begun to repair these ravages, and to restore to the neighbouring hills and fields their beauty and fertility. The interior of the town is worthy of its situation. It is divided into two unequal parts by the Adige, which sweeps through it in a bold curve, and forms a peninsula, within which the whole of the ancient, and the greater part of the modern city, is enclosed. The river is wide and rapid, the streets, as in almost all continental towns, are narrower than our's, but long, strait, well built, and frequently presenting in the form of the doors, and windows, and in the ornaments of their cases, fine proportions, and beautiful workmanship. But besides

these advantages which Verona enjoys in common with many other towns, it can boast of possessing one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing; I mean its amphitheatre, inferior in size, but equal in materials and solidity to the Coliseum. Almost immediately upon our arrival, we hastened to this celebrated monument, and passed the greater part of the morning in climbing its seats and ranging over its spacious arena. The external circumference, forming the ornamental part, has been destroyed long ago; with the exception of one piece of wall, containing three stories of four arches, rising to the height of more than eighty feet. The pilasters and decorations of the outside were Tuscan, an order well adapted by its solidity and massiveness to such vast fabrics. Forty-five ranges of seats, rising from the arena to the top of the second story of outward arches, remain entire, with the different vomitoria, and their respective staircases and galleries of communication. The whole is formed of vast blocks of marble, and presents such a mass of compact solidity, as might have defied the influence of time, had not its powers been aided by the more active operations of barbarian destruction. The arena is not, as in Addison's time, filled up and level with the first row of seats, but a few feet lower; though still somewhat higher than it was in its original state. As it is not my intention to give an architectural account of this celebrated edifice, I shall merely inform the reader, in order to give him a general idea of its vastness, that the outward circumference is 1290 feet, the length of the arena 218, and its breadth 129: the seats are capable of containing 22,000 spectators. At either end is a great gate, and over each a modern balustrade with an inscription, informing the traveller, that two exhibitions of a very different nature took place in the amphitheatre some years ago.

The one was a bull-baiting, exhibited in honour of the Emperor Joseph, then at Verona, by the governor and people; the seats were crowded, as may be imagined, on this occasion; and a Roman Emperor was once more hailed in a Roman amphitheatre with the titles of Cesar and Augustus, by spectators who pretend and almost deserve to be Romans. The other exhibition, though of a very different nature, was perhaps equally interesting: the late Pope in his German excursion passed through Verona, and was requested by the magistrates to give the people an opportunity of testifying in public their veneration for his sacred person. He accordingly appeared in the amphitheatre, selected on account of its capacity as the properest place, and when the shouts of acclaim had subsided, poured forth his benediction on the prostrate multitude collected from all the neighbouring provinces to receive it. The classical spectator would have amused himself with the singular contrast, which this ceremony must have presented, to the shows and pomps exhibited in the same place in ancient times. A multitude in both cases equally numerous, but then assembled for purposes of cruel and bloody amusements, now collected by motives of piety and brotherhood: then all noise, agitation, and uproar; now all silence and tranquil expectation: then all eyes fixed on the arena, or perhaps on the Emperor; an arena crowded with human victims; an Emperor, Gallienus for instance, frowning on his trembling slaves; now all looks rivetted on the venerable person of a Christian Pontiff, who, with eyes and hands uplifted to heaven, implored for the prostrate crowd peace and happiness.

The French applied the amphitheatre to a very different purpose. Shortly after their entrance into Verona, they erected a wooden theatre near one of the grand portals above mentioned,

and caused several farces and pantomimes to be acted in it for the amusement of the army. The sheds and scaffolding that composed this miserable edifice were standing in the year 1802, and looked as if intended by the builder for a satire upon the taste of the *Great Nation*, that could disfigure so noble an arena. The Veronese beheld this characteristic absurdity with indignation; and compared the French, not without reason, to the Huns and Lombards. In reality, the inhabitants of Verona have always distinguished themselves by an unusual attachment to their ancient monuments, and have endeavoured, as well as the misery of the times, and the general impoverishment of Italy would allow them, to preserve and repair their public buildings. From an early period in the thirteenth century (1228), we find that there were sums appropriated to the reparation of the amphitheatre; and that afterwards public orders were issued for its preservation and ornament, and respectable citizens appointed to enforce them. This latter custom continued till the French invasion, and two persons, entitled *Presidenti alla arena*, were intrusted with its inspection and guardianship. Such zeal and attention, to which the world owes the preservation of one of the noblest monuments of antiquity, are highly creditable to the taste and public spirit of the Veronese, and afford an honourable proof that they not only boast of Roman extraction, but retain some features of the Roman character.

But the amphitheatre is not the only monument of antiquity that distinguishes Verona. In the middle of a street, called the Corso, stands a gate inscribed with the name of Gallienus, on account of his having rebuilt the city walls. It consists of two gateways, according to the ancient custom, one for those who

enter, the other for those who go out: each gateway is ornamented with Corinthian half pillars, supporting a light pediment; above are two stories, with six small arched windows each. The whole is of marble, and does not seem to have suffered any detriment from time or violence. The gate, though not without beauty in its size, proportions, and materials, yet, by its supernumerary ornaments proves, that at its erection, the taste for pure simple architecture was on the decline. The remains of another gate, of a similar though purer form, may be seen in the Via Leoni, where it stands as a front to an insignificant house; and within that house, a few feet behind the first gate in the upper story, there exist some beautiful remnants of the Doric ornaments of the inner front of the gate: remnants much admired by modern architects, and said to present one of the best specimens of that order to be found in Italy. This double gate is supposed to have been the entrance into the Forum Judiciale, and ought to be cleared, if possible, of the miserable pile that encumbers it, and buries its beauty. From the first-mentioned gate, which formed the principal entrance into the town, as appears from some remains of the wall or rampart, which ran on each side of it, and was repaired by Gallienus, we may conclude that Verona was anciently of no great extent, as it was confined to the space that lies between this wall and the river. This observation, apparently improbable, considering that Verona was an ancient Roman colony, the native country or the residence of many illustrious persons mentioned by historians and celebrated by poets, is founded on the authority of Silius and Servius; if indeed the descriptions of the former can, like Homer's, be considered as geographical authority*. However, it may be presumed,

* Athesis Veronæ circumflua. Sil. VIII. Athesis Venetiæ fluvius est Veronum civitatem ambians. Servius in Virg. VIII.

that the suburbs of the town extended into the neighbouring plain; a conjecture favoured by the situation of the amphitheatre, which, though standing at some distance from the ancient gate, was probably erected in or near some populous quarter. At all events, the modern Verona is of much greater magnitude, and spreading into the plain to a considerable distance beyond the old wall on the one side, and on the other covering the opposite banks of the river, encloses the ancient town as its centre, and occupies a spacious area of about five miles in circumference. Many parts of it, particularly the square called Piazza della Bra, near the amphitheatre, are airy and splendid. Some of its palaces, and several of its churches, merit particular attention: among the latter, the beautiful chapel of St. Bernardino, in the church of the Franciscan Friars, and St. Zeno*, with its painted cloister and vast vase of porphyry, may perhaps claim the precedency.

Among public edifices, the Gran-Guardia and the Museo Lapidario are the most conspicuous: the portico of the latter is Ionic: its court, surrounded with a gallery of light Doric, contains a vast collection of antiquities† of various kinds, such as altars, tombs, sepulchral vases, inscriptions, &c. formed and arranged principally by the celebrated Maffei, a nobleman whose

* This church suffered considerably from the brutality of the French soldiery, some of whom amused themselves, as might have done the Huns of Attila, or the Goths of Radagaisus, in breaking porphyry pillars and vases, ransacking tombs, and disfiguring paintings.

† The French visited this collection, and carried off some of the most valuable articles.

learning and taste (two qualities not always united) reflect great honour on Italy, and particularly on Verona, the place of his birth and his usual residence.

The garden of the Giusti family is still shewn to travellers, though it has little to recommend it to attention except its former celebrity, and some wild walks winding along the side of a declivity, remarkable as being the last steep in the immense descent from the Alps to the plain. From the highest terrace of this garden there is a beautiful and extensive prospect of the town; the hills and the Alps on one side, and on the other of plains, spreading wide, and losing their fading tints in the southern horizon. This is in reality one of the best spots for viewing Verona, and as such may be considered worthy of the attention of travellers, together with the hills that rise behind the town, particularly that on which formerly stood the Castello di San Pietro, now in ruins.

Few towns have contributed more largely to the reputation of Roman literature, or have been more fertile in the production of genius, taste, and knowledge, than Verona. Catullus and Macer, supposed to be introduced by Virgil into his Eclogues under the pastoral name of Mopsus; Cornelius Nepos and Pomponius Secundus; Vitruvius, and Pliny the Elder, form a constellation of luminaries of the first magnitude, and shed a distinguishing lustre on the place of their birth and early education. A succession of writers followed; and though feeble tapers in comparison of their predecessors, yet cast a transient gleam as they passed on; and not only preserved the light of science from being utterly extinguished during the middle centuries, but contributed to revive its glories at a later and more fortunate period. In this

revival, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, Verona had some share: Guarini, a Veronese, returning from Constantinople, restored the study of Greek some time before the arrival of Chrysoloras, and the other learned Constantinopolitan fugitives. He was succeeded by a long line of eminent men, among whom we may distinguish Domitius Calderini, who, with Laurentius Valla and Politian, received the honourable appellation of Triumvirs of Literature; Scaliger and Panvinius; and in fine Fracastorius the poet, the naturalist and astronomer. In modern times, Verona still preserves her reputation in taste and science; and the names of Bianchini and Scipio Maffei may be considered as proofs of her present, and pledges of her future literary glory. The history of Verona is various and interesting. Situated as it is at the foot of the Alps, and at the southern opening of the grand defile forming the most ancient and regular communication through Rhetia, between Italy and Germany, it is exposed to the first fury of the northern invaders, and has always been the first object of their attacks. It resisted with various success; sometimes it was treated with lenity, and sometimes with cruelty. Like the other Italian towns, it submitted sooner or later to the prevailing power, and bore successively the yoke of the Heruli, the Goths, the Greeks, the Lombards, and the Italian and German emperors. During this long period of invasion, anarchy, and devastation, Verona seems to have enjoyed a better fate, or, to speak more correctly, to have suffered less than most other Italian cities. Many of the sovereigns, who reigned during this interval from Theodoric to Frederic the Second, either allured by the beauty, or struck by the importance of its situation, made Verona their occasional residence; and frequently paid much attention to its accommodation, strength, and ornament. In the

twelfth century, Verona, together with many other Italian cities, shook off the yoke of foreign barbarians; erected itself into an independent republic; and, as conquest frequently attends liberty, became the capital of a very considerable territory. In this state of freedom and consequence Verona remained till the commencement of the fifteenth century; when, seduced by the influence, allured by the glory, or awed by the greatness of Venice, she submitted to the genius of her powerful neighbour. However, this voluntary dependance was rather a state of tranquillity, than of servitude or degradation. The Venetians respected the laws and customs of the Veronese, and consulted the beauty and prosperity of their city; so that the change might be considered as the union of bordering territories, not the subjection of a separate state; and the sway of the Venetians was regarded rather as the superiority of countrymen, than the usurpation of foreigners. At length, during the revolutionary war, the French invaded Italy; and, after a long and bloody contest, remaining masters of the Venetian territory, employed it to purchase peace, and made over the greatest part to the emperor. Upon this occasion the territory of Verona was divided, and the city itself torn asunder; the Adige, was declared to be the boundary of the two states, the territory and part of the town was consigned to the Austrians, while the greater part was annexed to the new-created Italian republic. This dismemberment (if the expression may be allowed) is considered by the Veronese as the greatest disaster their town has ever suffered; and the French are detested as the most cruel of the many barbarous tribes that have invaded their devoted country. They look upon themselves as victims of a partition-treaty between two rival powers, agreeing only in one point—the sub-

jugation and oppression of Italy; both these powers they hate as transalpines and barbarians; (for the latter term is applied by the modern, as well as the ancient Italians, to all foreign or hostile nations), but the French most, as aggressors, who have added treachery and insult to invasion and plunder. The Italian republic they regard as the handmaid and creature of France, with a pompous name, designed only to dupe the populace, and palliate the odium of tyrannical measures and oppressive taxation. They consider its duration as uncertain as the existence, and its administration as irregular as the caprice of its founder; like the French republic, it is in their eyes a phantom, which appeared yesterday, and may vanish to-morrow: doubtful therefore of its permanency, but convinced that while it exists it will be a mere instrument of oppression in the hands of an enemy, they behold its operations with distrust, and hear its name with contempt and indignation. Hence the inactivity and solitude that pervade the streets of the Italian, or rather French, that is the greater part of the town, and announce the apprehension and despair of its inhabitants, their attachment to their old, and hatred to their new government. The Austrians they do not and cannot love: they are barbarians and invaders; and though the emperor be a just and even benevolent sovereign, yet his right over them is that of the sword only; and though he may be *tyrannorum mitissimus*, yet in the eyes of every Italian patriot, still he is, as well as Buonaparte, a tyrant and an usurper: since however, they are doomed to be slaves, of the two they prefer the former. The Austrian government is mild and equitable; it proceeds on fixed principles, and moves on in the straight and beaten track; it is, and so is the French republic, liable to the reverses of war; but it is exempt, and so

is not the French republic, from internal change and unexpected revolution. Hence they submit with something like resignation, to the imperial sway; and hence some life and activity, some share of confidence, and some appearance of business, enliven the Austrian quarter of Verona. It is indeed highly probable, that if the present precarious state of things lasts for any time, the ancient city will be almost deserted, and all the population of Verona pass to the Austrian territory. Not to speak therefore of the money raised, of the pictures, statues, and antiquities carried off by the French, Verona has suffered more, in a political sense, in the last convulsive war, than perhaps any city, Venice excepted, that lay within its range of devastation. Not content with dividing and enslaving it for the present, the French seem determined to prevent it from ever again becoming a place of importance; and have accordingly levelled its fortifications, and destroyed the walls of its castle, formerly a fortress of some strength from its ramparts and commanding position. The top and sides of the hill are now covered with its ruins; and the emperor is, I believe, obliged by an article in the treaty, not to rebuild them at any future period. Such was the state of Verona in the year 1802.

Our last visit, as our first, was to the amphitheatre: we passed some hours, as before, in a very delightful manner, sometimes reclining on the middle seats, and admiring the capaciousness, the magnitude, and the durability of the vast edifice; at other times seated on the upper range, contemplating the noble prospect expanded before us, the town under our eyes, verdant plains spreading on one side, and on the other the Alps rising in craggy majesty, and bearing on their ridges the united snows of four

thousand winters; while an Hesperian sun shone in full brightness over our heads, and southern gales breathed all the warmth and all the fragrance of spring around us. Prospects so grand and beautiful, must excite very pleasing emotions at all times, and such vernal breezes may well be supposed to "*inspire delight and joy able to drive all sadness.*" But the pleasure which we felt on the occasion, was not a little enhanced by the contrast between our present and late situation. We had just descended from the mountains of the Tirol, where our view had long been confined to a deep and narrow defile: our eye now ranged at liberty over an immense extent of scenery, rich, magnificent, and sublime. We had just escaped from the rigors of winter: and were now basking in the beams of a summer sun. We still stood on the very verge of frost, and beheld whole regions of snow rising full before us; but vernal warmth, vegetation, and verdure, enveloped us on all sides. In such circumstances, when for the first time the traveller beholds the beauties of an Italian prospect expanded before him, and feels the genial influence of an Italian sun around him, he may be allowed to indulge a momentary enthusiasm, and hail Italy in the language of Virgil.

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus
Laudibus Italiæ certent; non Bactra neque Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Pauchaia pinguis arenis. . . . . .
Hic gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere; tenent oleæ armentaque læta. . . . . .
Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas . . . .
Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis
Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros. . . . . .
Salve magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
Magna virum! *Georg.* II.

In the whole, we visited few places with more satisfaction, and left few with more regret, than Verona; whether as the first Italian city on our road, it happened, by its appearance and monuments very novel to a transalpine traveller, particularly to engage our attention, or whether it really possesses many means of exciting interest, I know not; but as we departed, we felt ourselves inclined to address it in the words of one of its poets.

" Verona, qui te viderit,
" Et non amarit protinus,
" Amore perditissimo,
" Is, credo, se ipsum non amat,
" Caretque amandi sensibus,
" Et odit omnes gratias."*

COTTA.

If a traveller has any time to spare, (and he who wishes to travel with benefit to himself, ought always to have some days at his disposal) he may spend it with advantage at Verona, as his head-quarters, and take an opportunity of visiting Monte Bolca, about eighteen, and Valle Ronca, about fifteen miles distant; where the lovers of the picturesque will find some beautiful scenery, and the mineralogist some remarkable specimens of various stones, earths, petrifactions, incrustations, basaltic pillars, &c. Among similar curiosities, we may rank the Ponte Veia, a natural arch of considerable sweep and boldness.

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* The best guide is the Compendio della Verona, in four very thin, or two ordinary small octavo volumes, with prints. It is an abridgment of a larger work, entitled " Verona Illustrata," by the celebrated Maffei.

The wines of Verona were formerly famous, as appears from Virgil's apostrophe.

" et quo te carmine dicam
" Rhætica? nec cellis ideo contende Falernis."

But their reputation at present is very low, as, indeed, is that of almost all the wines produced on the northern side of the Apennines.

CHAP. III.

VICENTIA—BUILDINGS—OLYMPIC ACADEMY AND THEATRE—STYLE OF PALLADIO—CHURCH OF MONTE BEXICO—CIMBRI—SETTE COMMUNI—PADUA—ITS ANTIQUITY, HISTORY, LITERATURE, AND UNIVERSITY.

THE distance from Verona to Vicentia is three posts and a half; the road runs over a plain, highly cultivated, and beautifully shaded with vines and mulberries. When I say a plain, I do not mean that the face of the country is a dead insipid flat, but only that it is not hilly. However, near Monte Bello, bold hills rise on either side, and present in their windings, or on their summits, villages, towns, and castles.

Vincentia (Vicetia) Vicenza is a town as ancient as Verona, large and populous; its circumference is of three miles, and the number of its inhabitants is said to amount to 30,000. It has passed through the same revolutions as its neighbour Verona, but seems to have suffered more from their consequences. In fact, it was burnt by the Emperor Frederic the Second, while at war with the Pope, on account of its attachment to the latter.

and cannot consequently be supposed to exhibit any remnants of its Roman glory.

But the want of ancient monuments is supplied in a great degree by numberless master-pieces of modern genius. Palladio was a native of this city, and seems to have employed with complacency all the power of his art in the embellishment of his country. Hence the taste and magnificence that reign in most of the public buildings, and in many of the private houses. Among the former we may distinguish the Town House, called very significantly Pallazzo della ragione, that is, the Palace of Public Reason, or opinion, where justice is administered, and the business of the city transacted—the Palazzo del Capitanio, or residence of the Podestà, or principal magistrate, so called from potestas,* a title sometimes given by the Romans to persons charged with the highest functions in provincial towns—the gate of the Campus Martius, a triumphal arch, solid and well proportioned—and, above all, the celebrated Olympic Theatre, erected at the expense of a well-known academy bearing that pompous title. This edifice is raised upon the plan of ancient theatres, and bears a great resemblance to those of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The permanent and immoveable scenery, the ranges of seats rising above each other, the situation of the orchestra in the podium, and the colonnade that crowns the upper range, are all faithful representations of antiquity. The scene consists of a magnificent gate, supported by a double row of pillars, with niches and statues: it has one large and two

* An Fidenarum Gabiorumque esse potestas.—Juv. x. 100.

smaller entrances opening into as many principal streets, decorated with temples, palaces and public edifices of various descriptions formed of solid materials, and disposed according to the rules of perspective, so as to assume somewhat more than the mere theatrical appearance of reality. The sides are a continuation of the same plan, and have also each one entrance, giving into its respective street; thus there are five entrances, through which the actors pass and repass to and from the stage. The orchestra occupies the centre, or that part which we call the pit, thence rise the seats, forming the side of an ellipsis, and above them the gallery, composed of a range of Corinthian pillars, with their full entablature surmounted by a balustrade and adorned with statues of marble. An air of simplicity, lightness and beauty reigns over the whole edifice, and delights the ordinary observer, while in the opinion of connoisseurs it entitles the *Teatro Olimpico* to the appellation of the master-piece of Palladio. But honorable as it is to the taste and talents of its architect, it reflects equal, perhaps greater, lustre on the Society, at whose expense, and for whose purposes it was erected. The Olympic Academy was instituted at Vicenza so early as the year 1555, by a set of gentlemen, for the encouragement and propagation of polite literature. Public exhibitions were among the means employed by the Society to attain that object; and several attempts were made to accommodate various buildings, to their purpose; but finding none perfectly suitable to their design, they at length came to the public spirited resolution of erecting a theatre; and that its form might correspond with its destination, no less than with the classic spirit of the actors that were to tread its stage, they commissioned Palladio to raise it on the ancient model. The inscription over the stage points out its object.

Virtuti ac Genio, Olympicorum Academia
Theatrum hoc a Fundamentis erexit
Anno 1584. Palladio Architecto.

The spirit of ancient genius seemed to revive, and the spectator might have imagined himself at Athens, when the members of the Society acted the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides, with all possible attention to the dresses and manners of the age and country, surrounded with the scenery and amidst the statues of the gods and heroes, of antiquity. Such an institution was highly honorable to Italy in general, and to Vicenza in particular, at a period when the Transalpine nations were just emerging from ignorance, and opening their eyes to the rising brightness of taste and science. The Olympic Academy still exists, and is composed now, as it was formerly, of the most respectable citizens, and of many learned foreigners; though I am sorry to add, that the Theatre has long lamented the absence of the tragic muse, having been devoted for many years, solely to the assemblies of the Academy, or perhaps resounded with the occasional merriment of a ball or a masquerade. Moreover, since the French invasion, the theatre seems to have suffered from the negligence or the poverty of the proprietors, owing partly to the heavy contributions laid on the town, and partly to that listlessness and depression of spirits which generally accompany national disasters. But when this storm shall have blown over, the national genius will probably revive and return with redoubled ardor to its favourite pursuits.

There are said to be about twenty palaces, which were erected by Palladio, some of which are of unusual magnificence, and contribute in the whole to give Vicenza an appearance of splendor and beauty not common even in Italy. In materials and magni-

tude they are inferior perhaps to the palaces of Genoa, but in style of architecture and external beauty far superior. Palladio in fact had a particular talent in applying the orders and ornaments of architecture to the decorations of private edifices. Unlike the ancients, who seem to have contented themselves with employing its grandeur in temples, porticos, and public buildings, he introduced it into common life, and communicated its elegant form to private edifices and ordinary dwellings. I do not mean to assert that the houses and villas of the ancients were entirely devoid of architectural ornaments. Horace speaks of the columns that decorated the palaces of the rich Romans of his time.

Nempe, inter varias nutritur Sylva Columnas. *Epict. lib.* I. 10.

Non trabes Hymettiæ
Premunt columnas ultimâ recisas
Africâ.
Tu secanda marmora, &c. *Hor.* II. 18.

Pillars had been introduced long before, as Crassus, the orator, was humorously styled Venus Palatina, on account of six pillars of Hymettian marble, which ornamented his house on the Palatine Mount. We learn also, from the same author, that Mamurra, a Roman knight, who had acquired great riches in the service of Julius Cæsar, entirely incrusted his house on Mount Celius with marble, and adorned it with columns of the richest species of the same materials. Cicero speaks of a Greek architect whom he employed, and complains of his ignorance or inattention in raising his pillars as he had placed them, neither perpendicular, nor opposite to each other. *Aliquando*, says Cicero, *perpendiculo et lineâ discet uti.*†

* Plin. XXXVI. cap. 3. † Ad Quint. Fratrem. III. v.

This surely is a strange compliment to a Greek artist. The pillars here alluded to seem to have supported the portico of his villa at Arpinum. Suetonius also, to give his reader an idea of the moderation of Augustus, observes, that the pillars of his house on the Palatine Mount were of Alban stone, not marble. But I am inclined to believe that such ornaments were confined to the most celebrated palaces, or perhaps employed only in the interior courts and surrounding porticos: if they had been common on the exterior we should have discovered some traces of them in the ruins of different villas, or at least in the fronts of the houses of Pompeii; and yet, though I cannot assert that there are none, I do not recollect to have observed in the streets of the latter city the slightest vestige of architectural ornaments on private edifices. To these external decorations of architecture, the cities of Italy, and indeed most modern towns of any consideration, owe a great part of their beauty; and may glory, not perhaps without reason, in surpassing the towns of antiquity in general appearance. I feel some regret in being obliged to acknowledge, that the metropolis of the British empire, though the first city in Europe, and I suppose in the world, for neatness, convenience and cleanliness, is yet inferior in architectural embellishment to most capitals. This defect, without doubt, is owing in a great degree, to the nature of the materials of which it is formed, as brick is ill calculated to receive the graceful forms of an Ionic volute, or a Corinthian acanthus, while the dampness of the climate seems to preclude the possibility of applying stucco to the external parts with permanent advantage. But some blame may justly be attributed to architects, who either know not, or neglect the rules of proportion and the models of antiquity; and in edifices, where no expense has been spared, often display splendid instances of tasteless contrivance and grotesque ingenuity. But, it is to be

hoped, that the industry and taste of the British nation will, ere long, triumph over this double obstacle, inspire artists with genius, teach even brick to emulate marble, and give to the seat of government and capital of so mighty an empire a becoming share of beauty and magnificence. Augustus found Rome of brick, and in his last moments boasted that he left it of marble. May not London hope at length to see its Augustus?

As Palladio was a native of Vicenza, it may be proper to say something of that celebrated architect, while we are employed in admiring the many superb structures, with which he ornamented his country. Of all modern architects, Palladio seems to have had the best taste, the most correct ideas, and the greatest influence over his contemporaries and posterity. Some may have had more boldness and genius, others more favourable opportunities of displaying their talents; and such, in both respects, was the felicity of the two grand architects of St. Peter's, Bramante and Michael Angelo: but Palladio has the exclusive glory of having first collected, from the writings and monuments of the ancients, a canon of symmetry and proportion, and reduced architecture, under all its forms, to a regular and complete system. I am aware that many parts of that system have been severely criticized; that his pedestals, for instance, are by many considered as heavy, his half pillars as little, and his decorations as luxuriant: yet it must be remembered, that these real or merely nominal defects are authorized by the practice of the ancients; and that it is not fair to blame, in a modern edifice, that which is admired in the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, or in the Triumphal Arch of Trajan. But supposing this criticism well founded, every candid spectator will admit, that there are in all the edifices, erected under the direction, or on the imme-

diate plans of Palladio, a simplicity and beauty, a symmetry and majesty, that abundantly compensate petty defects, and fulfil all the ends of architecture, by producing greatness of manner and unity of design. I know not whether my opinion, in this respect, may agree with that of professed artists; but of all the grand fabrics, which I have had an opportunity of contemplating after St. Peter's and the Pantheon, the two master-pieces, one of ancient, the other of modern architecture, I own I was most delighted with the abbey church of St. George at Venice, and that of St. Justina at Padua. Addison represents the latter as the most luminous and disencumbered building that he had ever seen; though, for my part, I should be inclined to give the preference to the former, which he passes over in silence: but be the superiority where it may, both these superb edifices display the characteristic features of Palladian architecture to the highest advantage, and in a manner not often witnessed, even in Italy, blend simplicity with ornament, extent with proportion, and combination with unity. St. Justina was, if I be not mistaken, erected on the plan of Palladio, though after his death; some defects consequently occur in the execution, which ought not to be attributed to that illustrious architect, particularly as these defects are lost in the admirable symmetry and proportion of the whole; perfections owing exclusively to the genius that conceived and arranged the original model. On the whole, Palladio may be considered as the Vitruvius of modern architecture; and it has been very properly recommended to persons who wish to make a proficiency in that art, to pass some time at Vicenza, Padua, and Venice, in order to study the many monuments of Palladian skill that abound in these cities.

The splendor of Vicenza is not confined to its walls, but ex-

tends to the country for some distance round, where private or public munificence has erected several villas and magnificent edifices. Among the former, we may rank the villa of the Marchesi, called the Rotunda, an exquisite fabric of Palladio, and among the latter the triumphal arch, the staircase, and portico that lead to the church on Monte Berico. The arch is said by some to be the work of Palladio, in imitation of that of Trajan at Ancona; and is like it, light and airy. The staircase is remarkable for its vast height, consisting of near two hundred steps, with thirty-five resting places, all of stone, reaching from the town to the summit of the hill. The portico is a noble gallery, leading in the same manner from the town to the church, and intended to shade and shelter the persons who visit the sanctuary, in which it terminates; and as its length is more than a mile, its materials stone, and its form not inelegant, it strikes the spectator as a very magnificent instance of public taste. The church is seen to most advantage at a distance; as, on a nearer approach, it appears overloaded with ornaments. It is of fine stone, of the Corinthian order, in the form of a Greek cross, with a dome in the centre; but wants in all its decorations, both internal and external, the proportions and simplicity of Palladio. The view from the windows of the convent annexed to the church, is extensive and beautiful.

It may be here the proper place to mention a political phenomenon, of a very extraordinary nature, which, few travellers have, I believe, noticed. The Cimbri and Teutones, two tribes from the northern Chersonesus, invaded Italy, as it is well known, in the year of Rome 640, and were defeated, and almost extirpated by Marius, in the neighbourhood of Verona. The few who escaped from the vengeance of the

conquerors took refuge in the neighbouring mountains, and as they remained unmolested, formed a little colony, which either from its poverty, its insignificance, or its retired position, has escaped the notice, or perhaps excited the contempt of the various parties, that have disputed the possession of Italy for nearly two thousand years. They form altogether seven parishes, and are therefore called the *Sette commune*; they retain the tradition of their origin, and though surrounded by Italians still preserve their Teutonic language. The late King of Denmark visited this singular colony, discoursed with them in Danish, and found their idiom perfectly intelligible. Though we felt no inclination to visit them, (for a classic traveller cannot be supposed to be very partial to barbarian establishments in Italy, however ancient their date,) yet, we were struck with the circumstance, and beheld their distant villages nested in the Alps, as they were pointed out to us from Vicenza, with some interest. The reader will hear with more satisfaction that a Roman colony still remains on the borders of Transylvania, and that it retains the Latin language nearly unmixed, and glories in its illustrious origin. Hence, when any of its members enlists in the imperial service, and according to custom is asked his country and origin, his answer is always, "Romanus sum."*

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* In mezzo alla colta Europa, says *Lanzi*, vivon tuttora popolazioni di linguaggi non estesi; nelle montagne di Vicenza vive il Celtico di Barbari chi vi si annidarano ai tempi di Mario; nella Valakia il Latino di presidi che vi mise Trajano; in qualche parte di Elvezia il Romans di Franzesi antichi. *Saggio di lingua Etrusca Epilogo*, &c. Vol. i. parte seconda.

(There are several works for the information of travellers with regard to the curiosities of this town, among others I recommend "*Descrizzione della Architettture*," 2 vols. with prints.)

The hills, called the *Colles Berici*, in the neighbourhood of Vicenza, present some natural grottos, of great extent, and of surprizing variety. Monsieur de la Lande speaks of a little temple of the form of the Pantheon, which he represents as a master-piece of the kind; if it be such, I regret that we had not an opportunity of visiting it, though not above twenty miles from Vicenza. Bassano, seven leagues to the north, merits a visit without doubt, if the traveller has time at his disposal.

From Vicenza to Padua is eighteen miles. About three miles from the former is a bridge over a stream, a branch of the Meduacus, now Bacchiglione, erected by Palladio, which will not fail to attract the attention of the curious traveller.

Late in the evening we entered *Urbem Patavi Sedesque Teucrorum*, and reflected with some exultation that we stood, as it were, on the confines of Greek and Latin literature, in a city that derives its origin from a catastrophe celebrated in itself or its consequences, by the two greatest poets of antiquity. Few cities can boast of an origin so ancient and so honorable, and not many can pretend to have enjoyed for so long a period so much glory and prosperity as Padua. We learn from Tacitus that it was accustomed to celebrate the antiquity of its origin and the name of its founder in annual games, said to have been instituted by that hero. Livy informs us, that a Naumachia, exhibited annually on one of the rivers that water the town, perpetuated the memory of a signal victory obtained by the Paduans long before* their union with Rome, over a Lacedemonian fleet,

* See Tacit: Annal. lib. xvi. c. 21. Liv. book x. c. 2.

commanded by Cleonymus. They are also said to have not unfrequently assisted the Romans, and contributed in no small degrée to their victories, particularly over the Gauls, the common enemy of both states, while an immense population furnished them with the means of giving effect to their measures, by sending powerful armies into the field. Padua afterwards submitted to the genius of Rome, but submitted with dignity, and was accordingly treated not as a conquered but an allied republic. She was admitted at an early period to all the privileges and honors of the great capital, and shared, it seems, not only the franchises but even the riches of Rome, as she could count at one period five hundred Roman knights among her citizens, and drew by her manufactures, from the emporium of the world, no small share of the tribute of the provinces. After having shared the glory of Rome, Padua partook of her disasters; was, like her, assaulted and plundered by Alaric and Attila; like her, half unpeopled by the flight of her dismayed inhabitants, and obliged to bend under the yoke of a succession of barbarian invaders. After the expulsion of the Goths, Rome recovered her independence; not so Padua, which was subject successively to the Lombards, the Franks, and the Germans. During this long period of disastrous vicissitude, Padua sometimes enjoyed the favor and sometimes felt the fury of its wayward tyrants. At length it shook off the yoke, and with its sister states, Verona, Vicenza, Ferrara and Mantua, experienced the advantages and disadvantages of republicanism, occasionally blessed with the full enjoyment of freedom, and occasionally, with all its forms, smarting under the rod of a powerful usurper.* At

* In the fourteenth century Padua owned the sway of the Carrara family; Pandolfo di Carrara was the friend of Petrarcha. This family and their rivals in

length, in the fifteenth century, Padua united itself to the Venetian territory, and under the influence of its own laws acknowledged the supreme authority of that republic. The consideration that Venice was founded by citizens of Padua, who flying from the ravaging armies of Alaric and Attila took refuge in the solitary isles of the Adriatic, might perhaps have lightened the yoke of submission, or facilitated the arrangements of union.

As fire and sword, aided by earthquakes and pestilence, have been employed more than once during so many ages of convulsion, in the destruction of this city, we are not to expect many monuments of the Roman colony, within its walls, or to wonder so much at its decline as at its existence. However it is still a great, and in many respects a beautiful city, as its circumference is near seven miles, its population about forty thousand persons, and, notwithstanding the general narrowness of its streets, many of its buildings, both public and private, are truly magnificent.

The abbey of St. Giustina deserves particular attention. Its church, planned by Palladio, and built by Andrea Riccio; its library, hall or refectory, and cloister are all in the highest style of architecture.* The piazza before it, called Prato della Valle,

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power and place, the Scaligeri were among the many patrons and supporters of literature that graced Italy in that and the succeeding century.

* Dimensions of the Church of St. Giustina.

The length	500 feet.
Breadth	140
The transept	350
Height	120
The central dome (there are several)	265

The pavement is laid out in compartments of white and red marble, its various

is perhaps one of the largest and noblest in Europe. The cathedral, though not remarkable for its architecture, still deserves to be ranked among buildings of eminence, and contains several objects worthy of notice. The church, denominated *Il Santo*, a title given by way of eminence to St. Antony of Padua, though the most frequented, is not by any means the most beautiful; it is of Gothic architecture, great magnitude, and was, before the late French invasion, enriched with a valuable treasury. That treasury, consisting of church plate, gold and silver candlesticks to a vast amount, was seized and carried off by the French; but the most remarkable object still remains—the tomb of the Saint, adorned with fine marbles and most exquisite sculpture. In Addison's days, ointments, it seems, distilled from the body, celestial perfumes breathed around the shrine, and a thousand devout catholics were seen pressing their lips against the cold marble, while votive tablets, hung over and disfigured the altar. When we visited the Santo, the source of ointment had long been dried, the perfumes were evaporated, the crouds of votaries had disappeared, and nothing remained to certify the veracity of our illustrious traveller but a few petty pictures, hung on one side of the monument. But the excellency of the sculpture makes amends for the wretchedness of the painting, and small must the taste of that man be, who derives no satisfaction from the examination of the marble pannels that line the chapel. Each pannel represents some miraculous event of

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altars with their decorations of beautiful marble. The whole is kept in a style of neatness and repair that gives it the appearance of a church just finished. The outside was never completed.

the Saint's life; and however strange or chimerical the subject may be, yet the skill of the artist finds means of making it interesting. The rich materials and ornaments of the altar and shrine, the bronze candelabra and lamps, will not escape the attentive observer. On the whole, though the style of architecture is bad, yet this church, from its size and furniture, deserves consideration.

Il Salone, or the town-hall, remarkable for its vast magnitude,* contains a monument in honor of Livy, with an ancient bust. This author, as is well known, was a native of Padua, and is supposed to have retained in his style some of the provincial peculiarities of his country,† perceptible indeed only to the refined critics of the Augustan era. The Italian towns in general, are not apt to forget such of their natives as have distinguished themselves in ancient or modern story, and Padua, amongst others, is not wanting in the honors which she pays to the memory of her illustrious citizen. The inscription under the bust of the historian is not remarkable for its beauty. The last line expresses at least the generosity of the Paduans, who, if their means were adequate to their classic zeal, would have converted the marble statue into one of gold.

Hoc totus stares aureus ipse loco!

They shew a house which they pretend to have belonged to him,

* It is three hundred and twelve feet in length, one hundred and eight in breadth, and one hundred and eight in height, and consequently the largest hall in Europe.

† Pollio, says Quintilian, reprehendit in Livio pativinitatem. L. i.

and, whether it was built upon the spot which traditionary report represented as the site of the historian's dwelling, or whether it was erected on the ruin of some ancient edifice that bore a name resembling his; or whether, in short, some inscription, favorable to such an opinion, may have been found in or near it, I could not discover; but every object connected in the most distant manner with so eminent an author, inspires interest and claims some attention. I need not observe, that the pretended tomb of Antenor, though it recals to mind the antiquity of the city, and at the same time some very beautiful verses,* is a monument of some prince of the middle ages, discovered in 1274.

Padua was famous in ancient times for its woollen manufactures, celebrated in prose by Strabo and in verse by Martial. It still retains much of its reputation in this respect, and its wool, and woollen articles, are considered as the best in Italy. But the principal glory of Padua arises from its literary pursuits, and an ancient and well directed propensity to liberal science. The prince of Roman history—perhaps, if we consider the extent of his plan, and the masterly manner in which he has executed it, we may add, the first of historians—was not only born, but, as

* Antenor potuit mediis elapsus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus atque intima tutus
Regna Liburnorum et fontem superare Timavi;
Unde per ora novem magno cum murmure montis
It mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit
Teucrorum et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit.
ÆNEID i.

we may fairly conjecture from the local peculiarities of language, which adhered to him during life, was educated at Padua. Silius Italicus, among the various chieftains whom he introduces, represents Pedianus, the leader of the Euganeans and Paduans, (the *Apono gaudens populus*) as equally excelling in the arts of war and peace, and dear alike to Mars and to the Muses. As the verses are composed in the best style of Silius and likely to please the reader, I insert them.

> **Polydamenteus juvenis Pedianus in armis**
> **Bella agitabat atrox, Trojanaque semina et ortus,**
> **Atque Antenorea sese de stirpe ferebat.**
> **Haud levior generis fama, sacroque Timavo**
> **Gloria et Euganeis dilectum nomen in oris.**
> **Huic pater Eridanus, Venetæque ex ordine gentes,**
> **Atque Apono gaudens populus, seu bella cieret,**
> **Seu Musas placidus, doctæque silentia vitæ**
> **Mallet et Aonio plectro musæque labores**
> **Non ullum dixere parem; nec notior alter**
> **Gradivo juvenis, nec Phœbo notior alter.** xii. 215.

The love of knowledge, the partiality to learned ease here alluded to, was probably attributed to the Chief, because in some degree characteristic of the people—so much at least we should infer from a similar passage in Homer or Virgil. During the various revolutions that followed the fall and dismemberment of the Roman empire, Padua, in the intervals of repose that followed each successive shock, endeavoured to repair the shattered temple of the Muses, and revive the sacred fire of knowledge. Some success always attended these laudable exertions, and a beam of science occasionally broke through the gloom of war and barbarism. At length, the university was founded about the end of the eleventh century, and its foundation was to Padua

the commencement of an era of glory and prosperity. Its fame soon spread over Europe, and attracted to its schools prodigious numbers of students from all, even the most remote countries; while the reputation of its professors was so great, and their place so honorable, that even nobles, at a time when nobles were considered as beings of a more elevated nature, were ambitious to be enrolled in their number. Eighteen thousand students are said to have crowded the schools during ages; and amidst the multitude were seen, not Italians and Dalmatians, Greek and Latin Christians only, but even Turks, Persians and Arabians, are said to have travelled from their distant countries to improve their knowledge of medicine and botany, by the lectures of the learned Paduans. The catalogue of the students of this university is rich in numbers and illustrious names. Petrarcha, Galileo, and Christopher Columbus applied here, each to his favorite art, and in classics, astronomy and navigation, collected the materials that were to form their future fame and fortune. But universities, like empires, have their eras of prosperity and their periods of decline; science, as commerce, often abandons its favorite seat; and those very arts of medicine and anatomy which flourished for so many centuries in Salerno and Padua, have long since migrated to the North, and seem to have fixed their temporary residence at Gottingen and Edinburgh. Of eighteen thousand students six hundred only remain, a number which, thinly scattered over the benches, is barely sufficient to shew the deserted state of the once crowded schools of Padua. This diminution of numbers is not to be attributed either to the ignorance or the negligence of the professors; to the defects of the system of instruction, or to the want of means of improvement. The lecturers are men of zeal and abilities; the plan of studies is the result of long and successful experience; and

libraries, collections, and cabinets of every kind are numerous and magnificent. Moreover, encouragement is not wanting, as the places of professors are both lucrative and honorable, and the directors, till the late disastrous revolution, were three Venetian senators. The decrease of numbers, therefore, at Padua, and in other ancient universities, is to be attributed to the establishment of similar institutions in other countries, and the general multiplication of the means of knowledge over the Christian world. Knowledge is now fortunately placed within the reach of almost every village—the most abstruse science may be learned in the most remote corners—colleges and seminaries have been planted and flourish even in the polar circles; and youth in almost every country, may enjoy that, which an eloquent ancient considers as one of the greatest blessings of early life—*home education*.*

The architecture of the schools or university is admired and, I believe, said to be of Palladio—the observatory, the botanical garden in particular, the cabinet of natural philosophy, containing a peculiarly curious collection of fossils, the hall of midwifry, and indeed most of the dependencies of the University, are grand in their kind, well furnished and well supported. An agricultural lecture is, I believe, peculiar to Padua, and consequently very honorable to it; especially as so large a space as fifteen acres is allotted to the professor for experiments. It is singular that no such lecture exists in any British university, when we consider the bent of the national character to a rural life, and the

* Ubi enim aut jucundius morarentur quam in patriâ? aut pudicius continerentur quam sub oculis parentum? aut minore sumptu quam domi? iv. Ep. xiii.

great encouragement and countenance given by the higher classes, and indeed by the nation at large, to every species of agricultural improvement.

Besides the university, there are in Padua, for the propagation of taste and literature, several academies, some of which were opened so early as in the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time the love of knowledge and classical distinction seems to have been the predominant passion of the Italians, who were then like the ancient Greeks—

Præter laudem nullius avari.

Others have been established in the last century, particularly the Academy of Sciences, founded by the senate of Venice. Most of these institutions are supported with spirit, not only by the clergy, but moreover by the gentry of Padua, who seem to take an honorable pride in the literary reputation of their city.

The following beautiful lines of Naugerius, a poet of *Leo's golden days*, contain a fine, though concise encomium, on Padua, and may be considered as an abridgment of its history, even to the present period, when war has again ravaged its vicinity, and disfigured its edifices.

Urbs, quam vetusto vetus ab Ilio
Post fata Troum tristia, post graves
Tot patriæ exhaustos iniquo
Tempore, tot pelago labores,
Ducente demum Pallade, qua rapax
Cultos per agros Medoacus fluit,
Diis fretus Antenor secundis
Condidit, Euganeis in oris.

Tu nuper & flos, & decus urbium,
Quascumque tellus Itala continet:
Magnas tot artes, tot virorum
Ingenia, & studia una alebas.
Te, septicornis Danubii accola,
Te fulva potant flumina qui Tagi,
Longeque semoti Britanni
Cultum animi ad capiendum adibant.
At nunc, acerbi heu sæva necessitas
Fati, severas ut pateris vices:
Ut te ipse vastatam vel hosti
Conspicio miserandam iniquo.
Quid culta tot pomaria conquerar?
Tot pulchra flammis hausta suburbia?
Quid glande deturbata ahena
Mœnia?

CHAP. IV.

THE BRENTA—VENICE—ITS MAGNIFICENCE, POWER, DEGENERACY, AND FALL—RETURN TO PADUA—THE ENVIRONS OF THAT CITY—THE FONS APONUS—COLLES EUGANEI—ARQUATO—VILLA AND TOMB OF PETRARCHA—OBSERVATIONS ON HIS CHARACTER.

WE deferred the consideration of the neighbourhood of Padua, till our return from Venice, whither we hastened in order to enjoy the few remaining days of the expiring carnival. We accordingly embarked on the Brenta about ten o'clock in the morning, February the twenty-first, in a convenient barge drawn by horses, and glided rather slowly down the river. The country through which it flows is a dead flat, but highly cultivated, well wooded, and extremely populous. The banks are lined with villages, or rather little towns, and decorated with several handsome palaces and gardens. Among these, that of Giovanelle at Noventa, two miles from Padua; that of Pisani, at Stra; of Trona, at Dolo; that of Bembo, at Mira, and about ten miles farther, that of Foscari, of the architecture of Palladio, merit particular attention. These celebrated banks have,

without doubt, a rich, a lively, and sometimes a magnificent appearance, but their splendor and beauty have been much exaggerated or are much faded, and an Englishman accustomed to the Thames, and the villas that grace its banks at Richmond and Twickenham, will discover little to excite his admiration as he descends the canal of the Brenta. About five o'clock we arrived at Fusina, on the shore of the Lagune,* opposite Venice. This city instantly fixed all our attention. It was then faintly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, and rising from the waters with its numberless domes and towers, attended, if I may be allowed the expression, by several lesser islands, each crowned with its spires and pinnacles, presented the appearance of a vast city, seated on the very bosom of the ocean. We embarked, and gliding over the Lagune, whose surface unruffled by the slightest breeze, was as smooth as the most polished glass, touched at the island of St. Georgio, half way; that is two miles from the main land on one side, and from Venice on the other, and then entering the city, rowed up the grand canal, and passed under the Rialto; admiring as we advanced, the various architecture and vast edifices that line its sides.

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* The Lagune are the shallows that border the whole coast, and extend round Venice; their depth, between the city and the main land, is from three to six feet in general. These shallows are occasioned by the vast quantities of sand carried down by the many rivers that descend from the Alps and fall into the Adriatic, all along its western shores. Ravenna, which lies much lower down, anciently stood like Venice in the midst of waters; it is now surrounded with sand, as Venice will probably be ere long, if it should continue subject to the Austrian government. The republic expended considerable sums in cleansing the canals that intersect and surround the city, removing obstacles and keeping up the depth of waters, so necessary for the security of the capital. The interest of a foreign sovereign is to lay it open to attack.

Venice cannot boast of a very ancient origin, nor has it any direct connection with Roman story and classical recollections; yet I doubt much, whether any town in Italy, not even excepting Rome itself, contains so much genuine Roman blood; as none has, certainly, so long preserved the true spirit of the ancient Romans. Founded by the inhabitants of Aquileia, Padua and other Roman colonies bordering on the Adriatic, joined probably by several from the interior provinces, it escaped the all-wasting sword of Alaric and Attila; first eluded, then defied the power of succeeding invaders, and never saw a barbarian army within its walls till the fatal epoch of 1797. Its foundation dates from the year 421; the succession of Doges or Dukes from the year 697. Its name is derived from the Veneti, a people that inhabited all the neighbouring coasts, and appropriated as it has been, from a very early period to it, is a sufficient monument of the origin and numbers of its founders, and first inhabitants. Its government was at first popular; as the power and riches of the State increased, the influence of the nobles augmented; at intervals, the Doges acquired and abused the sovereignty; till at length, after six centuries of struggles, the aristocratic party prevailed, limited the power of the Doge, excluded the people, and confined to their own body all the authority and exercise of government.

As Venice may justly be considered a Roman colony, so it bore for many centuries a striking resemblance to the great parent Republic. The same spirit of liberty, the same patriot passion, the same firmness, and the same wisdom that characterized and ennobled the ancient Romans, seemed to revive in the Venetians, and pervade every member of their rising

state. That profound respect for religion also, which formed so distinguished a feature in the character of the former,* was equally conspicuous in the latter, but more permanent and effectual, because directed to a better object, and regulated by superior information. The same success in a just proportion accompanied the same virtues; and we behold Venice, from *dirt and sea-weed*, rise into magnificence and fame, extend its sway over the neighbouring coasts, wrest towns, islands, and whole provinces from mighty potentates, carry its arms into Asia and Africa, and struggle, often successfully, with the collected force of vast empires. As its greatness rested on solid foundations, so was it permanent; and Venice may boast of a duration seldom allowed to human associations, whether kingdoms or commonwealths, thirteen complete centuries of fame, prosperity and independence. It is not wonderful therefore that this republic should have been honored with the appellation of another Rome, considered as the bulwark and pride of Italy, and celebrated by orators and poets as the second fated seat of independence and empire.

Una Italum regina, altæ pulcherrima Romæ,
Æmula, quæ terris, quæ dominaris aquis!
Tu tibi vel reges cives facis; O decus! O lux
Ausoniæ, per quam libera turba sumus;
Per quam barbaries nobis non imperat, et Sol
Exoriens nostro clarius orbe micat!

Act. Syn. Sannaz. lib. iii. *Eleg.* 1, 95.

The appearance of Venice is not unworthy of its glorious

* Et si conferre volumus nostra cum externis, cœteris rebus aut pares aut etiam inferiores reperiemur; Religione, id est, cultu Deorum, multo superiores.—*De Nat. Deor.* ii. 3.

destinies. Its churches, palaces, and public buildings of every description, and sometimes even its private edifices, haye in their size, materials and decorations, a certain air of magnificence, truly Roman. The style of architecture is not always either pure or pleasing, but conformable to the taste that prevailed in the different ages when each edifice was erected. Hence, the attentive observer may discover the history of architecture in the streets of Venice, and trace its gradation from the solid masses and round arches, the only remains of the ancient grand style in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, through the fanciful forms and grotesque embellishments of the middle ages, to its revival and re-establishment in these latter times.

The church of St. Mark, with its accompaniments, its tower, its square, its library, and its palace, from its celebrity alone deserves the traveller's first visit. The tower has neither grace in its form, nor beauty in its materials. Its only merit is its height, which, though not extraordinary in itself, yet from the flatness of the surrounding scenery, gives the spectator a very clear and advantageous view of the city and its port and shipping, with the neighbouring coasts, and all their windings. The famous Piazza de S. Marco, surrounded with arcades, is more remarkable for its being the well known scene of Venetian mirth, conversation and intrigue, than for its size or symmetry. It is inferior, in both respects, to many squares in many great cities; yet as one side is the work of Palladio, and the whole of fine marble, its appearance is grand and striking. The church of St. Mark, the great patron of the city and republic, occupies one end of this square, and terminates it with a sort of gloomy barbaric magnificence. In fact, the five domes that swell from

its roof, and the paltry decorations that cover and encumber its porticos, give it externally the appearance of an eastern pagoda, while formed within on the plan of the Greek churches; and like them, adorned with clumsy mosaics, it is dark, heavy, and sepulchral. This church is extremely ancient, it was begun in the year 829, and after a fire, rebuilt in the year 976. It was ornamented with mosaics and marble in 1071. The form of this ancient fabric, evidently of eastern origin, may perhaps throw some light on the rise of the style called gothic. Its architects, it is related, were ordered by the Republic to spare no expence, and to erect an edifice superior in size and splendor to any then existing. They took Santa Sophia for their model, and seem to have imitated its form, its domes, and its bad taste. But if riches can compensate the want of taste, and the absence of beauty, the church of St. Mark possesses a sufficient share to supply the deficiency, as it is ornamented with the spoils of Constantinople, and displays a profusion of the finest marbles, of alabasters, onyx, emerald, and all the splendid jewellery of the East. The celebrated bronze horses stood on the portico facing the piazza. These horses are supposed to be the work of Lysippus; they ornamented successively different triumphal arches at Rome, were transported by Constantine to his new city, and conveyed thence by the Venetians, when they took and plundered it in the year 1206. They were erected on marble pedestals above the portico of St. Mark, where they stood nearly six hundred years, a trophy of the power of the republic, till they were removed to Paris in the year 1797, and placed on stone pedestals behind the palace of the Thuilleries, where they remain a monument of French treachery and injustice.

As it is not my intention to give a minute description of

the ornaments or riches of the church of St. Mark, I shall only observe, that they merit much attention; and that to discover the value of the internal decorations, a very minute inspection is often rendered necessary by the gloominess of the place.

The reader may perhaps wish to know how and when St. Mark, whose life and evangelical writings seem to have no connection with the Venetian history, acquired such consideration in the city of Venice, as to become its patron Saint, and give his name to the most splendid and celebrated of its churches. The following account may possibly satisfy his curiosity. In the year eight hundred and twenty-nine, two Venetian merchants of the names of Bono and Rustico, then at Alexandria, contrived, either by bribery or stratagem, to purloin the body of St. Mark, at that time in the possession of the Mussulmen, and convey it to Venice. On its arrival, it was transported to the Ducal palace, and deposited by the then Doge in his own chapel. St. Mark was shortly after declared the patron and protector of the republic; and the lion which, in the mystic vision of Ezekiel, is supposed to represent this evangelist, was emblazoned on its standards, and elevated on its towers. The church of St. Mark was erected immediately after this event, and the saint has ever since retained his honors. But the reader will learn with surprise, that notwithstanding these honors, the body of the evangelist was in a very short space of time either lost, or privately sold, by a tribune of the name of Carozo, who usurped the dukedom; and to support himself against the legitimate Doge, is supposed to have plundered the treasury, and alienated some of the most valuable articles. Since that period, the existence of the body of St. Mark has never been

publicly ascertained, though the Venetians firmly maintain that it is still in their possession. The place, however, where the sacred deposit lies, is acknowledged to be an *undivulged secret*, or perhaps, in less cautious language, to be utterly unknown.

The Piazetta, opening from St. Mark's to the sea in front, and lined on one side with the ducal palace, on the other with the public library, with its two superb pillars of granite standing insulated in the centre, is a scene at once grand, airy, and from the concourse of people that frequent it, animated. Close to St. Mark's stands the ducal palace, the seat of the Venetian government, where the senate and the different councils of state, assembled each in their respective halls. This antique fabric is in the Gothic or rather Saracenic style, of vast extent, great solidity, and venerable appearance. Some of its apartments are spacious and lofty, and some of its halls of a magnitude truly noble. They are all adorned with paintings by the first masters of the Venetian school; and Titian, Paolo Veronese, and Tintoretto, have exerted all their powers, and displayed all the charms of their art to adorn the senate-house, and perpetuate the glories of the republic. The subjects of the pictures are taken either from the Scripture or the history of Venice; so that the nobles, when assembled, had always before their eyes incentives to virtue and examples of patriotism. Tablets with inscriptions were suspended over the tribunals of the magistrates, pointing out either their duties in particular, or those of the nobility in general. The style is often diffusive, but the sentiments are always just. The following, which is inserted in a picture over the Doge's seat, in one of the council chambers, may serve as a specimen.

" Qui patriæ pericula suo periculo expellunt, hi sapientes putandi sunt, cum et eum quem debent honorem reipub. reddunt, et pro multis perire malunt quam cum multis. Etenim, vehementer est iniquum vitam, quam à naturâ acceptam propter patriam conservaverimus, naturæ, cum cogat, reddere, patriæ, cum roget, non dare. Sapientes igitur æstimandi sunt, qui nullum pro salute patriæ periculum vitant. Hoc vinculum est hujus dignitatis quâ fruimur in repub. hoc fundamentum libertatis. Hic fons equitatis; mens et animus et consilium et sententia civitatis posita est in legibus. Ut corpora nostra sine mente, sic civitas sine lege. Legum ministri magistratus. Legum interpretes judices. Legum deniq. idcircò omnes servi sumus, ut liberi esse possimus."

It would have been happy for the state, if the nobles had been animated by these principles previous to the French invasion.

The courts and staircases are decorated with antique statues; marble and bronze shine on every side, and the whole edifice corresponds in every respect with the dignity of its destination.

The celebrated Rialto is a single, but very bold arch, thrown over the Gran-Canale; and though striking from its elevation, span and solidity, yet sinks almost into insignificance when compared with the beautiful bridge Della Trinita, at Florence, or with the superb, and far more extensive structures of Blackfriars' and Westminster.

The arsenal, occupying an entire island, and thus fortified, not only by its ramparts, but by the surrounding sea, is spacious, commodious, and even magnificent. Before the gate stands a vast pillar on either side, and two immense lions of granite, which formerly adorned the Piræus of Athens. They are attended by two others of a smaller size, all, as the inscription informs us, "*Triumphali manu e Piræo direpta.*" The staircase in the principal building is of white marble. The halls,

large, lofty, and commodious; one of the principal is decorated with a beautiful statue by Canova, representing Fame crowning the late Admiral Emo, the Pompey of Venice, the last of her heroes. In short, nothing is wanting to make this celebrated arsenal perhaps the first in Europe; excepting that for which all arsenals are built, *stores* and *shipping;* and these the French in their late invasion, either plundered or destroyed. So far their rapacity, howsoever odious, had an object and pretext; but it is difficult to conceive any motive, excepting an innate propensity to mischief, which could have prompted them to disfigure the buildings and statues, to break the marble stairs, by rolling cannon balls down them, and to dismantle the Bucentaur, the famous state galley of the republic. Highwaymen have been known to spare or restore a seal, a ring, a trinket, to indulge the whim or the feelings of the owner; and robbers and housebreakers refrain from damaging furniture which they cannot carry away; in the same manner the French might have respected the above-mentioned monument of a gallant man, and not disfigured it, to force a paltry gold pencil from the hand of a figure of Fame: they might have spared a gaudy state pageant, whose antique magnificence had for ages delighted the eyes, and soothed the pride of the Venetian commonalty. Yet such is the peculiar cast of this people, whose armies at Venice, in every town in Italy, and indeed in almost every country they have over-run, have uniformly added insult to rapacity; and wounded the feelings, while they plundered the property, of the miserable inhabitants.

But no public edifice does so much credit to the state, as the noble rampart erected on the Lido di Palestrina, to protect the city and port against the swell and storms of the Adriatic.

This vast pile, formed of blocks of Istrian stone, resembling marble, runs along the shore for the space of nineteen miles, connects various little islands and towns with each other, and if completed, would excel in utility, solidity, extent, and perhaps beauty, the Piræus, the mole of Antium and Ancona, and all other similar works of either Greeks or Romans.

Of the churches in Venice, it may be observed in general, that, as some of them have been built by Palladio, and many raised on models designed by him, they are of a better style in architecture; and also, on account of the riches and religious temper of the Republic, adorned with more magnificence than those of any other town in Italy, if we except the matchless splendors of Rome. I need not add, that the talents of the first Venetian artists have been exerted, to adorn them with sculptures and paintings. Of these churches that De Salute, that De Redemptore, two votive temples, erected by the Republic on the cessation of two dreadful pestilences, and that of St. Georgio Maggiore, are very noble; the latter in particular, an exquisite work of Palladio, with some few defects, but numberless beauties. The church of the Dominican friars, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, is gothic; and remarkable for a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, lined with marble, divided into pannels, containing each a piece of gospel history, represented in beautiful basso relievo. But the peculiar and characteristic ornaments of this church are the statues, erected by the republic to many of its worthies, and the superb mausoleums of several heroes and doges. The materials are always the finest marbles, and the ornaments frequently of the best taste. The descriptions as pompous as the tombs themselves, carry us back to the heroic ages of the republic; and in lofty and classical language, relate

the glorious achievements of the doges and warriors of ancient times. The appellations of Creticus, Africanus, Asiaticus, grace the tombs of the most honorable chieftains, and seem to revive and emulate the triumphs and the titles of consular Rome. The conclusion of one of these epitaphs deserves to be recorded; it is the last admonition which the dying hero addresses to his countrymen. "*Vos justitiam et concordiam, quo sempiternum hoc sit imperium, conservate.*"

Next to the churches we may rank the Scuole, or the chapels and halls of certain confraternities, such as that of St. Roch, St. Mark, and that of the Mercatanti; all of noble proportions and rich furniture, and all adorned with paintings relative to their respective denominations, by the best masters.

But why enlarge on the beauty, the magnificence, the glories of Venice? or why describe its palaces, its churches, its monuments? That Liberty which raised these pompous edifices in a swampy marsh, and opened such scenes of grandeur in the middle of a pool, is now no more! That bold independence which filled a few lonely islands, the abode of sea-mews and cormorants, with population and commerce, is bowed into slavery; and the republic of Venice, with all its bright series of triumphs, is now an empty name. The city, with its walls and towers, and streets, still remains, but the spirit that animated the mass is fled. *Jacet ingens littore truncus.*

It is unnecessary, therefore, at present, to enlarge upon the former government of Venice; suffice it to say, that it is now a petty province of the Austrian empire, and that of all its former territories, the Seven Islands only, once considered as

a very insignificant part of the Venetian dominions, enjoy a nominal and precarious independence. The unjust and cruel deed of destroying a republic, weak and inoffensive, yet respectable from its former fame, belongs to Bonaparte; but the causes that led to it must be sought for in the bosom of the republic itself. Had the same virtues which fostered the infant commonwealth still flourished; had the courage which urged it so often to unequal contest with the then mighty power of the Ottomans, continued to inspire its sons; had the spirit and the wisdom that directed its councils during the famous league of Cambray, influenced its decisions in 1797, it might still have stood, and in defiance of the treachery, and the power of France, have preserved, if not all its territories, at least its honor and independence. But those virtues, that spirit, that wisdom, were now no more; they blazed out for the last time in the war of the Morea,* and even the last spark died away with the gallant Emo. Luxury had corrupted every mind, and unbraced every sinew. Pleasure had long been the only object of pursuit; the idol to whom the indolent Venetians sacrificed their time, their fortune, their talents. To attend the doge on days of ceremony, and act their part in public pageantry; or perhaps, point out in the senate the best mode of complimenting some powerful court, or of keeping or patching up an inglorious peace with the piratical powers of Africa, was the only business of the nobility. To accompany their chosen ladies, to while away the night at their casinos, and slumber away the day in their palaces, was their usual, their favourite employment. Hence Venice, for so many ages the seat of independence, of commerce, of wisdom, and of enterprise, gradually sunk from her eminence, and at length became

* A. D. 1718.

the foul abode of effeminacy, wantonness, and debauchery. Her arsenal, where so many storms once fermented, and whence so many thunderbolts had been levelled at the aspiring head of the Turk, resigning its warlike furniture, became a scene of banquetting; and instead of resounding to the stroke of the anvil, reechoed to the dance and the concert.* In short, this once proud and potent republic, like some of the degenerate Emperors of Rome, seemed to prefer the glories of the theatre to those of the field, and willingly rested its modern claim to consideration, on the pre-eminent exhibitions of its well-known carnival.†

From a people so degraded, so lost to bold and manly sentiments, no generous exertions, no daring enterprize is to be expected in the hour of danger. It is their policy to temporize, to weigh chances, to flatter the great contending powers, and their fate must be to sink under the weight of the victorious. Such

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* Several noble halls in the arsenal had been for a long time appropriated to the entertainment of royal guests, and strangers of very great distinction.

† "In fatti, un certo Egoismo sempre fatale alle repubbliche, un reflessibile raffredamento di quel zelo patrio che tanto distinse gli aristocratici dei passati secoli, una falsa clemenza nei tribunali, onde rimanevano i delitti senza il castigo delle Leggi prescritto, una certa facilità di propalare i secreti del Senato, sorpassata con indolenza dagl' inquisitori dello stato, una non curanza delle cose sacre e religiose, un immoderato spirito di passatempi, una scandalosa impudenza nelle donne, un libertinaggio posato per cosi dire in trionfo negli nomini erano fra gli altri disordini che dominavano in una parte di Patrizi, e di Cittadini d'ogni condizione si in Venezia, che nello Stato. Ne fanno fede gl' interni sconvolgimenti degli anni 1762 e 1780, e la Loggia de Liberi Muratori scoperta nel 1785, in che alcuni rispettabili soggetti avevano ingresso: Queste furono le cagioni estrinseche, che disponevano l'edificio ad un imminente pericolo di crollare."—Such is the acknowledgment of a Venetian author. *Raccolta, vol.* i. *p.* 16.

was the destiny of Venice. After having first insulted, and then courted the French republic, it at length, with all the means of defence in its hands, resigned itself to treacherous friendship; and sent a thousand boats, to transport the armies of France from the main land over the Lagune, into the very heart of the city. The English commodore in the Adriatic, protested against such madness, and offered to defend the city with his own ships —in vain! The people, who are always the last to lose a sense of national honor, expressed their readiness to stand forth and defend their country—in vain! The nobles trembled for their Italian estates; and in the empty hope of saving their income, betrayed their country, and submitted to plunder, slavery, and indelible disgrace. Not one arm was raised, not one sword was drawn, and Venice fell, self-betrayed, and therefore unpitied. Her enemies punished her pusillanimity, by pillaging her public and her private treasures, defacing her edifices, stripping her arsenal, carrying away her trophies, and then handing her over as a contemptible prize, to a foreign despot. A tremendous lesson to rich and effeminate nations to rouse them to exertion, and to prove, if such proof were wanting, that independence must be preserved, as it can only be obtained, by the sword; that money may purchase arms, but not freedom: that submission, ever excites contempt; and that determined, heroic resistance, even should it fail, challenges and obtains consideration and honor.

> Non tamen ignavæ
> Percipient gentes quam sit non ardua virtus
> Servitium fugisse manu . . . .
> Ignorantque datos, ne quisquam serviat, enses. LUCAN.

The population of Venice, previous to the late revolution, amounted to about one hundred and fifty thousand souls; it is supposed, since that event, to have decreased considerably, and

will probably, if the present order of things should unfortunately last, continue to diminish, till, deserted like Sienna and Pisa, this city shall become a superb solitude, whose lonely grandeur will remind the traveller, that Venice was once great, and independent.

The state of society in Venice seems to be upon a more enlarged scale than formerly; the casinos indeed continue still to be the places of resort, of card-parties and suppers; but various houses are open to strangers; and balls and concerts, and club dinners given frequently; to all which introduction is not difficult. The carnival was distinguished by plays in the day, and masked balls at night; the illumination of the theatre on such nights is very beautiful. One species of theatrical amusement at this season is singular. It is a regular farce, carried on at all hours; so that the idle part of the community may, if they please, pass all the twenty-four hours in the play-house, fall asleep, and awake, go out and come in, and still find the play going on with its usual spirit. In such pieces, the actors seem to be obliged to have recourse to their own ingenuity for the dialogue, which, however, seldom flags for want of materials; such is their natural talent for repartee and buffoonery.

A person accustomed to the rides, the walks, the activity of ordinary towns, soon grows tired of the confinement of Venice, and of the dull, indolent, see-saw motion of Gondolas. He longs to expatiate in fields, and range at large through the streets, without the encumbrance of a boat and a retinue of Gondolieri. We therefore left Venice on the sixth of March, without much regret, and embarking at the inn door, proceeded towards Fusina. As we rowed over the Lagune, we prevailed

upon our gondolieri to sing, according to an ancient custom, mentioned, I think, by Addison, some stanzas of Tasso; but however beautiful the poetry might be, we thought the tune and execution no ways superior to that of a common ballad in the streets of London. This classical mode of singing verses alternately, the remains of the ancient pastoral,* so long preserved in Italy, has been much on the decline in Venice since the French invasion, which has damped the ardor of the people, and almost extinguished their natural mirth and vivacity. From Fusina we ascended the Brenta in the same manner as we had descended it, and arrived late at Padua.

The next morning, after a second visit to the most remarkable edifices, such as St. Justina, the Santo, the Cathedral, the Salone, we turned our thoughts to the neighbouring country, and considered what objects it presented to our curiosity. The warm fountains and baths of Aponus, now called Apono, lie about four miles from Padua. They were frequented by the ancient Romans under the Emperors, and have been celebrated by Claudian, and the Gothic king Theodoric, in long and elaborate descriptions in verse and prose.† These writers attribute to them many strange and wonderful effects; however, making all due allowances for poetical exaggeration, the waters are in many cases of great advantage.

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* Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camenæ. *Virgil.*

† The principal effects are described in the following verses. Claudian addresses himself to the fountain:

Felices, proprium qui te meruere coloni,
Fas quibus est Aponon juris habere sui;

About seven miles southward of Padua, rises the ridge of hills called the Colli Euganei, still retaining the name of one of the earliest tribes that peopled the Paduan territory. These mountains, for so they might justly be termed, if the enormous swell of the neighbouring Alps did not in appearance diminish their elevation, were formerly, it seems, inhabited by a race of soothsayers, who vied with the Tuscans in the art of looking into futurity. One of these seers, according to Lucan, beheld the battle of Pharsalia while seated on his native hill, and described to his astonished auditors, all the vicissitudes of that bloody contest*, on the very morning on which it took place.

Aulus Gellius relates the same story, but attributes it to a priest of the name of Cornelius, a citizen of Padua, without mentioning, as he frequently does, the author from whom he derived the tale. But, whether it was a Paduan priest or an Euganean soothsayer who was gifted with this extraordinary power of vision, it proves at least that claims to the faculty

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Non illis terrena lues, corrupta nec Austri
Flamina nec sævo Sirius igne nocet . . . .
Quod si forte malus membris exuberat humor
Languida vel nimio viscera felle virent;
Non venas reserant, nec vulnere vulnera sanant,
Pocula nec tristi gramine mista bibunt:
Amissum lymphis reparant impune vigorem,
Pacaturque, ægro luxuriante, dolor. *Eidyl. Apon.*

* Euganeo, si vera fides memorantibus, Augur
Colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit,
Atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timavi,
Venit summa dies, geritur, res maxima, dixit,
Impia concurrunt Pompeii et Cæsaris arma. *Luc.* vii. 192.

(The poet's geography is not very accurate.)

termed second sight, are not confined to modern times, or to the northern regions of Great Britain.*

In one of the recesses of these mountains stands the village of Arquato, distinguished by the residence of Petrarcha, during the latter years of his life, and by his death, which took place in the year 1374. He was buried in the church-yard of the same village, and a monument was erected in his honor. This monument, and his villa, have been preserved by the people with religious care, and continue even now to attract a number of literary visitants of all countries, who, as they pass through Padua, fail not to pay their respects to the manes of Petrarcha. The road to Arquato, as far as Monte Selice, runs along a canal, over a very flat and a very fertile country, bearing a strong resemblance to some of the finest parts of the Netherlands. Villas and large villages lie thick around, and the scene on every side gives the traveller an idea of plenty and population. To relieve the flatness of the country immediately around, the Colli Euganei rise in various forms in the front, and Monte Selice (or Silicis), in particular, strikes the eye by its lofty conical form. About eight miles from Padua, on the banks of the canal, stands the castle of the Obizzi, an ancient and illustrious family of Padua. This edifice is pretty much in the style of the old castles of romance. Lofty rooms, long galleries, winding staircases, and dark passages, fit it admirably for the purposes of a novelist, and render it equally proper for the abode of a great baron, the receptacle of a band of robbers, the scene of nightly murders, or the solitary walk of ghosts and spectres. But the

* Aul. Gell. lib. xv. 18.

predominant taste of the country has fitted it up in a style well calculated to dispel these gloomy, transalpine illusions, and cure the spectator's mind of its Gothic terrors. The apartments are adorned with paintings, some of which are in *fresco*, on the walls, representing the glories and achievements of the Obizzian heroes in days of old, and others on canvas, being originals or copies of great masters. The galleries, and one in particular of very considerable length, are filled with Roman antiquities, altars, vases, armour, inscriptions, pillars, &c. On the whole, the castle is very curious, and ought to be made the object of a particular visit, as an incidental hour is not sufficient for an examination in detail of the various curiosities it contains.

A little beyond the village of Cataio, we turned off from the high road, and quitting our carriage on account of the swampiness of the country, walked or rowed along through lines of willows, or over tracts of marshy land, for two or three miles, till we began to ascend the mountain. Arquato is prettily situated on the northern side of a high hill, with a valley below it, winding through the Euganean ridge. It is not a very large, but a neat village. Petrarcha's villa is at the extremity farthest from Padua. It consists of two floors. The first is used for farming purposes, as it is annexed to a farmer's house. The second story contains five rooms, three of which are large, and two closets; the middle room seems to have been used as a reception room or hall; that on the right is a kitchen; that on the left has two closets, one of which might have been a study, the other a bed-chamber. Its fire-place is high, and its *postes fuligine nigri*. To the chief window is a balcony; the view thence towards the opening of the valley on the side, and in the front, towards two lofty conical hills, one of which is topped with

a convent, is calm and pleasing. The only decoration of the apartments is a deep border of grotesque painting, running as a cornice under the ceiling; an old smoaky picture over the fire-place in the kitchen, said by the good people to be an original by *Michael Angelo*, and a table and chair, all apparently, the picture not excepted, as old as the house itself. On the table is a large book, an Album, containing the names, and sometimes the sentiments, of various visitants. The following verses are inscribed in the first page; they are addressed to the traveller.

Tu che devoto al sagro albergo arrivi
Ove s'aggira ancor l'ombra immortale
Di chi un di vi depose il corpo frale,
La Patria, il nome, il sensi tuoi qui scrive.

The walls are covered with names, compliments, and verses. Behind the house is a garden, with a small lodge for the gardener, and the ruins of a tower covered with ivy. A narrow walk leads through it, and continues along the side of the hill, under the shade of olive trees; a solitary laurel* still lingers beside the path, and recals to mind, at once, both the poet and the lover. The hill ascends steep from the garden, and winding round, closes the vale and the prospect. Its broken sides are well cultivated, interspersed with olives and cottages. It was already evening when we arrived. After having examined the house, we walked for some time in the garden; a thousand violets perfumed the air; the nightingale was occasionally heard, as if making its first essay; and, excepting his evening song, "most musical, most melancholy," all was still and silent around. The place and the scenery seemed so well described

* It is necessary to remark here, once for all, that the Italian laurel is the *bay-tree*, the laurus of the ancients.

in the following beautiful lines, that it was impossible not to recollect and apply them, though probably intended by the poet for another region.

Quì non palazzi, non teatro, o loggia,
Ma'n lor vece un abete, un faggio, un pino,
Tra l'erba verde, e'l bel monte vicino
Onde se scende poetando e poggia,
Levan di terra al ciel nostro intelletto.
E'l rosignuol che dolcemente all' ombra
Tutte le notti si lamenta e piagne. *Son.* x.

The garden is entirely neglected, but the house is kept in good repair, a circumstance which cannot but reflect much honor on the spirit of the proprietor and inhabitants of the village, when it is considered that more than four hundred years have now elapsed since the death of Petrarcha, and that many a destructive war has raged in the country, and many a wasting army passed over it since that event. His body lies interred in the church-yard of the village in a large stone sarcophagus, raised on four low pillars, and surmounted with a bust. As we stood and contemplated the tomb by the pale light of the moon, we indulged the caprice of the moment, and twining a branch of laurel into the form of a crown, placed it on the head of the bust, and hailed the manes of the Tuscan poet in the words of his admirer.

Deh pioggia, o vento rio non faccia scorno
All' ossa pie; sol porti grati odori
L'aura che'l ciel suol far puro e sereno.
Lascin le ninfe ogni lor antro ameno
E raccolte in corona al sasso intorno,
Liete ti cantin lodi e spargan fiori! *Aless. Piccolomini.*

Several of the inhabitants who had gathered round us, during this singular ceremony, seemed not a little pleased with the

whim, and cheered us with repeated viva's as we passed through the village, and descended the hill. Though overturned by the blunder of the drivers, and for some time suspended over the canal with imminent danger of being precipitated into it, yet as the night was bright and warm, and all the party in high spirits, the excursion was extremely pleasant.

Few names seem to have been so fondly cherished by contemporaries, or treated with so much partiality by posterity, as that of Petrarcha. This distinction he owes not so much to his talents, or even to his virtues, as to the many amiable and engaging qualities which accompanied them, and set them off to the greatest advantage. As an orator, an historian, and a poet, he had even in his own time many rivals, perhaps in Boccaccio an equal, and in Dante, undoubtedly a superior. But in pleasing manners, generous feelings, warm attachment, and all the graceful, all the attractive accomplishments of life, he seems to have surpassed every public character of his time, and to have engaged universal and unqualified admiration. Gibbon asserts that the literary reputation of Petrarcha must rest entirely on his Latin works, and insinuates that his sonnets are trifles; that his passion was, in his own opinion, and in that of his contemporaries, criminal; and that Laura, the mother of ten children, could have possessed few of the charms ascribed to her by the poet. Though I have no particular inclination to enter the lists as champion of the lady's charms, yet I may venture to observe, that a matron who died at the age of forty or forty-two, may possibly have been very beautiful at the age of nineteen or twenty, when the poet first beheld her; that female beauty sometimes survives forty, however fatal that age may be to it in general; that it is less liable to fade when it consists more in

expression than in color and freshness; and, in fine, that though Laura, if we may believe her lover, possessed both species of beauty, yet she excelled in the former.

Le crespe chiome d'or puro lucente
E'l lampeggiar dell angelico riso . . . . II *Parte. Sonn.* 24.

Le perle in ch' [amor] frange ed affrena
Dolci parole——. I *Parte. Sonn.* 184.

Are perishable charms without doubt, and liable to very rapid decay. But,

Leggiadria singolare e pellegrina;
E'l cantar che nell anima si sente:
L' andar celeste, e'l vago spirto ardente:
Begli occhi che i cor fanno smalti:
Col dir pien d' intelletti, dolci ed alti:
E'l bel tacere, e quei santi costumi! I *Parte. Sonn.* 178.

These are charms which emanate directly from the mind, and seem almost to enjoy some portion of its pure and imperishable nature. Laura, therefore, may still be allowed to retain her honors, and continue to rank among the celebrated beauties of ancient times, *oltra le belle bella.**

As to the poet's passion, it was undoubtedly misplaced, excessive, and highly reprehensible; but his contemporaries do not seem to have considered it in that light, especially as it never broke out in any guilty deed, or even indecorous expression. The author of his life, Beccadelli, a man of unblemished morals and reputation, and an archbishop, de-

* Vol. ii. Son. xxi.

clares that Petrarcha's attachment was innocent in itself, and beneficial in its consequences, as it called forth the powers of the poet's genius, and contributed in a high degree to the perfection of his language, and the honor of his country. Petrarcha himself condemns, and applauds, his own passion, alternately; representing it sometimes as having preserved him from the indulgence of low grovelling appetites, and urged him to the pursuit of honorable fame*; and at other times lamenting it as a guilty weakness, to which he sacrificed his time, and devoted talents destined for nobler objects.† But, notwithstanding the severity of this self-censure, he continued either to compose or correct the strains that love inspired, not only for several years after the death of its object, but even to the near approach of his own: a circumstance which, considering the religious turn of his mind, particularly in his latter days, proves that he attached no criminality to the passion itself, since he could indulge himself so freely in its recollection.

As to the sonnets of Petrarcha, in the eyes of a moralist they are trifles, and so are the elegies of Propertius and Tibullus, and all the numerous poems, both ancient and modern, that treat the same airy and unsubstantial subject; but trinkets may derive value from their materials and workmanship, and even love songs may acquire both importance and interest from their language and sentiments. Genius communicates its own dignity to every subject that it chooses to handle; it can give weight to insignificance, and make even an amorous ditty the vehicle of awful truths and useful lessons. This observation is more applicable perhaps to Petrarcha than to any other poet. Equal, I had almost

* Parte II. Canz. VII. † Son. LXXXVI.

said superior, in felicity of expression, and harmony of language, to his Roman predecessors, he rises far above them in delicacy of thought, and dignity of sentiment. He borrows no embellishments from the fictions of mythology, and indulges himself in no pastoral tales, no far-fetched allusions. The spirit of religion, which strongly influenced his mind, in all the vicissitudes of life, not unfrequently gives his passion something of the solemnity of devotion, and inspires the holy strains that chant

Quanto piu vale
Sempiterna bellezza che mortale.

This peculiar turn of thought, that pervades the poems of Petrarcha, and raises them so much above all other similar compositions, is noticed by his biographer as a distinction highly honourable to the Tuscan muse, *le quali, ha mostro, come altamente e santamente possono cantar d'amore.* It is not wonderful therefore, that the poet himself should have rested, in a great measure, his hopes of fame on his Italian poems, and persisted in correcting and repolishing them with so much assiduity; or that posterity should have confirmed the author's judgment, and continued ever since to set a high value on these short, but highly labored productions. While his Latin poems, histories, and moral dissertations, slumber undisturbed on the shelf, his Rimè will sometimes amuse the leisure of the youthful reader, and now and then, perhaps, attract the attention of the philosopher, who will often find in them, intermingled with the frivolous graces of the subject, sublime sentiments, expressed in language the most harmonious.

CHAP. V.

VISIT TO THE LAGO DI GARDA, OR BENACUS—THE RIVER MINCIUS—THE PROMONTORY OF SIRMIO—DESENSANO—STORM ON THE LAKE—PARADISINO—BANKS OF THE MINCIUS—MANTUA—PIETOLE—EXCURSION TO THE PO—HONOURS PAID TO VIRGIL—VIRGILIANO.

NEXT day we took leave of Padua, returned through Vicentia to Verona, and having passed the following day there, on the ensuing morning, (March 13), we set out for the Lago di Garda (the Benacus), celebrated by Virgil as one of the noblest ornaments of Italy. Its principal promontory, Sirmio, has been commemorated by Catullus, as his favorite residence. We reached Peschiera, a fortress on the southern extremity of the lake, at about half past two. The distance is about eighteen miles, over an excellent road, generally descending, and always passing through corn fields, striped with vines, with some swells at a distance crowned with villages, and churches, and seats; while the Alps formed a vast line to the north. Traces of hostility, as I before observed, are indeed too visible in the neighbourhood of Verona, where several severe skirmishes, and one decisive battle, took place during the late war. The vine-

yards and mulberry trees, of course, were torn up or cut down by the armies as they passed along. However, I observed with satisfaction, that the peasants were busily employed in replanting them. At Peschiera, the lake terminates in the river Mincio, which flows through the town, broad, deep, and clear as crystal, though almost as rapid as a mountain torrent. The traveller, when he beholds this river, the name of which is so familiar and so pleasing to a classic ear, will recal to mind the passages in which Virgil describes its banks and appearances. We contemplated it for some time from the bridge, and then went out of the town, and embarking without the gate, glided over the surface of the lake, so smooth and clear, that we could distinguish the bottom at the depth of twenty or five-and-twenty feet. The weather, though only the thirteenth of March, was as warm, and the sun as bright, as on a summer's day in England; though some clouds hung on the summits of the mountains, and a certain haziness dimmed their sides. The borders of the lake towards the south, though rather flat, yet rise sufficiently to display to advantage the towns, villages, and seats, with the olives, cornfields, and vineyards that adorn them; and when lighted up by a bright sunshine, present a very exhilarating prospect. The shores, as they advance northward, assume a bolder aspect, and exhibit all the varieties of Alpine scenery. Rocky promontories, precipices, lofty hills, and towering mountains, in all their grotesque, broken, and shapeless appearances, rise in succession one above another; while the declining sun, playing upon the snow that capped their summits, tinged them with various hues, and at length spread over them a thin veil of purple.

The peninsula of Sirmione, and the bolder promontory of

Minerbo, the former about seven, the latter about fourteen miles distant, appeared to great advantage from Peschiera, and grew upon the sight as we advanced. Sirmione appears as an island; so low and so narrow is the bank that unites it to the main land. Its entrance is defended, and indeed totally covered by an old castle, with its battlements and high antique tower in the centre, in the form of a Gothic fortification. The promontory spreads behind the town, and rises into a hill entirely covered with olives; this hill may be said to have two summits, as there is a gentle descent between them. On the nearest is a church and hermitage, plundered by the French, and now uninhabited and neglected. On the farthest, in the midst of an olive grove, stand the walls of an old building, said to be a Roman bath, and near it is a vault called the grotto of Catullus. The extremity of this promontory is covered with arched ways, towers, and subterranean passages, supposed by the inhabitants to be Roman, but bearing, in fact, a strong resemblance to Gothic ruins. At all events, Catullus undoubtedly inhabited this spot, and preferred it, at a certain period, to every other region. He has expressed his attachment to it in some beautiful lines.

> Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
> Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
> Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus:
> Quam te libenter, quamque lætus inviso. *Catull. 32.*

He could not, in fact, have chosen a more delightful retreat. In the centre of a magnificent lake, surrounded with scenery of the greatest variety and majesty, apparently secluded from the world, yet beholding from his garden the villas of his Veronese friends, he might have enjoyed alternately the pleasures of retirement and society; and daily, without the sacrifice of all his

connections, which Horace* seemed inclined to make, in a moment of despondency, beheld the grandeur and agitation of the ocean, without its terrors and immensity. Besides, the soil is fertile and its surface varied; sometimes shelving in a gentle declivity, at other times breaking in craggy magnificence, and thus furnishing every requisite for delightful walks and luxurious baths; while the views vary at every step, presenting rich coasts or barren mountains, sometimes confined to the cultivated scenes of the neighbouring shore, and at other times bewildered and lost in the windings of the lake, and the recesses of the Alps. In short, more convenience and more beauty are seldom united; and such a peninsula is, as Catullus enthusiastically observes, scarcely to be matched in all the wide range of the world of waters. We left Sirmione after sunset; and, lighted by the moon, glided smoothly over the lake to Desensano, four miles distant, where, about eight, we stepped from the boat into a very good inn.

So far the lake appeared very different from the description which Virgil has given in one expressive line, as his masterly manner is, of its stormy character. Before we retired to rest, about midnight, from our windows, we observed the lake calm and unruffled. About three in the morning I was roused from sleep by the door and windows bursting open at once, and the wind roaring round the room. I started up, and looking out, observed by the light of the moon, the lake in the most dreadful agitation, and the waves, dashing against the walls of the inn, and resembling the swellings of the ocean, more than the petty agitation of inland waters. Shortly after, the landlord

* Lib. i. Ep. xi.

entered my room with a lantern, closed the outward shutters, expressed some apprehensions, but at the same time assured me, that their houses were built to resist such sudden tempests as occasionally blew from the Alps, and that I might repose with confidence under a roof, which had resisted full many a storm as terrible as that which occasioned our present alarm. Next morning, the lake, so tranquil and serene the evening before, presented a surface covered with foam, and swelling into mountain billows, that burst in breakers every instant at the very door of the inn, and covered the whole house with spray. Virgil's description now seemed nature itself, and, taken from the very scene actually under our eyes, it was impossible not to exclaim,

Teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino. *Geor.* ii. 160.

After breakfast (March 14, Sunday), I walked up the road to Brescia, and from a high hill viewed the lake, its coasts, peninsulas and promontories. The peninsula of Sirmione forms the most striking object, as running between Peschiera and Desensano; it divides the first and widest part of the lake into two nearly equal spaces, and on account of the lowness and narrowness of the passage to it, appears like a beautiful and well wooded island. The next striking feature of the lake is the bold promontory of Minerbo, or rather of San Pietro, and the Isola dei Venti. Behind this promontory and island, lies the river of Salo, supposed to be one of the most picturesque parts of the lake. Nearly opposite to San Pietro, stands the town of Garda, (founded in the middle ages), which now gives its name to the lake, while anciently, the lake gave its name to the sur-

rounding territory, called Ager Benacensis,* whose inhabitants assembled for public purposes at Tusculanum. This town still exists under its ancient appellation, near Salo. The remaining part of the lake is concealed among the mountains, and placed beyond the observation of one who stands in the neighbourhood of Desensano. The waters of the lake are of the finest sea green; its depth is unequal; in the narrow parts, from ten to forty, in the wider, from one hundred to three hundred feet. The Benacus is fed by several Alpine streams, and particularly the Sarca, a river that still bears its Roman name: its only outlet is the Mincius. Hence this stream is supplied with a perpetual flow of waters, and never rises or falls more than a few inches, while other rivers are oftentimes almost dried up in warm seasons, and swelled in wet months into an inundation.

On the fifteenth we left Desensano, and passing through Rigoltela, alighted at the turn towards the peninsula, and visited Sirmione once more. We ranged, as before, over the whole promontory, and examined its coasts, its productions, and its ruins more minutely. The eastern and western sides are formed principally of steep, craggy rocks, that sometimes rise into a wall, and at other times descend in regular gradations to the

* Many geographers suppose, and pretend to ground their suppositions upon ancient monuments, that the name of Benacus belonged not to a town, but to the lake itself only, and that the surrounding country was called *Ager Benacensis*, and the inhabitants, Benacenses. The lake is now known among the people of the country, as much by the appellation of Lago de Benaco, as that of Lago di Garda.

the water. The northern extremity is a grassy declivity. A vast mass of solid rock seems to form the basis of the promontory. It borders it on all sides, and shelving by degrees, extends to a considerable distance visible, though under water, and losing itself almost imperceptibly in the deep. The views on all sides, excepting the south, are such an intermixture of level and mountainous, cultivated and barren, as cannot fail to interest even by its contrast; while from the northern point you discover the utmost borders of the lake, though their distance, which is about thirty-five miles, and the dark shade of the superincumbent mountains, involve them in dimness and obscurity. The produce of the hill consists principally of olive trees, plants evergreen indeed, but neither lofty nor luxuriant in foliage, nor of consequence well calculated to answer the purposes of ornament, shade, or shelter. They are, however, productive, and the inhabitants are so sensible of their value, that they contrive to plant them on the sides, and even in the clefts of the rocks, and sometimes raise walls to prop them when in a situation too perpendicular, or of a form too spreading and extensive for the trunk. This instance of exertion, and indeed many others, which I may introduce occasionally hereafter, together with the highly cultivated appearance of the country, have effectually removed some of our prejudices, and convinced us, notwithstanding the partial and hasty representations of certain travellers, that the Italians are a very laborious people, and that if they do not enjoy all the advantages attached by Providence to industry, the fault is to be attributed, not to them, but to their landlords and governors. But though olives be the principal produce of the peninsula, yet vines and corn are by no means excluded: on the contrary, vineyards occupy a considerable part of the first hill, particularly towards the west, where, border-

ing on the town and lake, a beautiful vineyard rises, enclosed with large laurels; and corn fills the spaces between the olive rows, and covers the peninsula with verdure from shore to shore. A large garden occupies the first hill immediately over the town, and contains, among other plants, some beautiful cypresses, favorite trees in all Italian gardens, both ancient and modern.

After having wandered up and down these classic retreats, and read Catullus on the ruins of his residence; having observed again and again all the beautiful points of view that rose around us, we were reminded by the setting sun of the necessity of retiring; and withdrew, reluctantly indeed, but with the satisfaction of having seen the Benacus under all its forms of calmness, agitation, and returning tranquillity. We walked along its banks by the light of the moon, to Peschiera, six miles, and thence one more to Paradisino, a country seat belonging to Sig. Alberto Albertini, our banker at Verona. The house is in a lovely country, yet so situated as to enjoy none of its advantages; for though it stands on the banks of the Mincio, and within a mile of the lake, yet it commands a view of neither. Its furniture is very indifferent, and the walks around, the principal of which, opposite the house, consists of a double row of cypresses, seem to promise neither shade nor shelter. To account for this deficiency, it would perhaps be sufficient to observe, that the Italians, in general, have very little taste in furnishing a house, or in laying out grounds to advantage; but in justice to the proprietor of Paradisino, I must add, that the French had plundered the house, and cut down the greatest part of the wood that surrounded it, so that its nakedness must, in some degree, be ascribed to the general cause of all the miseries of Italy, the destroying spirit of the French army.

Before we take a last leave of the Benacus and its borders, Verona and its vicinity, I must inform the reader that the lake, with all its streams and surrounding hills, and, indeed, the whole circumjacent country, has been rendered truly classical by having been made the scene or subject of many beautiful compositions in the second Augustan age of Italy. Fracastorius, Naugerius, Castilio, have invoked the *Nymphæ Benacides;* and Bembo has given the appellation of the Lake to one of his most correct and most pleasing Latin poems. The mountains and hills on its borders have been converted into the Arcadia of Italy, and peopled with a race of shepherds, that almost rival in song the Grecian swains once *soli cantare periti,* and far surpass them in innocence and piety. But of all the strains in which these scenes are celebrated, the most affecting are those addressed by Fracastorius to his departed friend Flaminius, who was himself one of the most tuneful natives of this happy region.

> **Te miserum ante diem, crudeli funere, Marce**
> **Antoni! ætatis primo sub flore cadentem**
> **Vidimus extremâ positum Benacide ripâ,**
> **Quam media inter saxa sonans Sarca abluit undâ.**
> **Te ripæ flevere Athesis, te voce vocare**
> **Auditæ per noctem umbræ manesque Catulli,**
> **Et patrios mulcere nova dulcedine lucos.** *Syph. lib.* 1.

Next morning we sent our carriages towards Mantua, and determined to proceed on foot, in order to explore the secret beauties of the Mincius, and to trace its classic banks, hitherto untrodden by the foot of any British traveller. We took one of Sig. Albertini's men, an honest looking peasant, for our guide, and descending the little hill on which Paradisino stands, advanced towards the banks of the river. These banks consist of

fine little broken hills, covered with vineyards and mulberry trees, interspersed with corn-fields and downs, with a rill occasionally tumbling through a large chasm on the left. On the same side, on the highest part of the bank, stands the village of Salionche, and on leaving this village you have a fine view over the river, between two swells, of the fortress of Ponte, at about two miles distance, backed by the Alps. Before you, on a hill, rises the old castle of Mosembano, with its two towers and long *battlemented* ramparts. Beyond it a fine swell, crowned with a few solitary cypresses, attracts the attention, merely, I believe, by its apparent loneliness. Mosembano stands high on the right bank, and as you approach, increases to your view, presenting a handsome church, and a fine old castle. Opposite Mosembano, on the left, a fertile plain extends for the space of a mile, to a range of well wooded hills, adorned with a tower on the middle eminence called Monte Velto, and terminating in the very picturesque hill and castle of Valeggio. A little beyond Mosembano, the scenery improves considerably; broken hills, increasing in magnitude, approach the river: trees, more frequent and more majestic, adorn their sides; the Mincius, spreading as it winds along, assumes the appearance of a magnificent river, while the castle of Valeggio on the hill, and the fortified bridge of Borghetto, in the valley, form a very singular and striking termination. The side of a high hill, on the left, is crowned with the house and garden of the Marquis Maffei, a name well known in literature. Borghetto is situated in a very beautiful valley: a high road runs across and is flanked with a wall on each side, strengthened with towers, and defended by three castles, one at each end, and one in the middle, forming a bridge over the river. On the top of a steep hill, rising immediately from the bridge or fortified road, stands the romantic

castle of Valeggio. In its centre rises a lofty tower, which the Austrians were employed in repairing and raising, till the moment of their final retreat. The whole is now neglected, and will undoubtedly, if the present system remains in force much longer, become a heap of ruins. A little beyond the castle, from its highest rampart, we enjoyed one of the most delicious views imaginable. To the south extended a plain almost interminable, watered by the Mincius, covered with corn-fields, divided by mulberry trees and vines, intersected by various roads, and dotted with villas, villages, and towns. Among the latter, Mantua, at the distance of about fifteen miles, made the most conspicuous figure. To the east, rose the hills of Vicentia, and the more distant mountains of Arqua, amongst which the peaked forms of Monte Selice, and Monte Ferro, were, even though so remote, yet very remarkable. Westward, and immediately under the eye, lay the delightful valley of Borghetto, with its little town, its castle, its fortified bridge, and all its towers and battlements. An amphitheatre of hills partly encloses the valley with a rampart of woods and villages, and through its middle rolls the sea-green Mincius, tumbling in foam over two or three slight rocky layers. To the north, the churches and castles of Mosembano and Ponte, crown their respective hills, while the Alps, forming a vast semicircular sweep from east to west, close the prospect with a broken line of blue rocks, snowy masses, and cloud-capt pinnacles. We here caught, for the first time, an indistinct view of the very distant Apennines, running from west to south, and observed with surprise, that they were still, like the neighbouring Alps, covered with snow. We descended from the rampart, and following the hill to its southern extremity, saw the Mincius rushing from the defile between two eminences, (one of which, on the right, is called the

Volta Mantuana), and then sweeping along a wood, till it loses itself in the distant level. As the day advanced, and the river did not promise any picturesque scenery during its progress over the flat country, we mounted our carriages in the town of Borghetto, and drove to Mantua, over a most fertile, well wooded, highly cultivated, and well peopled plain. We entered the fortress about six o'clock on the 17th of March.*

The day after our arrival we crossed the lower lake, and visited the village of Pietole, anciently supposed by some to be Andes, where Virgil is said to have been born. It is about three miles distant from Mantua, on the banks of the Mincius, "tardis ubi flexibus errat Ingens," and consists of several neat cottages, good farm-houses, and a handsome village church. About half a mile southward on the road, and near the river, stands a large farm, with two extensive gardens, and offices well walled in, formerly belonging to the Imperial government, which granted it to a Mantuan citizen, Count Giberti, to defray the interest of the money which he had advanced for public purposes. This farm is called Virgiliana, and is said to have belonged to the poet himself. The country around it and Pietole, is extremely flat, but fertile, well wooded, and highly cultivated.

On the 19th (Friday), we took a boat and descended the Mincius, to the place where it falls into the Po, about twelve

* I thought it necessary to enter into very minute details in describing the banks of the Mincius, as they are very little known, notwithstanding the poetical fame of the river.

miles below Mantua. The country through which it flows is so low, that the river is generally embanked like a canal, and cannot be supposed to exhibit any picturesque views; especially as the fields around were still, in consequence of the late inundation, in many places covered with water. However, many trees, great fertility, and high cultivation, give it all the beauty it is capable of receiving; while several neat cottages adorn the banks, and as the weather was extremely fine, appeared, when we passed, to much advantage. At the beautiful village of Governolo, the Mincius makes a sudden bend, and shortly after loses itself in the Po. The breadth of this latter river, and the vast mass of waters which it rolled along, gave it a very magnificent appearance, and entitle it to the pompous appellation of *Fluviorum Rex*; if, as Addison justly observes, its pre-eminence be confined to the rivers of Italy. Though inferior to the Rhine or Danube in the extent of country it waters, it certainly surpasses the former, and equals the latter, at least at Vienna, in its immense surface. Its waters, very different from the azure colour of the Mincius, were thick and yellow with mud; its banks are low, and the country around flat, hence its frequent and extensive inundations. Its borders are lined with trees and villages, and pleasing, though by no means picturesque. As the Po is a truly classic river, we walked for some time on its banks with great satisfaction, and recalled to mind various passages in Virgil, Ovid, Vida, in which its name occurs. We then returned to Governolo, and as we passed through, visited and admired its beautiful church, which, unfortunately, owing to the misery of the inhabitants, occasioned by the French invasion, has never been fitted up and furnished for divine service. We

were then drawn up the river by our boatmen, and arrived at Mantua about five. The classical reader will naturally suppose, that while we ranged along the banks of the Mincius, or glided down its stream, we frequently recurred to Virgil, and endeavoured to apply his descriptions to the borders of his favorite river, and the scenery of his native fields. In fact, we perused his pastorals and Georgics during our tour, and after having examined and applied them to the face of the country, as it now appears, have been led to the following conclusions.

Virgil composed his Eclogues, in order to enrich his language with a species of poetry till then unknown in Latin, and that he might succeed the better, he took Theocritus, the Prince of Pastoral Poets, for his model. With little regard to originality, he pretended to no more than the honor of being the first Roman who imitated the Sicilian bard.

> **Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu**
> **Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.** *Ecl.* VI.

And made no difficulty of borrowing the sentiments, images, and even descriptions of his master. We are not therefore, generally speaking, to look into Virgil's pastorals for delineations of Mantuan scenery, nor expect to find in them many unmixt and peculiar allusions to the Mincius and its borders. His object was to copy the original, not to give a new picture of his own composition. I have said *generally*, because in two pastorals, the first and the ninth, the poet treats professedly of that river, Mantua, and the neighbouring country; and in the seventh, though the names are Greek, the two contending shepherds, Arcadians, and the scene, we must suppose, Grecian also,

yet, by an inaccuracy, not unusual in pastoral compositions, he introduces the Mincius, with its characteristic reeds and its verdant banks.

Hic virides tenera prætexit arundine ripas,
Mincius.

In the two former the poet certainly means to describe some of the features of his own little possession, and by these features it is evident, that it lay at the foot, or in the immediate neighbourhood of the hills, not far from Valleggio, near which town they begin to subside, and gradually lose themselves in the immense plain of Mantua.

Qua se subducere colles,
Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo. *Ecl.* IX. 7—16.

On no other part of the banks of the Mincius, are to be discovered either the "bare rocks," that disfigured the farm of Tityrus, or the "towering crag" that shaded the pruner, as he sung, or the "vine-clad grotto," where the shepherd reclined, or the "bushy cliff," whence "the browsing goats seemed as if suspended," or "the lofty mountains," which, in the evening, cast their "protracted shadows" over the plain. The "spreading beech" indeed, and "aerial elm," still delight in the soil, and adorn the banks of the Mincius, in all its windings. From these observations may be inferred, the impropriety of fixing Virgil's farm at Pietole, or Virgiliana, in the immediate vicinity of Mantua, while the poet represents it as at the distance of at least some miles, or a walk, deemed long even for active young shepherds:

Cantantes, licet usque, *minus via lædet*, eamus. IX.

Of the tomb of Bianor we at present know nothing; but as sepulchral monuments, unless formed of valuable materials, or standing in the immediate neighbourhood of cities, have generally, been respected, or at least neglected, I have no doubt but that some vestiges of it might be discovered by a diligent investigator, on or near some of the roads leading from the hills to Mantua.

The observation which I have just made, that Virgil's pastorals ought, in general, to be considered, not as pictures of real scenery, or as conveying his own feelings and sentiments, but as mere *lusus poetici*, composed in imitation of Theocritus, leads me to another, which, though unconnected with the Mincius, will, I hope, recommend itself by its object, which is to rescue the memory of the first and purest of poets, from a very odious and ill-founded suspicion. Every critical reader knows, that the subject of the second pastoral, though it has exposed Virgil to the charge alluded to, is taken from Theocritus, and that many images, sentiments, and even expressions, are copied literally, and almost verbatim, from the Sicilian poet. This circumstance, alone, is sufficient to clear the writer, from the suspicion of any personal application; especially when we recollect, the contempt with which he elsewhere speaks of a character to whom he attributes such a propensity, and whom he seems to have introduced for the express purpose of branding him with infamy.* The truth is, that he who judges of the morality of the Latin poets, from a few detached passages in their works, must form a very unfair estimate of their character; and impute to

* Tu quoque, L. x. 325.

them criminal habits, of which they were not probably capable. Pliny, the younger, to excuse himself for having composed some sportive verses, pleads the example of Cicero,* and cites a passage from Catullus,† importing, that however blameless the manners of the poet should be, his verses may be playful, and even lascivious. Ovid adopts the same idea, and holds it forth as a justification of his own wanton compositions.‡

The modern Italians have imitated the ancients in this respect, and some of the most classical writers of the sixteenth century, though eminent for the unblemished innocence of their lives, have, in moments of poetical playfulness, employed expressions, which, if literally understood, may be censured as licentious. I admit that the reasoning of Pliny is by no means satisfactory, and that the rule laid down by Catullus is both absurd and immoral, and I most readily pass condemnation on every loose and indecent expression, in whatsoever composition it may be found. But as the ancients seem to have adopted this rule, and acted upon it, I contend that it authorizes us to acquit Virgil of the odious charge brought against him, by some systematical grammarians, and ignorant commentators, especially

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* Plin. Lib. v. Ep. 3.

† Scimus alioqui hujus opusculi illam esse verissimam legem quam Catullus, expressit.

Nam castum esse decet pium poëtam
Ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est:
Qui tunc denique habent salem & leporem,
Si sunt molliculi & parum pudici." *Plin. Lib.* IV. *Ep.* 14.

‡ Crede mihi mores distant a carmine nostri,
Vita verecunda est, Musa jocosa fuit.

as it is supported by mere traditional tales and conjectural anecdotes.*

Above and below Mantua, the Mincius spreads into two lakes, called the Lago di Sopra, and the Lago di Infra; the space between, the breadth of which entitles it to a similar appellation, is called the Lago Mezzo. Virgil alludes to this vast expanse, when, in the third Georgic, he promises to erect a temple to Augustus, near Mantua.

> Et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
> Propter aquam, tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
> Mincius. . . . . 3 *Geor.* XIII.

The banks of the Mincio, above Mantua, are rather higher and a little more picturesque, particularly on the right side of the river, near the Cremona road, than below the town; several large farms rise on its borders, and its reeds wave over them, as usual in forests.

Mantua is a large city, with spacious streets, and some fine edifices. Its cathedral, built nearly upon the same plan as Santa Maria Maggiore, at Rome, is a very regular and beautiful edifice. The nave consists of a double row of Corinthian pillars, supporting, not arches, but an architrave and cornice, with a range of windows above, and niches in the intervals between them. Another row of pillars, of the same order, on either side, forms a double aisle. The choir consists of a semicircular recess behind the altar. Between the choir and the nave rises a very noble dome, decorated with pilasters and fine paintings. The

* See Pope's Letter to Swift on Gay's death; letter LXV.

transept, on the left, terminates in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, an hexagon, with a recess for the altar, surmounted with a dome, adorned with paintings and arabesques, in the best style, presenting, in the whole, an exquisite specimen of Mantuan taste.

The day after our arrival happened to be the festival of St. Anselmo, patron of Mantua. At evening service, about six o'clock, the cathedral was illuminated in the finest manner imaginable. Double rows of lustres lighted up the nave; the aisles and arcades had as many clusters of torches, as there were arches and pillars; while a thousand chandeliers, suspended from the dome, shed a blaze of light on the choir and altar.

The music might have been deemed heavenly, had it not been rather too theatrical, and, like all Italian church music, performed with violins; however, the organ sometimes interposed, with all its solemnity, and some bursts in chorus were truly celestial. The venerable old bishop presided in full pontific majesty; the crowded congregation were silent, orderly, and pious, and the scene, though perhaps too glaring and stage-like for English taste, yet, on the whole, was splendid, and even awful. The statue of the Saint, was as large as life, and formerly of massive silver, but the French conceiving that one of wood was sufficient for all the purposes of exhibition, converted the silver to other uses. The next, and I believe, the only remaining church worth particular attention, is that of St. Andrew. It is also a Latin cross, without aisles, with a dome in the section. It contains some fine pictures, and is painted all over, in a very beautiful manner. Several other churches, and many public buildings, such as the Corte, with its

halls; the Palazzo della Giustitia; that of Gonzagá; that in the suburbs, called the Palazzo de T. on account of its form, with its apartments; together with several private mansions, merit attention. In fact, Giulio Romano, an architect and painter of the first eminence, and a disciple of Raphael, devoted his time and superior talents to the embellishment of Mantua, and adorned it with many a magnificent pile, and many a noble painting. The house of this celebrated artist is shown to strangers, and as it was erected by himself, it certainly deserves to be visited. The taste of Giulio, in architecture, seems to have been manly and bold; he was fond of strength and majesty, but sometimes inclined to encumber his edifices with too much mass, and too many ornaments.

Mantua can boast an antiquity superior even to that of Rome, and is represented by her native poet, not without some historical truth, as existing so early as the time of Eneas.

> **Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris**
> **Fatidicæ Mantûs et Tusci filius amnis:**
> **Qui muros, matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen,**
> **Mantua dives avis.** *Æneid.* x. 198.

Mantua shared the prosperity of Rome, underwent her disasters, felt all the vicissitudes of the middle ages, and emerged thence, like the other great Italian cities, into liberty and independence. At length it became subject to one of its own powerful families, and acknowledged the Gonzagas as Dukes and Sovereigns. This form of government remained for near two hundred years, when the last Duke, taking up arms against the Austrian interest, was driven from his states, and died in exile, at Padua, in 1708. Mantua, while free, and even under the

dominion of her own dukes, enjoyed no small share of riches and prosperity. Her walls were supposed to contain about fifty thousand inhabitants. She was often engaged in wars with the neighbouring states, and had her full proportion of victory and honor. The arts and sciences flourished in her territories, and numberless palaces adorned her streets, her squares, and her suburbs. But this golden age closed at the Austrian invasion. The city was plundered, several of its antiquities carried off or defaced, and its independence finally sacrificed to Austrian ambition. In the late war, it had the misfortune of undergoing twice the horrors of a siege, and is now annexed to the Italian republic, to share its nominal independence and real slavery. It must in justice be owned, that the arts and sciences had not been neglected by the Austrian government. An Imperial academy was erected, a noble palace devoted to its meetings, and a fine assemblage of antiquities, collected in its galleries. The inscription over its entrance is as follows:

INGREDERE. HOSPES. ET. MIRARE.
QUÆ. GRAECORUM. ET. ROMANORUM.
ANTIQUI. AEVI. MONUMENTA.
CVM. PRINCIPIS. TUM. CIVIVM. MUNERE.
IN. HOC. MUSEO. CONLECTA.
SPECTANDA. TIBI. EXHIBET.
VIRGILII. PATRIA.

The most interesting object in this collection, was the well-known bust of Virgil, which, as may be easily supposed, the Mantuans always point out to strangers, with peculiar complacency. It seems, that at the end of the fourteenth century, a statue of Virgil stood on an elevated pedestal, in the Piazza delle Erbe, when Carlo Malatesta, one of the brutal chieftains of the times, ignorant of every art but that of war, and knowing, probably,

nothing of Virgil but his name, in one of his triumphal processions, ordered it to be thrown down, and cast into the lake. The reason for this act of sacrilegious violence, is characteristic both of the hero and of the times. "The honor of a statue belongs," said he "to Saints only, and ought not to be profaned by being communicated to scribblers and buffoons." The bust in question, is supposed to be the head of this very statue, and as such, it was crowned with ivy by the Duke Vespasian, and erected in the principal hall of his palace, about the year 1580. The ivy, which was real, and only covered with a fine varnish, to preserve it the longer, on being touched, many years after, fell into dust; but the bust survived the plunder of the ducal palace, on the entrance of the Austrians, and was placed in the academical gallery, where it remained till the year 1797. The French no sooner became masters of Mantua, than they began to pillage its gallery, and pilfer its most valuable articles. Among them was the bust of Virgil, which they carried off, notwithstanding the intreaties of the Mantuans, while, with cruel mockery, they celebrated civic feasts in honor of the poet, and erected plaster busts in the place of his marble statues. Such is the taste of this nation, such the honors it pays to the ancients!*

* We were present at one of these exhibitions. In the middle of the great square was erected an ill-proportioned pillar, about ten feet high. On it was placed a plaster bust of Virgil. Four lesser pillars, supporting four other plaster busts, joined by garlands, formed a sort of square enclosure. Virgil's bust was crowned with laurel, and from it hung garlands, extending to the other four. These garlands or festoons, instead of hanging loose and waving gracefully in the air, were drawn tight, and consequently, as motionless as ropes. Around this ridiculous pageant, the French troops drew up and paraded. The inhabitants seemed purposely to keep aloof.

The circumstances which I have just related, prove, at least, that the Mantuans have never been indifferent to the memory of their celebrated countryman, as some travellers have pretended; and that they have not been wanting in the erection of becoming monuments to his honor, as often, and in as magnificent a manner, as the vicissitudes of the times would allow. Even during all the rage and tempest of the late war, while contending armies hovered round their walls, and the roar of artillery resounded in their ears, they had planned a public garden at Pietole, and laid out a considerable piece of ground in walks and groves, in the centre of which a temple was to rise, and a statue to be erected, in honor of the immortal Poet. Thus they would have accomplished the grand design so finely unfolded in the third Georgic, adorned the classic Mincius with a fabric becoming its fame, and bestowed, with more propriety, on the acknowledged virtues of their countryman, the honors which he intended, with a flattery, pardonable, because the result of gratitude, for the very equivocal merit of Augustus. But the second siege of Mantua put an end to this project; the gates were thrown down, the enclosures torn up, the plantations destroyed, and the whole scene of rural beauty, and poetical illusion, stained with blood, and abandoned to devastation.

On the twenty-third of March, we took leave of Mantua, extremely well pleased with the general appearance of the town, and convinced, that it is far more flourishing at present, than it seems to have been in ancient days. In extent it is considerable, not insignificant in population, and in magnificence equal

to most cities; circumstances, which place it far above the epithet of *parva*, applied to it by Martial.

Tantum magna suo debet Verona Catullo
Quantum *parva* suo Mantua Virgilio.*

The road to Cremona, for some miles, borders on the Mincio, and runs close to its *reedy* banks, as long as it forms the Lago de Sopra, that is, till it turns northward, as it comes down from the hills of Borghetto. As the road is formed on the ancient Via Posthumia, it is strait and even, runs through several pretty villages, or rather little towns, and traverses a tract of country, intersected by various streams, and luxuriantly fertile.

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* The following pretty lines, addressed to Mantua, in the days of its greatest glory, are not inapplicable to it, even in its present humiliation and distress:

Felix Mantua, civitatum ocelle,
Quam Mars Palladi certat usque & usque
Claram reddere gentibus, probisque
Ornare ingeniis virorum, & armis!
Te frugum facilis, potensque rerum
Tellus, te celebrem facit virente
Qui ripa, calamisque flexuosus
Leni flumine Mincius susurrat,
Et qui te lacus intrat, advenisque
Dites mercibus invehit carinas.
Quid palatia culta, quid deorum
Templa, quid memorem vias, & urbis
Moles nubibus arduis propinquas?
Pax secura loco, quiesque nullis
Turbata exsiliis, frequensque rerum
Semper copia, & artium bonarum.
Felix Mantua, centiesque felix,
Tantis Mantua dotibus beata.—*M. Ant. Flamin. Car. Lib.* 1. 30.

CHAP. VI.

CREMONA—RIVER ADDUA—PLACENTIA—THE TREBIA—PARMA—REGGIO—MODENA—ITS LIBRARY, AND CELEBRATED LIBRARIANS—MURATORI—TIRABOSCHI.

CREMONA is rendered interesting to the classic reader, by the well-known verse of Virgil,

Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ. *Eclog.* IX. 28.

And the accurate observation of Tacitus. *Hunc exitum Cremona habuit . . . . . bellis externis intacta, civilibus infelix.* In fact, these few words contain the whole history of this city, which, founded by one of the Celtic tribes that occupied the northern parts of Italy, was colonized and fortified by the Romans, about the commencement of the second Punic war, as a rampart against the approaching attack of Hannibal. The strength of its walls, or the courage of its inhabitants, preserved it from the fury of this formidable invader, and it went on increasing in numbers, size, and opulence, till by its attachment to the cause of the senate, and of liberty, it drew down upon itself the vengeance of the Triumvirs, and incurred forfeiture

and confiscation.* Its fidelity to Vitellius, or its mistaken prudence, calculating on the supposed superiority of his interest, exposed it to the rage of Vespasian's partisans, who besieged, took, plundered, and reduced it to a heap of ashes. Shortly after it rose from its ruins; but rose to experience the disasters of war and revolution, and share the long and painful agonies of the expiring empire. However, it survived all its reverses, and after having been the prey of Goths and Lombards, French and Germans; after having enjoyed a precarious liberty, and then borne the light yoke of the sovereigns of Milan; it is, for the present, annexed to that sickly abortion of French influence, misnamed the Italian Republic.

Cremona is a large and well-built city, adorned with many noble edifices, and advantageously situated on the northern bank of the Po. Its cathedral, of Gothic, or rather mixed architecture, was begun in the year 1107, and continued, at different periods, but not completely finished, till the fourteenth century. Its front is lined with white and red marble, and highly ornamented, though in a singular and fanciful style. It contains several beautiful altars and fine paintings. One chapel in particular merits attention. It is that which is set apart for the preservation of the relics of the primitive martyrs. Its decorations are simple and chaste, its colors soft and pleasing. The ashes of the "sainted dead" repose in urns and sarcophagi, placed in niches in the wall, regularly disposed on each side of the chapel, after the manner of the ancient Roman sepulchres. It is small, but its proportions, form, and furniture, are so appropriate and well

* The consequences of this confiscation reached the Mantuan territory, and occasioned, as is well known, the flight and the successive fame of Virgil.

combined, that they produce a very beautiful and perfect whole. The Baptistery, which, according to the ancient manner still preserved in many of the great towns of Italy, is a separate building near the cathedral, contains in the centre a font of curious form and workmanship, cut out of one immense block of party-coloured marble. The tower is of great height and singular architecture. The view from it is extensive, taking in the town with its streets; the roads that cross the country in strait lines, in various directions; the Po, winding along almost close to the walls, and intersecting the immense plains of the Milanese; the Alps to the north, and the Apennines to the south-west, both covered with snow, and occasionally half veiled with passing clouds. Such was the prospect we beheld from the top of the Torazzo. The public palace, for so the town-hall is, not improperly, called in Italy, and most of the churches, but particularly that of St. Pietro al Po, are worthy the attention of the traveller; since, with several objects which correct taste must blame, they contain many which it will admire.

Cremona has produced her proportion of genius and talent, both in ancient and modern times, but among all her sons, none have contributed more to her reputation than Marcus Hieronymus Vida, the first poet of the second Augustan age of Roman literature, and sometimes not undeservedly styled, by his admirers, the Christian Virgil. Every reader is acquainted with the poetical tribute which Pope has paid to his memory, in his Essay on Criticism; and all, who peruse Vida's works, will acknowledge that the compliment is not misplaced. But literary excellence was neither the sole, nor the principal, merit of Vida: piety and purity of morals, unsullied even by suspi-

cion, graced his early years, and a zealous discharge of every episcopal duty employed him from the middle to the close of life. He was buried in his cathedral at Alba; and a cenotaph is said to have been erected to his honor, in the cathedral at Cremona; though we used much research and enquiry in vain endeavours to discover it. I shall conclude this account of Cremona, with some verses, taken from a hymn of this poet, which, with the passage of Tacitus inserted above, will suffice to give the reader some notion both of the history and territory of Cremona. The verses are addressed to our Blessed Saviour, and express a Christian sentiment in the purest language of Heathen poetry.

Tum veri, Graium obliti mendacia, vates
Funera per gentes referent tua, carmine verso,
Atque tuis omnes resonabunt laudibus urbes.
Præsertim lætam Italiæ felicis ad oram,
Addua ubi vagus, et muscoso Serius amne
Purior electro tortoque simillimus angui;
Qua rex fluviorum Eridanus se turbidus infert,
Mœnia turrigeræ stringens male tuta Cremonæ,
Ut sibi jam tectis vix temperet unda caducis.—*Christiados* VI. 885—890.

If the reader wishes to see the history of Cremona, the beauties of its district, and the achievements and talents of its inhabitants, set off in the most splendid colors of partial eloquence, he may read the pleadings or *Actiones tres*, attributed to this author, and supposed to have been pronounced before competent judges, at Milan, on a question of precedency, between Cremona and Pavia.

From Cremona, to the fortress of Pizzighitone, are two short stages. We there passed the Adda, a very noble river, on a flying bridge. This river is represented, by Claudian, as re-

markable for the cerulean tints of its waves, and is united to the Tesino, in a very pretty verse.

Colla lavant pulcher Ticinus et Addua visu
Cœrulus.

The country continues populous and fertile, but displays more forest wood. Castiglione, with various little towns and villages, appears rich and beautiful. Thence the roads were deep and bad, owing to the late inundations. Towards sunset, we arrived at the Po, and passing it on a flying bridge, entered Placentia, March 23d. This city, as well as Cremona, was built and colonized by the Romans, about two hundred and eighteen years before Christ, and, not long after, served as an asylum to the Roman army, when defeated by Hannibal, at the Trebia. It was afterwards assaulted by that Carthaginian, but in vain; and like Cremona, was destined to suffer more from the madness of citizens, than from the fury of invaders. More fortunate, however, than the latter, though attacked by a party of Vitellians, it resisted with success, and in the bloody contest, had only to lament the loss of its amphitheatre, remarkable, it seems, for its capaciousness and architecture. This edifice, like that of Verona, stood without the walls, and was of course exposed to the fury of the assailants. It seems to have been principally of wood, as it was consumed by fire, a circumstance which, in our ideas, must take away much of its pretended splendor: but, whatever were its materials, its extent was, at that time, unequalled; and it stood, the pride of Placentia, and the envy of the neighbouring cities. It was set on fire when Cæcina assaulted the town, either by chance, which is more probable, or perhaps, as the Placentians suspected, by the malice of some incendiaries, who took advantage of the confu-

sion of the contest, and was reduced to ashes. It perished, however, at a fortunate period, and with all its glory around it; for, had it survived only a few years, its fame would have been eclipsed by the splendor and magnificence of the gigantic Coliseum.

Placentia, after having frequently changed masters, was annexed to Parma, and remained so till the expulsion of the late duke, when, with the whole of its territory, it was occupied by the French. It is a large and well-built city. Its cathedral is Saxon: the town-house, with some other public buildings in the great square, Gothic. Several churches, particularly that of St. Agostino, are of fine Roman architecture, and some adorned with paintings of great celebrity. The great square is ornamented with two brass equestrian statues; one of the celebrated Alexander Farnese, the other, of his brother Ranuccio: they are much admired, particularly the former, for attitude, animation, and drapery. Many of the convents, some of which are now suppressed, seem to have been magnificent.

'The neighbourhood of Placentia is, perhaps, more interesting than the town itself, as it has been the theatre of many bloody engagements. The first, and most remarkable, occurred shortly after the foundation of the city, about three miles from it, and its scene lies on the banks of the Trebia. We visited the spot, with Livy as our guide, and I need not add, that we found his description extremely accurate. It must, indeed, be observed, in justice to the great writers of antiquity, that their pictures so resemble the objects they are intended to represent, that a traveller might imagine they had always been sketched on the spot itself, and in the very heat of action. The banks, though low, are yet sufficiently

elevated, in a military sense, not indeed at the very confluence of the two rivers, the Po and the Trebia; but a little higher up the latter, where the battle took place, the stream is wide enough to form a line of defence, and yet, shallow enough to be in many places fordable. Its sides, particularly on the right as you ascend the stream, where Mago lay in ambush, are still covered with reeds and brush-wood. After these observations merely applying the present scenery to the historian's description, the reader need but open Livy, and he will become a spectator of the action, so bloody and disastrous to the Romans. But the banks of the Trebia have been the theatre of more contests than one, nor is the last-mentioned, though the most illustrious, without doubt, either the most bloody or the most decisive. It is well known that a memorable battle between the French and the Russians, under the command of Marshal Suwarrow, was fought on the same spot, the banks of the Trebia, and attended with more important consequences. It is said to have lasted two days, and to have been supported with the utmost obstinacy on both sides. The Russians, who advanced with their usual firmness and impetuosity, were thrice driven back in dismay: at length the Marshal, with the looks and voice of a Fury, led them on to a fourth attack, when they rushed into the bed of the river, and with horrible shouts and screams, fell once more upon the enemy. Resistance was now overpowered: the French fled in confusion; the banks were strewed with bodies, and the fields covered with fugitives. The consequence of this victory was the immediate deliverance of Italy, from the insolence and rapacity of the French armies; a deliverance which, instead of being a mere interval of repose, would perhaps have been the commencement of a long era of tranquillity, had the

same spirit continued to animate the armies, and the same union prevailed in the cabinets of the confederates. But this battle, however bloody and important, will pass, unnoticed, in the long register of contests between different tribes of invading barbarians; perhaps the very names of the generals may sink into oblivion, with the leaders of the Goths and Vandals, of the Huns and the Lombards: while the "Battle of Trebia" will live for ever in the pages of Livy, the names of Hannibal and Mago, of Scipio and Sempronius, recorded both by the historian and the poet, will continue to delight the youthful reader, and a thousand generations contemplate with emotion:

Cannas et Trebiam ante oculos, Thrasimenaque busta.

Sil. Ital. lib. XI. 345.

From Placentia we proceeded to Parma, on the Via Emilia. This road was made by Marcus Emilius Lepidus, about one hundred and eighty-seven years before the Christian era, has been kept in good repair, and is still excellent. We crossed over several rivers, and passed through some pretty towns. These rivers generally retain their ancient name, with little variation, and descending from the Apennines, fall into the neighbouring Po. The principal are the Chiavenna, the Ongina, the Stivona, and the Taro. Among the towns, Fiorenzuala, anciently Florentiala, and S. Donnino, deserve most attention. At or near the latter, formerly Fidentiola, Sylla defeated the Marian general, Carbo, and dispersed, or utterly destroyed, his army. About twelve miles to the south of Fiorenzuala, once stood the town of Velleia, ruined by the sudden fall of part of the neighbouring mountain, as is supposed, about the end of the fourth

century. Several excavations were made amongst the ruins, in 1760, and the four following years; but the difficulty of penetrating through the vast masses of rock that cover the town, was so great, that the work was suspended, and, I believe, never since renewed. This want of spirit, or of perseverance, is much to be regretted, as few enterprises promise so fairly, or seem so likely to reward the labour. The dreadful catastrophe is supposed to have been sudden, and the inhabitants, with their furniture and property, buried in one tremendous crash: it is, therefore, highly probable, that more medals, coins, and books, may be found here than in Herculaneum, where gradual ruin gave the inhabitants time to remove their most precious and portable effects. Besides, the latter town, with Pompeii, and the various cities that studded the Neapolitan coast, were Greek colonies, and appear to have paid but little attention to Latin literature; while Velleia was entirely Roman, and some of its citizens must have possessed tolerable collections of Latin authors. It would not, therefore, be unreasonable to expect, if the excavations were pushed on with vigor and discernment, the discovery of some, if not of several, Latin manuscripts. But such undertakings require opulence and leisure, and are not to be expected in the present impoverished and distracted state of Italy.

The country, as the traveller advances, improves in beauty, and, if not in fertility, for that seems scarcely possible, at least in the neatness and order of cultivation. The Apennines, advancing at every step, present their bold forms to vary the dulness of the plain; hedges, and neat enclosures, mark the different farms; elms, in long rows, garlanded with vines, sepa-

rate the fields; and villages, each with a magnificent church, enliven the road at every mile.

Parma stands on a river of the same name: it was founded by the Etrurians, taken by a tribe of Gauls, called the Boii, and, at length, colonized by the Romans. It is said to have suffered much from the licentious cruelty of Antony, and its sufferings, on this occasion, are pathetically deplored and immortalized by Cicero, in his fourteenth Philippic, the last tribute which he paid to Rome and to liberty. During the disastrous period that elapsed between the reigns of Theodosius and Charlemagne, it was taken and retaken by the Goths and Romans, the Lombards and Greek Exarchs, till it was given by Charlemagne to the Holy See; and, after a succession of ages and changes, at length bestowed by Paul III. on his son Ottavio Farnese. In this family it remained till its extinction, in the middle of the last century, when it passed to a Prince of Spain; and, on the death of the last Duke, was taken possession of by the French, and is now pining away under the influence of their iron domination. This city is large, populous, airy and clean, though it cannot boast of any very striking or regular building. The cathedral is Saxon, but lined in the interior with Roman architecture; its dome is much admired for the beautiful painting with which it was adorned by Correggio. The baptistery is an octagon, in the same style as the cathedral, cased with marble, and ornamented with various arches and galleries. The Steccata is the most regular church in Parma; it is in the form of a Greek cross, and not without beauty. The church of the Capuchins is remarkable only for being the burial place of the celebrated Alexander Farnese, who, in consequence of his own di-

rections, lies interred, distinguished from the vulgar dead only by the following epitaph.

D. O. M.
Alexander Farnesius
Belgis devictis
Francisque obsidione levatis
Ut humili hoc loco ejus cadaver deponeretur
Mandavit. 4 Non: Decemb: MDXCII.

The palace is large, but irregular; the library well furnished: it contains the Academia de Belle Arti, in which there is a noble hall, adorned with excellent paintings, and several ancient statues, found in the ruins of Velleia. In this hall, the Prince used, during the happier æra of Parma, to preside over the assembled academicians, and distribute prizes in the various arts. In the same palace is the celebrated theatre, magnificent in its size, its proportions, its form, and its decorations. It is modelled on the ancient plan, like the Olympic theatre at Vicentia, and like it, but on a greater scale, adorned with pillars, colonnades, and statues. Unfortunately, either in consequence of the many revolutions of late years, or on account of the difficulty of filling, and the expence of repairing, furnishing, and lighting up such a vast edifice; this theatre, perhaps altogether the noblest in the world, has been so long and so much neglected, that it will, probably, soon sink into a heap of ruins, and remain only in the plans of artists, and in the descriptions of travellers. But the principal ornament of Parma, and its pride and glory, were the numberless masterpieces of Correggio, with which its churches, its palaces, and public halls were once adorned. This celebrated artist, born in a village near Modena, and of course not far from Parma, has spread the charms and

enchantments of his pencil over all the great towns that bordered on the place of his nativity, and seems to have exerted his wonderful powers, in a particular manner, for the decoration of this city. Parmeggiani and Lanfranco, two other painters of high reputation, were natives of Parma, and contributed not a little to the embellishment of its churches and palaces; so that no city in Italy, if we except Rome, presented more attraction to the artist, or furnished more delightful entertainment to the traveller of taste. But, alas! such *were* the decorations and the glory of Parma. The French, though in peace with the sovereign of this unfortunate city, in their late wide-wasting progress, entered its walls, raised heavy contributions on its inhabitants, and stripped it of its best and most valuable ornaments—its unrivalled paintings. Many, without doubt, still remain, because painted on walls and cielings, and therefore attached to the spot; but the masterpieces are gone, and the indignant Parmensians can only show the traveller the place where they once were.

The arts and sciences were by no means neglected in Parma. An university, two academies, schools of painting, &c. announce the application, and a long catalogue of great names might be produced to prove the success, of the Parmensians in every literary pursuit. The Dukes have, for many years past, assumed the character of Mæcenas, and by their judicious encouragement attracted men of talents, from other countries, to their territories. Among these latter, we may rank the Abbate Frugoni, a Genoese, and the Abbè Condillac, a Frenchman; the former, a poet of great reputation, and next in fame to Metastasio; the latter, preceptor to the Prince, and author of a well-

known "Course of Education." The royal press of Parma, established in the year 1765, is well known: it is conducted by Bodoni, and has produced several beautiful editions, Greek, Latin, and Italian, together with various works in the Oriental languages.

The public walk on the ramparts is extremely pleasing. The country round well wooded, and the town and territory of Parma, on the whole, seemed to have been in a flourishing state till the entrance of the French army. Since that fatal period, its prosperity has been on the decline, its government unsettled, its inhabitants impoverished and discontented. The contributions raised by the French amounted to five millions of French livres: a sum enormous for so small a territory, and equalling two years of its regular income.

Petrarcha resided some years at Parma, or in its neighbourhood, and seems to have been delighted with the beauty of the country, the generous spirit of its princes, and the open manly manners of its inhabitants. To the honor of their descendants, it may be added, that notwithstanding the lapse of ages, the change of government, and the galling pressure of recent revolutions, these qualities are said to be still perceptible.

Two stages from Parma the traveller arrives at *Forum Lepidi Regium*, now called Reggio, an ancient Roman colony, destroyed by Alaric, and rebuilt by Charlemagne. The cathedral, the church of S. Prospero, and that of the Augustin-friars, together with the Town-house, and the Porta Nuova, are considered as deserving some attention. It possesses no antiquities. How-

ever, the traveller will visit it with some respect, as the country of Ariosto; the copious, the fantastic Ariosto!

Two more posts brought us to Modena (Mutina), lately the capital of a dukedom, now a dependence on the will of Bonaparte. Though an ancient Roman colony, called by Cicero, "firmissima et splendidissima Colonia," it presents no traces of antiquity; in fact, it has been the scene of so many bloody contests, has been so often destroyed, and has so often risen from its ruins, that not only no vestige of its former splendor remains at present, but it is even uncertain whether it occupies the same site as the ancient city. But, whatever might have been its strength and magnificence in ancient times, they have been, probably, far surpassed by its present, I should rather have said its *late*, prosperity. It is a well built town, its streets are wide, and several of its public edifices, of a noble appearance. Its cathedral is Gothic, and, like most of its churches, rather inferior to the expectation naturally excited by the general features of the town. The ducal palace is of vast size; and though built in a German, that is, in a heavy and fanciful style of architecture, is, on the whole, rather magnificent. It contains several handsome apartments, and, what still more merits the attention of travellers, a gallery of paintings, a noble library, and a numerous and curious collection of sketches, by the first masters, of prints, of medals, and of Cameos.*

The arts and sciences, particularly the latter, have long

* This latter collection has either been removed or plundered by the French.

flourished at Modena, under the fostering care of its Princes of the house of Este, a family so much and so justly celebrated by Tasso and Ariosto, for its generous feelings and noble munificence. "Tu Magnanimo Alfonso," says the former to a Prince of this line, his patron,

> Tu Magnanimo Alfonso, il qual ritogli
> Al furor di fortuna, e guidi in porto
> Me peregrino errante, e fra gli scogli
> E fra l'onde agitato e quasi assorto;
> Queste mie carte in lieta fronte accogli
> Che quasi in voto a te sacrate i' porto.
>
> *Gierus. Lib. Canto* 1. 4.

The latter, in a less poetical, but equally grateful style, expresses his obligations to the same family, and enlarges upon its heroical qualities and future prospects of glory.* Under such encouragement, it is not wonderful that genius should bloom and flourish, and that men of learning should flock from all quarters, to enjoy the advantages of such liberal patronage.

Among the illustrious personages who have done honor to Modena, by their virtues and talents, one of the earliest, and if the good qualities of the heart give double lustre to the brilliant endowments of the head, one of the greatest is Cardinal Sadoleti. This eminent prelate rose to notice in the fostering era of Leo the Tenth, became intimately connected with the most conspicuous characters of that period, and shone himself, with

* See Orlando Furioso, Canto 1. 3, 4.

no small lustre, in the midst of its brightest luminaries. In the turbulent pontificates that succeeded the era of Leo, when the animosities, kindled by the Reformation, blazed out with unquenchable fury, and every bosom glowed with a rage, almost infernal, against the opponents of his own creed, this worthy bishop preserved the native candor of his soul, and the characteristic mildness of his sacred office. Above passion and resentment, he treated the supporters of the new opinions with paternal tenderness, and while he condemned their creed, he cherished, and whenever an opportunity occurred, protected their persons. "Fond to spread friendships, and to cover hates," he made it the business of his life, to diffuse his own spirit, a spirit of charity, peace, and indulgence, into all around him; and while he zealously endeavoured to clear up the subjects in debate, and to remove misapprehensions, he still more strenuously exerted himself to calm the rage of contest, and to infuse a milder temper into the disputants. Even in these days of tranquil discussion, when a general spirit of toleration seems to have gradually diffused itself over the Christian world, such a conciliating character, if placed in an elevated station, would engage our esteem and reverence; but at the era of the Reformation, that age of division and madness, such gentleness, moderation, and candor, were godlike qualities indeed.

The works of Sadoleti, consisting principally of letters, addressed to the most conspicuous persons of the age, are still extant; and as they are drawn up in a pure and elegant style, and frequently treat of subjects of great interest and importance, they are equally amusing and instructive, and are calculated to give a very favorable idea of the taste, the knowledge, and the piety of the author.

From the time of Sadoleti, that is, from the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the present period, a regular succession of men, eminent for their talents and learning, either natives of its territory, or attracted to its walls by the liberal patronage of its princes, has continued to adorn Modena, and support its literary reputation. Instead of giving a long and dry catalogue of names, I will mention only two authors; but these of a reputation, great enough to throw a lustre on any city. One is the Abbate Muratori, an Ex-Jesuit, the Duke's librarian, perhaps the most learned antiquary, the most inquisitive, and, at the same time, the most impartial historian, that the last century has produced. His works consist of nearly fifty volumes in folio; of these, his Annali D'Italia, are perhaps the most instructive and the most entertaining. The other is the Abbate Tiraboschi, Ex-Jesuit and librarian, as his predecessor Muratori, and like him eminent for his profound knowledge of history and antiquities. His principal work is a history of Italian literature, entitled Italia Literaria, in sixteen volumes, a work replete with erudition, seasoned with curious anecdote, and enriched with much judicious and amusing criticism.

In justice to the muses of Modena, I must add the name of the playful Tassoni, who, in his Secchia Rapita, gave Boileau and Pope, the hint and the model of the Lutrin, and the Rape of the Lock, taught them to trifle with the splendor of poetry without degrading it, and enabled them, even on frivolous subjects, to display the ease, the pliancy, and the perfection of their respective languages. The important "Bucket," celebrated in this poem, was carried off from a well in one of the streets of Bologna, by a party of Mo-

denese troops, during a petty war between these neighbouring cities, and has ever since been most carefully preserved, as an invaluable trophy, in a vault under the great tower at Modena.

The naturalist may find some occupation in the territory of Modena, by investigating the nature of its wells, supplied by perennial sources, uninfluenced by the state of the atmosphere, as well as by inspecting its petrifactions and mineral fountains.

The Campi Macri, celebrated in opposition to their name, for their fertility, and the excellent pasturage which they afforded to a famous breed of cattle, were the plains which lie between Parma and Modena, and extend beyond the latter city towards Bologna.

CHAP. VII.

BOLOGNA—ITS UNIVERSITY—ACADEMIES—IMOLA—FAVENTIA—FORLI—FORLIMPOPOLI—CESENA—RUBICON—ST. MARINO—RIMINI.

THE classic traveller, as he rolls along the Via Emilia, from Modena to Bologna, amidst scenes of the neatest cultivation and most luxuriant fertility, will recollect that the very fields which spread around him, the very country which he is traversing, was the bloody theatre of the last unavailing efforts of Roman liberty. The interview of the Triumvirs took place in an island, formed by the Rhenus, at a little distance from Bologna.* As the river is small, and the island observable only on examination, the traveller generally passes without being aware of the circumstance. The stream still retains its ancient name, and is called the Rheno.

From Modena to Bologna, the distance is three stages, about twenty-four miles: about six miles from the former town is Fort Urbano, erected by Urban VIII. to mark and defend the entrance into the ecclesiastical state. Bologna (Bononia Felsinia,) was a Roman colony, though it retains few or no traces of its

* This island is two miles from Bologna, three miles long, and one broad; it contains two villages, St. Viola, to the south; St. Giovanni, to the north.

antiquity, and is a rich, populous, extensive, and most flourishing city. Its history, like that of the preceding towns, is contained in a few words. First, great and prosperous under its founders, then in the succeeding revolutions of the empire, pillaged, destroyed, and rebuilt; sometimes enslaved, and sometimes free, it underwent and survived all the vicissitudes of the barbarous ages. At last, after various contests with the neighbouring states, and with their own tyrants, the inhabitants of Bologna made a voluntary submission to Pope Nicolas III. in 1278, and afterwards to John XXII. in 1327, which they have frequently renewed since, at different periods. But in this voluntary submission, the Bolognese did not mean so much to acknowledge the Pope as their direct sovereign, as to put their city under his protection as liege lord: hence, they cautiously retained the management of their finances, the election of their magistrates, and the administration of their laws; that is to say, the essential forms of a republic, and only employed the name and authority of the Pontiff to repress the ambition of powerful and factious citizens, or to awe the hostility of their neighbours, the Dukes of Modena, and of their rivals, the Venetians. Hence, they always resisted every encroachment on their privileges, and not unfrequently, expelled the papal legates, when inclined to overstrain the prerogatives of their office. This guarded and conditional dependence, produced at Bologna all the advantages that accompany liberty; industry, commerce, plenty, population, knowledge, and refinement. The French, in their late invasion, found, but did not leave, the Bolognese in possession of these blessings. They deprived their city of its freedom and independence, separated it from the Roman state, and annexed it to the Italian Republic, to share with it, in appearance, the empty name of a Commonwealth, and, to bear, in

reality, the oppressive yoke of an avaricious and insulting tyrant. Mr. Burke, speaking of this event, says, "The Pontiff has seen his free, fertile, and happy city and state of Bologna, the cradle of regenerated law, the seat of sciences and of arts, the chosen spot of plenty and delight;—converted into a Jacobin, ferocious republic, dependent on the homicides of France."

The streets in Bologna are narrow, and the exterior of the public buildings by no means proportioned to the fame and opulence of the city. The cathedral is a modern edifice, of Roman architecture, but in a bad style; the inside is light, and though it did not appear so to me, is considered by several connoisseurs, as beautiful. One altar, erected by the late bishop, of the finest marbles, chastest decorations, and best proportions, cannot fail to attract the eye of the observer; it is exquisite in its kind, and appeared to us almost the only object in the cathedral worthy of attention.

The church of St. Petronius is considered as the principal church. It is Gothic, of great extent and antiquity, and though not beautiful, is celebrated as well for several grand ceremonies, which have been performed in it, such as the coronation of Charles V. by Clement VII. as for the meridian of the famous astronomer Cassini, traced on its pavement. It was built about the years 440 or 450, but rebuilt in a very different style in 1890, and seems still to remain, in a great degree, unfinished. The prelate, its founder first, and now its patron, flourished in the reign of Theodosius, and was a man of great activity and general benevolence. He enlarged the extent of the city, adorned it with several public buildings, procured it the favor and largesses of the Emperor, and by his long and unremitting exertions to

promote its welfare, seems to have a just claim to the gratitude and veneration of its inhabitants. S. Salvador, S. Paolo, and, above all, La Madonna di S. Luca, deserve a particular visit. This latter church stands on a high hill, about five miles from Bologna. It is in the form of a Greek cross, of the Corinthian order, and crowned with a dome. As the people of Bologna have a peculiar devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and crowds flock from all quarters to visit this her sanctuary, for their accommodation, in all seasons and in all weather, a portico has been carried from the gates of the city up the hill to the very entrance of the temple, or rather to the square before it. This immense building was raised by the voluntary contributions of persons of every class in Bologna: the richer erected one or more arches, according to their means; the middling classes gave their pecuniary aid in proportion; and the poorest insisted on contributing their labor to the grand undertaking. It is in reality a most noble monument of public piety, and alone sufficient to prove that the spirit and magnificence of the ancient Romans still animate the modern Italians, and may, in a fortunate combination of circumstances, once more blaze out in all their pristine glory. The church is of a fine and well proportioned form, rich in marbles, but overloaded, as we imagined, with ornaments. It is needless to add, that from such an elevation the view is beautiful, lost on one side in the windings of the neighbouring Appennines, and extending on the other over a plain of immense extent, and unparalleled population and fertility. One circumstance struck us particularly, while on the hill. It was the end of March, the sky was clear, and the weather warm, nearly as it may be on a bright day in England in the month of May, so warm, in short, as to render the shade not only pleasing, but desirable; yet, in various

parts of the hill, and near the church, the snow lay deep, and in vast masses, still likely to resist, for some time, the increasing warmth of the season; so great is the influence of such mountains as the Alps and Apennines, on the climate of the adjacent countries.

The two brick towers, Degli Asinelli and Dei Garisendi, are deformed monuments of a barbarous age, and remarkable only for their unmeaning elevation, and dangerous deviation from the perpendicular. Bologna is decorated with many palaces of vast extent, and some few of noble architecture. Among the latter is the Palazzo Ranuzzi, said to be of Palladio; also those of Lambertini, Orsi, Bentivogli, Malvezzi, Campeggi, Pepoli, Legnani, &c. These palaces, and indeed almost all the churches, and public buildings in Bologna, are ornamented with a profusion of paintings, by the first Italian masters, Guido, Guercini, the Carracci, Caravaggio, Giordano, and particularly Albano. Of the latter painter it has been said, that the Loves seem to have mixed his colors, and the Graces to have fashioned his forms; such is the soft glow of his tints, such the ease and beauty of his groupes and figures! The greater number, and the best of this celebrated artist's compositions are to be seen at Bologna, and may furnish the admirer of painting with many an hour's, or rather, many a day's entertainment. In fact, no city has given more encouragement to painting, or contributed more to its perfection, than Bologna; no one has produced a greater number of illustrious painters, or enjoyed a higher reputation in the art, than its well known school. To perpetuate the skill and the honors of this school, an academy has been established, under the title of the Clementine Academy, with a sufficient number of eminent professors to direct, and medals and pre-

miums, to animate and reward the zeal of the young artists. Public instructions are given gratis, models furnished, accommodations supplied, and every possible encouragement afforded to attract scholars, and enable them to develope and perfect their talents. This excellent institution, so well calculated to preserve the reputation of the school of Bologna, originated in the beginning of the last century, and has already produced several artists of reputation; among whom we may rank its first president, Carlo Cignani. The halls and apartments of this academy are very spacious, and form part of the palace belonging to the Instituto di Bologna. This latter establishment, one of the most magnificent of the kind in Italy, or perhaps in the world, occupies an immense and very noble edifice, where the various arts and sciences have their respective halls, decorated in a grand style, and furnished with appropriate apparatus. In this palace sits the Academy of Sciences, of high reputation in the republic of letters, and a singular monument of that enthusiasm for knowledge, which has always formed a distinctive feature in the Italian character. It owes its origin, in the seventeenth century, to a noble youth of the name of Eustachio Manfredi, who, at the early age of sixteen, formed a literary society, and collected at certain stated assemblies in his own house, all the men of taste and talents in Bologna. The spirit of the founder has never abandoned the academy, which still continues to enrich the learned world with its productions, and support the fame and glory of its origin. In the same palace, are a library, containing at least one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, open to the public six days in the week; an observatory, furnished with an excellent astronomical apparatus; a vast chemical laboratory; a cabinet of natural history; an experimental cabinet, with all kinds of

instruments for physical operations; two halls of architecture, one for the civil, the other for the military branches of this art; a marine hall; a gallery of antiquities; another of statues, and a third of paintings; a hall of anatomy and midwifery, celebrated for a remarkable collection of wax figures, representing the female form in all the stages, and in all the incidents of parturition. In fine, a chapel for the use of the united members of the institute. Almost all these halls and apartments are adorned with pictures and paintings in fresco, on the walls and ceilings, and form, one of the most magnificent abodes ever consecrated to the arts and sciences. I have already observed, that regular instructions are given to young painters, in the hall of the academy; I must here add, that professors attend and deliver lectures gratis, at stated periods, to all students, on the different arts, in their respective halls.

Bologna owes this superb establishment to one of its citizens, General Count Marsigli, who, after having passed many years in the Imperial service, returned to his country, and devoted the remainder of his days, his talents, and his fortune, to the propagation of the arts and sciences, in its bosom. He bestowed upon the city his valuable collections of every kind, and by his exertions formed a society of men of the first talents and reputation, in each art and science, which assumed the name of the Instituto di Bologna. To lodge this society, and receive the above-mentioned collections, the city purchased the Palazzo Cellesi, and had it fitted up in its present style, at the same time grand and commodious. This arrangement took place in the year 1714. Since that period the Instituto has been enriched by the donations of several illustrious persons, and particularly of Benedict XIV. a pontiff of an enlightened and

capacious mind, who loved and encouraged the sciences, in all parts of the Roman state, but particularly at Bologna, his native city. An Englishman, accustomed to the rich endowments of his own country, will hear with astonishment, that this grand establishment, so well furnished with all the materials of science, and so well supplied with professsors of the first abilities and reputation, does not possess an annual income of seven hundred pounds a year; and his surprize will increase, when it is added, that the want of a larger income has hitherto been abundantly supplied by the zeal and indefatigable assiduity of the governors and professors.

From the Instituto we naturally pass to the University, the glory of Bologna, and equal, if not, as the Bolognese pretend, superior in antiquity, and once in reputation, to the most celebrated academies in Europe. The honors, titles, and privileges, conferred upon it by kings and emperors, by synods and pontiffs, the deference paid to its opinions, and the reverence that waited upon its graduates, prove the high estimation in which it was once held; and the names of Gratian and Aldrovandus, of Malpighi and Guglielmini, of Ferres and Cassini, are alone sufficient to shew that this high estimation was not unmerited. The Scuole publiche, or halls of the University, form a very noble building; seventy professors are employed, and the endowments are very considerable. The number of students, however, is not adequate to the fame and splendor of such an establishment, as it scarce amounts to five hundred, while anciently it exceeded twice as many thousands. The decrease here, as at Padua, is to be ascribed to the multiplication of similar establishments in all Christian countries.

Besides the Instituto and the University, two Academies of less lustre and celebrity watch over the interests of literature, and endeavour to extend the empire of the Muses. They are entitled, by a playful opposition, the Inquieti and the Oziosi, and abandoning the higher regions of science to the speculations of their brethren of the two great seminaries of learning, love to range through the fields of fancy, and amuse themselves in collecting its flowers. The youth, whom I mentioned above, as founder of the Academy of Sciences, Eustachio Manfredi, did honor to these societies, by his poetical effusions, and is ranked for tenderness and delicacy, among the first Italian poets, in light airy compositions. Zanotti, Scarselli, Roberti, and Sanseverino, have acquired considerable reputation in the same line. In short, the two grand features of the Bolognese character, are formed by the two most honorable passions that can animate the human soul—the love of Knowledge, and the love of Liberty; passions which predominate through the whole series of their history, and are justly expressed on their standard, where "Libertas" blazes in golden letters in the centre, while "Bononia docet" waves in embroidery down the borders.

The fountain in the great square is much celebrated, but more, I think, than it deserves. The statues are good, particularly that of Neptune; but the figures are crowded into a space too small for such a group, and Neptune, "the earth-shaking god," armed with that trident which, "vastas aperit syrtes et temperat æquor," seems employed to little purpose, in superintending a few nymphs and dolphins, squirting mere threads of water from their breasts and nostrils. The god should have stood upon a rock, a river should have burst from under his feet, and the mermaids and dolphins, instead of being perched on the narrow

cornice of his pedestal, should have appeared sporting in the waves. Such should be the attitude, and such the accompaniments of the God of the Ocean; and such is the Fontana di Trevi, at Rome.

On the thirtieth of March, we set out from Bologna, and still rolling along the Via Emilia, through a beautiful country, arrived about two o'clock at Imola, twenty miles from Bologna. This neat little town stands on or near the site of Forum Cornelii, ruined in the wars between the Greek emperors and the Longobardi. It was the See of the present Pope, before his elevation to the pontifical throne. It contains little worth notice: its Corinthian cathedral was never finished without, nor completely furnished within, and of course scarce deserves a visit. Imola has its academy, called the Industriosi, and can boast of several men of eminence in literature, particularly poets; among these, Zappi and Zampieri, especially the former, are much esteemed for a certain graceful refinement, and delicacy of sentiment and expression. Imola, though situated in the commencement of the great plain of Milan, derives from the neighbouring Apennines a considerable portion of the beauty of mountainous landscape, of which Monte Batailla, seen from the ramparts, westward, presents a striking instance. The river that bathes its walls, has changed its classical name Vatrenus, into the more sonorous appellation of Santerno.

From Imola to Faenza, (Faventia), is about ten miles. This ancient town is spacious and well built; its great square, with a fine range of porticos on either side, and a Corinthian church, belonging to the Dominicans, deserve attention. Its cathedral is Gothic, and not remarkable. We could discover, in the vici-

nity of this city, few traces of the pine-groves, which seem anciently to have formed one of the most conspicuous features of its territory.

Undique sollers
Arva coronantem nutrire Faventia pinum. *Sil.* VIII.

Nine miles from Faenza, beyond the river Montone, anciently the Utens, stands Forli, Forum Livii, a long, well-built town, with a very spacious and handsome square. The cathedral, not remarkable in itself, contains a very beautiful chapel, lined with the finest marbles, adorned with paintings, and surmounted with a well proportioned dome. This chapel bears the title of Virgine del Fuoco. The tabernacle, in the chapel of the sacrament, is the work of Michael Angelo. The Benedictine Abbey of St. Mercuriale, is a grand edifice, and deserves attention on account of its antiquity. Forli has an academy, under the title of the Filargyri, and has produced several men of literary merit; among others, the Abbate Pellegrino Gaudenzi, who might be styled the Italian Klopstock, if the laws of euphony would allow names, of such opposite sound, to be brought into contact.

From Forli to Forlimpopoli, is four miles. This latter town, anciently Forum Popilii, is small but neat. Hence to Cesena, the distance is seven miles. We arrrived there late in the evening.

In leaving Bologna we turned our backs upon the fertile and most extensive plains of Milan, and began gradually to approach the Adriatic on one side, and the Apennines on the other. The road, however, still continues to give the traveller all the advantages of the plain, as scarce an eminence rises to retard his course, before he reaches Ancona, while he enjoys all the beau-

ties of a mountainous country, in the hills on the right, that sometimes advance, and sometimes retire, varying their forms and the landscape almost at every step. Mountains crowned with towers, castles, or towns, a striking feature of Italian, and particularly of Apennine scenery, had often attracted our attention during our progress, and increasing upon us from Faenza, in number, boldness, and beauty, repeatedly forced on our recollection, Virgil's descriptive verse,

> Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis. *Geo. Lib.* ii. 156.

I may add, that numberless rivers, rushing from the mountains, intersect the plain, and bathing the time-worn walls of many an ancient town, seemed to exhibit the original of the following line,

> Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros. 157.

These streams, it is true, are mere rills, as most rivers are in southern countries, during the heats of summer, and may easily deceive the superficial traveller, who, passing their dry channels in that season, may very naturally suppose that their sources have failed, and that the streams themselves exist only in description. To this mistaken notion we perhaps owe the poetical fiction of Lucan, representing Cæsar as stepping over the unnoticed Xanthus,

> Inscius in sicco serpentem pulvere rivum
> Transierat, qui Xanthus erat. *Lib.* ix. 274-5.

As well as the longer and more beautiful effusion of Addison's muse.* But when swelled by the rains in autumn, or the melting

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* Letter to Lord Halifax.

snows in spring, these apparently petty rills cover their broad channels, fill their banks, and swell into considerable rivers.

Cesena retains its ancient name, unaltered by time or barbarism. It is a little clean town, beautifully situate at the foot of a ridge of fine hills, covered with villas and convents; the eminence immediately over the town is crowned with a romantic old castle. Its cathedral scarcely deserves notice, but its ancient bridge, of three vast arches, merits attention. The late Pope, Pius VI. was born at Cesena, and with all the partiality of a native, adorned it with various edifices, and dignified it with several privileges. His countrymen, in grateful acknowledgment, erected a bronze statue over the gate of the Town-hall, representing him in the usual attitude of Popes, that is, as giving his benediction. The inscription is, "Civi optimo," a style perfectly Roman, when applied to the sovereign, and used only in the early periods of the monarchy, while the bold spirit of republican equality still breathed in a few surviving Romans. The soil around the town is fertile, and was anciently remarkable, as the hilly regions of Italy generally were, for excellent wines; such, at least, was the opinion of Pliny. Whether the vines have degenerated, or their culture is neglected; or whether the defect was in our palates, I know not; but the wines of Cesena appeared to us indifferent.

About two miles from Cesena flows a stream, called the Pisatello, supposed to be the ancient Rubicon. There stood on its northern bank an obelisk, with the decree of the senate and Roman people, inscribed on its pedestal, and two other inscriptions on its sides. The French destroyed this obelisk. The slabs that formed the pedestal lay half buried in a farm-

yard, about a hundred paces from the road, where we dug them up, and placed them against the trunk of a tree.

The Pisatello, like most other mountain streams, is very shallow in dry weather; but its banks are, in some places, high, and in others, its channel is wide, so that it might occasionally present a mass of waters, considerable enough to embarrass an army in its passage. Its sides are shaded with poplars, and present a pretty, solitary scene. But it must be observed, that notwithstanding the abovementioned inscriptions, which are generally acknowledged to be spurious, the name and honors of this streamlet are disputed, and that the inhabitants of both Savignano, and Rimini, boldly maintain that their respective rivers have a better title, than the Pisatello, to the classical appellation of the Rubicon, and to the veneration of the traveller. I must add, what the reader will be not a little surprized to hear, that the learned are nearly as much divided about the modern as about the ancient name of this rivulet. To understand the difficulties of this question, he must be informed, that between Cesena and Savignano, the Via Emilia is intersected by three streams; the first is about two miles from Cesena; the second, five; and the third, eight. The first is commonly, I believe, called, and certainly marked in the most correct maps, such as that of the learned Jesuits Maire and Boscovick, Pisatello; the second, Rugone, Rugosa, Rigosa, or Urgone; the third is called Borco, and bathes the walls of Savignano. These three rills, ere they fall into the neighbouring Adriatic, unite and form a considerable river, called the Fiumecino. In opposition to most Italian writers, Cluverius maintains, (and it is difficult to question the accuracy of so attentive and indefatigable an investigator), that the former is

called Rugone, that this appellation is evidently a corruption of Rubicone, and that the second is, properly speaking, the Pisatello. However we must assert, upon the authority, not of maps only, or of books, but of the innkeeper and the drivers, an authority equally, and perhaps more decisive on such a question, that the common name of the first stream is now the Pisatello, and that of the second the Rugone. But notwithstanding the difference of names, it is still evident, that the stream *now* called Pisatello, is a branch only of the Rubicon; and equally so, that the river which Cæsar passed, was not the Pisatello, or the Rugone, but that which is formed by the three streams united, and is now called the Fiumecino. To prove this circumstance, it is only necessary to observe, that Cæsar marched from Ravenna to Rimini, by the direct road, (for, as he was in haste, we cannot suppose that he deviated from it), that is, not by the Via Emilia, but by that which runs along the sea shore, and is called the Lower Road: to this we may add, that the distance of the Fiumecino at present, from Ravenna on one side, and from Rimini on the other, agrees with the distance ascribed to the Rubicon, from the same towns in the ancient itineraries. Moreover, it is highly probable, or as the above-mentioned learned geographer maintains, nearly certain, that the ancient Via Emilia, instead of passing the three streams, turned to the sea, and crossed the Rubicon over a bridge, at the point where the rivers unite, and which is therefore called, in the itineraries, "ad Confluenteis." In fact, Rimini, by the present road, is only eighteen very short, that is, sixteen ancient miles, while it was formerly twenty, from Cesena; the difference evidently implies a turn in the road, which could be no other than that leading from Cesena to the bridge, "ad Confluenteis."

There were, then, two passages over the Rubicon anciently, the one by the Via Emilia, over a bridge; "ad Confluenteis;" the other, about a mile lower down, or nearer the sea, on the direct road from Ravenna to Rimini. This then was the passage, and this is the celebrated spot, where Cæsar stood, and absorbed in thought, suspended for a moment his own fortunes, the fate of Rome, and the destinies of mankind; here appeared the warlike phantom, commissioned by the furies, to steel the bosom of the relenting chief, and hurry him on to the work of destruction; and here too, arose the Genius of Rome, the awful form of the mighty parent, to restrain the fury of her rebel son, and arrest the blow levelled at justice and at liberty. Here Cæsar passed, and cast the die, that decided the fate, not of Rome only, of her consuls, her senates, and her armies, but of nations and empires, kingdoms and republics, that then slept in embryo in the bosom of futurity.

In crossing the Rubicon, the traveller passes from Cisalpine Gaul into Italy, properly so called, and enters the territory of the Umbri, that is, Umbria. This province, though it retains its general name, is divided into various arbitrary parts, such as the Legazione d'Urbino, Marca d'Ancona, &c. of which, as of most similar partitions, I shall take little or no notice; because they are mere transient distinctions, adapted to the particular administration of each district, and varying with every accidental change in the system of government. A few miles from Cesena we came within sight of the Adriatic on the left, while on the right the mountains increase in height and in magnificence. On the summit of one that rose in full view before us, covered with snow and shining with ice, rose the town of S. Marino, bosomed

in the regions of winter, and half lost in the clouds. The genius of Liberty alone could have founded, and supported a Republic, in such a situation!

Savignano on the Borco is a large handsome town, but, I believe, contains nothing remarkable. Thence to Rimini, and, indeed, to Ancona, the road runs along the coast of the Adriatic, presenting such scenery as the sea on one side, and on the other the Apennines, or rather their attendant mountains must naturally furnish. About four miles from Savignano, we passed the Luso (anciently Plusa), and six miles further, crossing the ancient Ariminus, now the Marecchia, entered (Arimirum) Rimini. The bridge, over which we passed, is of marble, and in the best style of Roman architecture, erected in the times of Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, and inscribed with their names. It consists of five arches with niches for statues between, and a regular cornice surmounting both arches and niches. Its solidity, boldness and beauty, as well as the date of its erection, have led many connoisseurs to conclude, that it is the work of Vitruvius. The gate on the opposite side, under which the traveller passes on his way to Pesaro, is a triumphal arch of Augustus, of the best materials and noblest form. The order is Corinthian, but in some respects peculiar. The barbarous taste of the middle ages crowned this monument of Roman grandeur with a Gothic battlement, a deformity which is still allowed to exist, "in media luce Italiæ," in such an age and in such a country. The town is large and well built. In the principal square is a fountain, and a statue of Paul V., changed into that of St. Gaudentius by the French, who, upon this occasion, seem, I know not how, to have forgotten their usual propensity to destruction. The cathedral had been turned by them into

a military hospital, and so much disfigured as to be rendered unfit for public worship. The church of the Dominican Friars was, therefore, used for the purposes of cathedral service. That of St. Francis, adorned with a profusion of marble, deserves notice; particularly as it is supposed to be the last in Italy, if we except however the cathedral of Milan, into which Gothic forms and ornaments have been admitted. In fact, it was built in the year 1450, a period when the latter style began to give way to the restored proportions of Roman architecture. However, this attempt to resume the graces of antiquity does not seem to have succeeded, as the orders are ill proportioned, and the whole edifice clumsy and whimsical. Several other churches and some palaces are worthy the attention of the traveller. The port of Rimini is much obstructed by the sands, swept along by the river in its descent from the neighbouring mountains; and though much labour has been employed, and money expended, in order to keep it clear, yet it admits only small vessels at present; an inconvenience incidental to all ports, formed by mountain torrents, when they fall into the sea near their sources, and before they have time to deposit the gravelly particles with which they are necessarily encumbered. Some fragments of marble linings and piers remain to attest the ancient magnificence of this port.

Of the history of Rimini it can only be said, that after having suffered in common with all the other cities in Italy, the ravages of the first barbarian invaders, and bowed its neck for some years under the Gothic sceptre, it was restored to the empire by Belisarius, and at the fall of the Exarchate was annexed once more to the Roman territory, in the eighth century. Since that period, though occasion-

ally distracted by factions, and sometimes enslaved by its own citizens, it has never entirely dissolved the tie that binds it to the parent city, nor refused to pay legal submission to its pontiffs. But the most remarkable event in the records of Rimini is, without doubt, that which first registered its name in the page of history, and still gives it a claim upon the attention of the traveller. Rimini was the first town that beheld Cæsar in arms against his country. After having harangued his troops on the banks of the Rubicon, and made the last appeal from the laws to the sword, he rushed forward with his usual rapidity, and at daybreak appeared, surrounded with his cohorts, in the forum at Rimini. The untimely sound of the trumpet, the alarm and confusion of the inhabitants, the threatening aspect of Cæsar, are circumstances which the historian discreetly leaves to the imagination of his readers; while the poet finds in them the materials of sublime description:

> Constitit ut capto jussus deponere miles
> Signa foro, stridor lituûm, clangorque tubarum
> Non pia concinuit cum rauco classica cornu.
> Rupta quies populi, stratisque excîta juventus
> Diripiunt sacris affixa penatibus arma.....
> Ut notæ fulsere aquilæ, Romanaque signa,
> Et celsus medio conspectus in agmine Cæsar,
> Diriguêre metu, gelidos pavor alligat artus.
>
> *Luc.* I.—236, *&c.*

CHAP. VII.

CATTOLICA—PESARO—FANO—THE METAURUS AND MONTE ASDRUBALE—SENEGAGLIA—ANCONA, ITS HARBOR AND TRIUMPHAL ARCH—LORETTO, AND THE SANTA CASA—TOLLENTINO—PONTE DELLA TRAVE.

CLOSE to Rimini we passed the river Ansa or Aprusa. Thence to Ancona, the scenery continues the same; the Adriatic on the left; on the right, fine fertile hills, covered with buildings, and rising gradually in height, till they swell into the ridge of the Apennines, about fifteen miles south-west. Among the hills, S. Marino presents to the eye, a perpendicular precipice of tremendous height, and craggy aspect, and long continues to form a most majestic and conspicuous feature of the landscape. The first stage is Cattolica, a title given to this place, because it became the asylum of the orthodox prelates, who receded from the council held at Rimini, when they found that the Arian faction seemed likely to prevail. Such at least is the import of an inscription in the principal church, a neat edifice, with a high Gothic tower opposite. The river Concha, which flows a few miles from Cattolica, on the road to Rimini,

is supposed, by Cluverius, to be the "Crustumium rapax" of Lucan. About ten miles from Cattolica, is Pesaro, (Pesaurus,) a large, clean, airy town, with a handsome square, ornamented by a noble fountain, and formerly by a marble statue of Urban VIII. lately destroyed by the French. Most of the churches are remarkable for their paintings, and some for their architecture. Among the latter are S. Giovanni, La Misericordia, and S. Carolo. Several palaces have the same claim to attention. On the whole, few towns have a handsomer or more prepossessing appearance than Pesaro. The bridge over the Foglia, anciently the Pesaurus, is a very noble edifice, and though not ancient, worthy of being so.

About seven miles further is Fano, Fanum (Fortunæ), a well-built, and very handsome town. One of the gates of Fano is a triumphal arch of Augustus; a gallery or portico of five arcades was built over it, at a later period, that is, under Constantine; the whole is, or was, Corinthian. It was considerably defaced, and the upper story destroyed, by the artillery, in a contest between this town and Julius II. Several pillars still lie, as they seem to have fallen, on the platform above the arch. On the three different cornices, there are three inscriptions. The churches at Fano are not inferior to those at Pesaro. The theatre was a noble and commodious edifice, but has been so long neglected, that it has at present much the appearance of a ruin.*

* The forum of Fanum was planned and built by Vitruvius. Would it be impossible to discover some traces of so extensive an edifice? None are now observable. *Vit. L.* v. *C.* 1.

The Via Flaminia here turns from the sea towards the Apennines, and runs along the banks of the Metaurus, now called the Metaro, or shorter, the Metro. This river, a streamlet in dry weather, must, if we may judge by its wide-extended bed, and the long bridge thrown over it, forms in rainy seasons a vast sheet of water. Its western banks are covered with wood, and increase in height and declivity as they retire from the sea. To the east, opens a plain, bounded by gentle eminences, and contracting in breadth as it runs southward, where the hills line the banks of the river. The Adriatic occupies the north, and to the south rise the Apennines in irregular forms, interrupted only by the steep dell, through which the river forces its passage. The character of boisterous rapidity, given by the poets to this stream, agrees with it only while rushing from the Apennines, or confined within the defiles that line the base of these mountains.

Veloxque Metaurus. *Lucan* II. 495.

Cavis venientes montibus Umbri,
Hos Æsis, Sapisque lavant, rapidasque sonanti
Vertice contorquens undas per saxa Metaurus. *Sil.* VIII. 447.

The banks of this river, as is well known, were the theatre of one of the most glorious and most decisive victories ever obtained by the Romans, a victory which saved Rome, by depriving Hannibal of his long expected reinforcements, and anticipated the fall of Carthage, by cutting off at one stroke the strength of her armies and the flower of her rising generation.

The description which Livy has given of this action is animated and circumstantial; and though the learned seem to

doubt whether it be possible to ascertain the spot on which it took place, may, I think, enable us to guess at it with some probability. According to Livy, both armies were encamped on or near the Sena, about four miles westward of Senogaglia, or to use Livy's words, "Ad Senam castra consulis erant, et quingentos inde passus Asdrubal aberat." Asdrubal began his retreat, "primâ vigiliâ," that is, about an hour after sunset; and after having wandered in the dark for some time, reached the Metaurus, about eight miles from the Sena, and there halted till break of day, when following the banks from the sea towards the mountain, in order to discover some place fordable, he was overtaken and attacked by the Romans. The battle commenced at an early hour, for, after various manœuvres and a most bloody contest, it was only mid-day when victory decided in favour of the Romans. "Et jam diei medium erat, sitisque et calor hiantes, cædendos capiundosque (hostes) affatim præbebat."* Now when we consider these circumstances united, that is, that the nights were short, as it was summer, that after having marched eight miles, the Carthaginian army bewildered themselves in the windings of the banks, "per tortuosi amnis sinus flexusque errorem volvens," that they halted and were overtaken early in the morning, we shall conclude, that they had not marched more than eighteen miles from Sena, or, in other words, that they had not reached the mountains, and of course that the battle took place in the plain, but nearer the mountains than the sea. Moreover, the left wing of the Carthaginian army, formed chiefly of Gauls, was covered by a hill. Round this hill, when the Consul Claudius had attacked the enemy in

* T. Liv. Lib. xxvii. 48.

the rear, was the principal slaughter, and it is highly probable that the fall of the Carthaginian general ennobled this spot, and dignified it with the appellation of Monte Asdrubale. We may therefore, I think, conclude, without much danger of wandering widely from the truth, that the round hill which still bears that name, and rises south of the Metaurus, about three miles from Fossombrone on the road to Forli, was the scene of this memorable action. It is about eighteen miles, by the Via Flaminia, from Fano, and about fourteen from the Sena, on which both armies were encamped the day before. In fine, a battle, in which, as on this occasion, a hundred thousand combatants are engaged, covers a great extent of country, and spreads over all the neighbouring region; so that the banks of the river, for many a mile, witnessed the rout of the Carthaginians, and the poetical prediction was fully accomplished,

Multa quoque Asdrubalis fulgebit strage Metaurus.

Two hours brought us to the river Negola (Misus),

Quo Sena relictum
Gallorum a populis traxit per sæcula nomen!

for on its banks stands Senegaglia, which took its name from the Galli Senones, though colonized by the Romans after the destruction of that race. Senegaglia is a very well built, airy, and apparently flourishing town. The cathedral, of the Corinthian order, was lately rebuilt, and its high altar adorned with a most beautiful tabernacle, by the present bishop, Cardinal Onorati, who has the reputation of a man of taste and public spirit. Unfortunately for the town, his means of indulging the useful propensities, which naturally follow two such endowments, have been completely annihilated by the rapacity of the French, and all

improvements, since the fatal period of their arrival, totally suspended. The distance from this town to Ancona is twenty-four computed, twenty real miles. A little beyond Casa Frascata, at the Bocca de Fiumecino, we passed the Esino, the Roman Aesis, entered Picenum, and arrived late at Ancona.

Ancona retains its ancient name, supposed to be derived from its reclining posture, and no small share of its ancient prosperity, as, Venice excepted, it is still the most populous and the most trading town on the shores of the Adriatic. Most of the towns we have hitherto mentioned were founded by various Gallic tribes. Ancona boasts a nobler origin. It was built by a band of Syracusan patriots, who, to avoid the insolence and lawless sway of Dionysius the tyrant, abandoned their country and settled on this coast, about four hundred years before Christ. It was anciently remarkable for a celebrated temple of Venus, and, like Paphos and Cythera, was supposed to be one of the favorite resorts of the Goddess of Love and Beauty.* In reality, it would be difficult to find a situation more conformable to the temper of the "Queen of smiles and sports," or better adapted to health and enjoyment than Ancona. Seated on the side of a hill, forming a semicircular bay, sheltered by its summit from the exhalations of the south, covered by a bold promontory from the blasts of the north, and open only to the breezes of the west; and the gales that wanton on the unruffled bosom of the waters, which bathe its feet, surrounded by fields of inexhaustible fertility, Ancona seems formed for the abode of mirth and luxury. Hence it has been remarked by travellers, that

* Ante domum Veneris quam Dorica sustinet Ancon.——*Juv.* IV. 39.

the inhabitants of Ancona, and its territory, are of a more beautiful form and fairer color than their countrymen in general; and though several invidious reasons have been given to account for this flattering distinction, I must add, that their morals are acknowledged to be pure, and the conduct of the females unimpeachable.

The Romans, aware of the advantages of this port, made it their principal naval station in the Adriatic; built a magnificent mole to cover the harbour, and adorned it with a triumphal arch. This useful and splendid work was undertaken and finished by Trajan, and to him the triumphal arch is dedicated. It is still entire, though stripped of its supernumerary ornaments; the order is Corinthian; the materials, Parian marble; the form light, and the whole is considered as the best, though not the most splendid, nor the most massive, model, that remains of similar edifices. It was ornamented with statues, busts, and probably, inferior decorations of bronze; but of these, as I hinted above, it has been long since stripped, by the avarice of barbarian invaders, or perhaps of ignorant and degenerate Italians. In fact, from the first taking of Rome by Alaric, that is, from the total fall of the arts, to their restoration, it was certain ruin to an ancient edifice to retain, or to be supposed to retain, any ornament, or even any stay of metal. Not the internal decorations only were torn off, but the very nails pulled out, and not unfrequently stones displaced, and columns overturned, to seek for bronze or iron. Of this species of sacrilegious plunder we find numberless instances, not only in the edifice now under our consideration, but in various remains of antiquity, and particularly in the Pantheon and Coliseum. Nor will this conduct appear wonderful in men, either by birth

or by habits, and grovelling passions, barbarians; when in our own times, and almost before our own eyes, persons of rank and education have not hesitated to disfigure the most ancient, and the most venerable monuments of Grecian architecture, to tear the works of Phidias and Praxiteles from their original position, and demolish fabrics, which time, war, and barbarism had respected during twenty centuries. The French, whose rapacity the voice of Europe has so loudly and so justly censured, did not incur the guilt of dismantling ancient edifices; they spared the walls, and contented themselves with statues and paintings, and even these they have collected and arranged in halls and galleries, for the inspection of travellers of all nations; while, if report does not deceive us, *our* plunderers have ransacked the temples of Greece, to sell their booty to the highest bidder, or at best, to piece the walls of some obscure old mansion, with fragments of Parian marble, and Attic sculpture.

To return to the arch, it has only one gateway, is ornamented with four half columns on each front, one at each side of the gateway, and one at each angle. The marble, particularly in the front, towards the sea, retains its shining white; the capitals of the pillars have suffered much, and lost the prominent parts of the acanthus; however, on the whole, this arch may be considered in high preservation. The greatest part of the mole still remains, a solid, compact wall, formed of huge stones bound together by iron, and rising to a considerable height above the level of the sea. Close to it, but much lower, is the modern mole, adorned in like manner with a triumphal arch of the Tuscan order, in itself not beautiful, and when compared with the Corinthian arch that stands almost immediately over it, extremely cumber-

some. The architect was Vanvitelli, a name of some repute in the architectural annals of the last century; and if we may judge from the solidity of the new mole, the elevation of the light-house that terminates it, and the admirable arrangement of the Lazaretto, he seems to have merited the celebrity which he enjoyed. It is difficult, however, to conceive what motives could have induced him to place an arch, of so mixed a composition, and so heavy a form, so near to the simple and airy edifice of Trajan, unless it were to display their opposite qualities by the contrast, and of course degrade and vilify his own workmanship. But all modern architects, not excepting the great names of Michael Angelo, Bramante, and Palladio, have had the fever of innovation, and more than ten centuries of unsuccessful experiments have not been sufficient to awaken a spirit of diffidence, and induce them to suspect that, in deviating from the models of antiquity, they have abandoned the rules of symmetry; and, in erecting edifices on their own peculiar plans, have only transmitted their bad taste, in stone and marble monuments, to posterity.

The cathedral of Ancona is a very ancient, but a low, dark edifice. It contains nothing within, and exhibits nothing without, to fix attention. Its situation, however, compensates, in a great degree, its architectural defects. Placed near the point of the Cumerian promontory, elevated far above the town and the harbour, it commands a most magnificent view, extending along the sea coast to Pesaro and Fano on the north, bounded on the west by the snow-crowned Apennines, while on the east it wanders over the Adriatic, and, in clear weather, rests on the distant hills of Dalmatia. We lingered on this delightful spot with much satisfaction, and while our eyes feasted on the varied prospect expanded before

us, we enjoyed, though it was only the second of April, the freshness of the gale, that sprang occasionally from the sea, and fanned us as we ascended the summit of the promontory, and the tops of the neighbouring mountains. There are, however, several churches that merit observation, particularly the Agostiniani, and the Giesu (of Vanvitelli), as also the Palazzo della Communita, or Town-hall, and the Palazzo dei Mercanti, or Merchant's-hall. The Popes have not been wanting in their attention to the prosperity of Ancona. They have made it a free port, allowed liberty of conscience to persons of all religions, improved the harbour, and opened a new and very noble approach on the land side. However, in commerce, activity, and population, Ancona is still inferior to Leghorn, owing probably, to the situation of the latter, on the western coast of Italy, in the heart of the Mediterranean, and open, of course, to the commerce of France, Spain, Africa, and the Mediterranean islands; while the former, on the Adriatic, a sea comparatively unfrequented, faces Dalmatia, a country little known in the commercial world, and little given to mercantile speculation and activity. The general appearance of Ancona, though beautiful at a distance, is, within, dark and gloomy, in consequence of the narrowness of the streets, and want of squares and great public buildings. Ancona, and its neighbouring towns and coasts, are celebrated in the following lines of Silius Italicus:

> Hîc & quos pascunt scopulosæ rura Numanæ,
> Et quîs litoreæ fumant altaria Cupræ,
> Quique Truentinas servant cum flumine turres
> Cernere erat: clypeata procul sub sole corusco
> Agmina, sanguineâ vibrant in nubila luce.

Stat fucare colus nec Sidone vilior Ancon,
Murice nec Libyco. Statque humectata Vomano
Adria, & inclemens hirsuti signifer Ascli. *Sil. Ital.* VIII. 430. 438.

Numana is now Humana; Cupra, Le Grotte. Truentium, on the banks of the Tronto, otherwise unknown at present. The river still bears its ancient name, Vomano, or Aschi, Ascoli.

The distance from Ancona to Loretto, is about fourteen miles; the road hilly, the country in the highest degree fertile, and the views on every side extremely beautiful. Camurano, the intermediate stage, stands on a high hill, and has a small but handsome church. Loretto also is situate on a very bold and commanding eminence. This town is modern, and owes its existence to the Santissima Casa, and its splendor to the zeal or the policy of Sixtus Quintus. It is large, well built, populous, and, notwithstanding its elevated site, well supplied by an aqueduct with water. It is surrounded with a rampart, and from that rampart, commands a varied and most delightful prospect on all sides. To the north rise Osimo, the Auximum of the ancients, and Camurano, each on a lofty hill; also close to the sea, an abbey, perched on the summit of Monte Gomero. On the south, Monte Santo anciently Sacrata, and Macerata; to the west, Recanati, and Monte Fiore, with the Apennines rising, broken, white and craggy, behind; while to the east, between two hills, the Adriatic spreads its blue expanse, and brightening as it retires from the shore, vanishes gradually in the white fleecy clouds that border the horizon.

Every reader is acquainted with the legendary history of the

Santissima Casa, or most holy house; that it was the very house which the Virgin Mother, with the infant Saviour and St. Joseph, inhabited at Nazareth; that it was transported by angels from Palestine, when that country was totally abandoned to the infidels, and placed, first in Dalmatia, and afterwards on the opposite shore in Italy, close to the sea side, whence, in consequence of a quarrel between two brothers, the proprietors of the ground, it was removed, and finally fixed, on its present site. This wonderful event is said to have taken place in the year 1294, and is attested by the *ocular* evidence of some Dalmatian peasants, the testimony of the two quarrelsome brothers, and, I believe, the declaration of a good old lady of the name of Laureta. Some had seen it in Dalmatia, others beheld it hovering in the air, and many had found it in the morning on a spot, which they knew to have been vacant the evening before. Such is, at least in general, the account given at Loretto, circulated all over Italy, piously admitted by many holy persons, and not a little encouraged by the Popes. I need not say, however, that many men of reflection in Italy, and indeed within the precincts of Loretto itself, consider this wonderful story as an idle tale, or, at best, a pious dream, conceived by a heated imagination, and circulated among an ignorant race of peasants and fishermen. They suppose the holy house to have been a cottage or building long buried in a pathless forest, and unnoticed in a country turned almost into a desert by a succession of civil wars, invasions, and revolutions, during the space of ten or twelve centuries. A dream, an accidental coincidence of circumstances might have led one or more persons to the discovery of this long forgotten edifice, and such an incident working on minds heated by solitude and enthusiasm, might easily have produced the

conviction, and propagated the belief of the wonderful tale. But be the origin of the holy house what it may, the effect of artifice or of credulity, it gradually attracted the attention, first of the country round, then of Italy at large, and at length of the whole christian world. The miracle was everywhere heard with joy and admiration, and everywhere welcomed with implicit unsuspecting faith. Princes and prelates, rich and poor, hastened with pious alacrity to venerate the terrestrial abode of the incarnate Word, and implore the present aid and influence of his Virgin Mother. Gifts and votive offerings accumulated; a magnificent church was erected; gold, silver, and diamonds blazed round every altar, and heaps of treasures loaded the shelves of the sacristy; various edifices rose around the new temple, and Loretto became, as it still remains, a large and populous city. The church was planned by Bramante, and is a very noble structure, in the form of a cross, with a dome over the point of intersection. Under this dome is the Santa Casa, a building about thirty feet long and fourteen high, vaulted, of stone, rough and rather uneven. It is difficult to discover the original color of the stone, as it is blackened by the smoke of the numberless lamps continually burning, but it is said to be of a reddish grey; the interior is divided by a silver rail into two parts, of unequal dimensions. In the largest is an altar; in the less, which is considered as peculiarly holy, is a cedar image of the blessed Virgin, placed over the chimney-piece. The exterior is covered with a marble casing, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters and sculptured pannels, representing various incidents of Gospel History. The font, the Mosaics over several altars, the bronze gates both of the church and of the Santa Casa, and several paintings in the chapels are admired by connoisseurs, and of course

should not pass unnoticed. The square before the church, formed principally of the apostolical palace the residence of the bishop, the canons and the penitentiaries, is in a very grand style of architecture. The treasury was formerly a subject of admiration and astonishment to all travellers, who seemed to attempt but in vain to describe, not the gold and silver only, but the gems and the diamonds that glittered on every vase, and dazzled the eyes with their splendor. Long catalogues were produced of the names of Emperors, Kings, Potentates and Republics, who had contributed to augment this immense accumulation of wealth with additional offerings, and some surprise was expressed; that the Turk or some hardy pirate, tempted by the greatness of the booty, and the facility of the conquest, did not assault the town, and endeavour to enrich himself with the plunder. But such was the supposed sanctity of the place, such the religious awe that surrounded it, that even the Turks themselves beheld it with veneration, and the inhabitants reposed with confidence under the tutelar care of the Virgin Patroness. Once, indeed, the infidels made a bold attempt to assault the sanctuary of Loretto; but, like the Gauls under Brennus, presuming to attack the temple of Delphi, were repulsed by tremendous storms, and struck with supernatural blindness. Loretto, in fact, in later times, as Delphi in days of old, was surrounded with an invisible rampart, which no mortal arm could force, and no malignant dæmon even venture to assail, repressed both by superior power, "Motique verendâ Majestate loci."

But Loretto has now shared the fate of Delphi; its sacred bounds have been violated, its sanctuary forced, and its

stores of treasure seized, and dispersed by the daring hands of its late invaders. No vestige now remains of this celebrated collection of every thing that was valuable; rows of empty shelves, and numberless cases, only enable the treasurer to enlarge on its immensity, and curse the banditti that plundered it. "Galli," said he, "semper rapaces, crudeles, barbarorum omnium Italis infestissimi:" he added, in a style of compliment to the English, "Angli, justi, moderati, continentes." I hope our countrymen will endeavour to verify the compliment, by their conduct towards the degraded Greeks, and oppressed Italians! But though we condemned the sacrilegious rapine of the French, we could not share the deep regret of the good father. Treasures buried in the sacristies of churches, are as useless, as if still slumbering in their native mines; and though they may contribute to the splendor of an altar, or the celebrity of a convent, can be considered only as withheld from the purposes for which Providence designed them, and drawbacks upon that industry which they are made to encourage. The altar ought certainly to be provided with a sufficient quantity of plate for the decency, and even the splendor of divine service: such was the opinion of the christian church even in the second century; but it is the duty of government not to allow it to accumulate, and it is much to be lamented, that the immense wealth deposited in the churches in Italy, had not been employed, as anciently was the custom, in times of public distress, for public relief. "Ad divos adeunto castè: pietatem adhibento: opes amovento."*

* Cic. de Legibus, II. 8.

The church of Loretto is a magnificent establishment. It consists of twenty prebendaries or resident canons: twenty chaplains or minor canons; and twenty penitentiaries, to hear the confessions of the pilgrims, and administer to them advice and spiritual consolation. These penitentiaries are selected from various countries, that every pilgrim may find a director, who can discourse with him in his own language. The number of pilgrims seems at present to be very small; indeed they have long ceased to be of any advantage to the town, as they are generally of the lowest class, beg their bread on the road, and are supported at the expence of the church, while at Loretto. We visited the fathers, and were treated by them with much tenderness and cordiality.

The traveller would do well, while his head quarters are at Loretto, to visit Osimo, Humana, Monte Santo, and as much of the coast and country southward, as possible. These places are all of ancient fame, and the whole region around is both beautiful and classical.

From Loretto the road turns direct to Rome, passes under a noble gateway, descends the hill of Loretto, with an aqueduct running on the left, then rising, traverses Recanati, a neat but deserted episcopal town; and again descending, winds through a delicious plain, watered by the Potenza, adorned with all the beauty of cultivation, and all the exuberance of fertility, producing corn and beans, clover and flax, vines and mulberries, in profusion; and when we passed through it, all lighted up and exhilarated by the beams of a vernal evening sun. A little beyond the post Sambucheto, and on the banks of the river, lie

the ruins of an amphitheatre, or rather of a town, supposed, by some antiquaries, to have been Recina; though others conclude, from the distance of fourteen miles, marked by the itineraries, between Auximum and Recina, that the latter stood on or near the site of the modern Macerata, that is, about two miles and a half farther on. Macerata is an episcopal see, a town of some population, activity, and even magnificence. It is situated on a high hill, and commands an extensive view of the lovely country we had traversed, terminating in the distant Adriatic. The gate is a sort of modern triumphal arch, not remarkable either for materials or proportion. The same beautiful scenery continues to delight the traveller, till he reaches Tollentino.

This town, an episcopal see, and very ancient, contains nothing remarkable. Its principal church is dedicated to St. Nicolas, a native saint, and of course in high veneration. The bust of a celebrated philosopher of the fifteenth century, Philelphus, is placed over the entrance of the Town-hall, a circumstance, which I mention merely as an instance of the respect which the Italians are wont to shew to the memory of their great men of every description. The gate towards Loretto is double, of Gothic architecture, and of singular form. The situation of the town is extremely pleasing, on a gentle eminence on the banks of the Chienti, in a fertile plain, lined on either side with wooded hills. A little beyond Tollentino we began to enter the defiles of the Apennines; the hills closing and swelling into mountains, the river roughening into a torrent, and the rocks breaking here and there into huge precipices. The road runs along the sides of the hills, with the Chienti rolling

below on the left. A little beyond Beleforte, a view opens over the precipice towards a bridge, and presents a landscape of very bold features. Beleforte is an old fortress perched on the side of a rock in a very menacing situation, and well calculated to command the defile. A village on the opposite side of the river adds not a little to its picturesque appearance. The grandeur of the scenery increased as we advanced; beyond the stage Valcimara, the mountains are naked, rocky and wild for some miles, till, on a sudden, they assume a milder aspect, sink in height, clothe their sides with sylvan scenery, and present on their wooded summits, churches, castles, and ruins, the usual ornaments of Italian mountains. The landscape continued to improve in softness and in milder beauty till we arrived at Ponte de la Trave, so called from a bridge over the Chienti. Here, though we had travelled two stages or eighteen miles only, and it was still early, we determined to remain during the night; partly from a just apprehension of danger in passing the steep and lonely fastnesses of Seravalle in the dark, and partly from an unwillingness to traverse the majestic solitudes of the Apennines, when incapable of enjoying the prospect. The inn, it is true, was indifferent, but the surrounding scenery extremely pleasing. The river rolling rapidly along close to the road, a convent seated in the middle of a vineyard, groves waving on the sides of the hills, the fields painted with the lively green of vernal vegetation, fruit-trees in full blossom on all sides, farm-houses interspersed in the groves and meadows, and broken crags surmounted with churches and towers in distant perspective, formed on the whole a scene, rich, varied, tranquil, and exhilarating. One would imagine that Addison, who travelled this road, had

this delicious valley in view, when, in imitation of Virgil, he exclaims,

> Bear me, some God, to Baiæ's gentle seats,
> Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
> Where western gales eternally reside,
> And all the seasons, lavish all their pride:
> Blossoms and fruits and flowers together rise,
> And the whole year in gay confusion lies.—*Letter from Italy.*

CHAP. VIII.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES—FOLIGNO—IMPROVISATORE—THE CLITUMNUS, ITS TEMPLE AND VALE—SPOLETO—MONTE SOMMA—TERNI—FALLS OF THE VELINO—ADDISON'S OPINION REFUTED—THE NAR—NARNI—THE TIBER—OTRICOLI—CIVITA CASTELLANA—MONTES CIMINI—NEPI CAMPAGNA—BACCANO—FIRST VIEW OF ROME.

FROM Ponte de Trave, the road runs for some time over a country, enclosed, cultivated, and wooded, with much variety; however, the scenery gradually roughens as you advance towards the summit; the mountains swell and close upon you, assume a savage aspect, and though on the banks of the river, which still attends you and winds through the defile, yet the scenery is rocky, naked, and barren. Sera Valle is in a deep dell, where the river rolls tumbling along, shaded by oaks, poplars, and vines. A rocky mountain rises immediately to the west of the town. From its foot, close to the road, through various crevices, gushes a vast source of the purest water, which may justly be considered as one of the heads of the Potentia. On the steep side of the hill stands an old ruined Gothic castle, whose fortifications, in different compartments,

run down to the road side. In the nearest, is a hole in a vault, formed over a large and deep spring. This rocky mountain appears to be a vast reservoir of waters, as a little higher up, towards the summit, about one hundred yards from the first source of the river Potentia, another bursts out at the bottom of a cavern, finely shaded with bushes, shrubs, and fruit trees. A little farther on, you enter a plain, spreading in the midst of the Apennines, whose summits rise in various shapes around, and form a majestic amphitheatre. It is not, however, to be understood, that the summits to which I allude, are the highest points of the whole ridge; this is not true, as the pinnacles of the Apennines are covered with snow, almost all the year, while the mountains, which we passed over, only exhibited a few detached sheets of snow, and were, in general, green. I mean, therefore, that above Seravalle, you reach the highest point of the mountains that intersect the Via Flaminia, and the road from Ancona to Rome. On the sides of the mountains you see villages and cottages, the greatest part of which look bleak and miserable, and in the midst of the plain, graze numerous flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle. There is, however, an appearance of loneliness about the place, that excites in the traveller's mind, ideas of danger, which are considerably increased by accounts of murders and robberies said to have been committed in this remote region. While we were gliding over this elevated plain, with silence and dreariness around us, I began to reflect on the descriptions which the ancient poets have left us of the Apennines, a ridge of mountains which the Romans beheld with fondness and veneration, as contributing so much both to the beauty and security of their country. In reality, they had reason to thank Providence for having placed such a tremendous barrier between them and

their victorious enemy, after the disastrous engagement on the banks of the Trebia. The attempt of Hannibal to pass the Apennines, is eloquently described by Livy:* upon that occasion one would suppose that the Genius of Rome, enveloped in tempests, and armed with thunder, had stood on the summit to arrest the invader:—"Tum verò ingenti sono cœlum strepere et inter horrendos fragores micare ignes." After repeated, but useless exertions, Hannibal returned to the plain, and Rome had time to arm her youth, and call forth all her energies, to meet the approaching tempest.

Lucan, in his description of these mountains, indulges, as usual, his vein of hyperbolical exaggeration; but as he is accurate in his representation of the bearing of this immense ridge, and the rivers that roll from its sides, it may not be amiss to insert his lines.

> Mons inter geminas medius se porrigit undas
> Inferni, superique maris: collesque coercent.
> Hinc Tyrrhena vado frangentes æquora Pisæ,
> Illinc Dalmaticis obnoxia fluctibus Ancon.
> Fontibus hic vastis immensos concipit amnes,
> Fluminaque in gemini spargit divortia ponti, &c.
>
> *Lucan* II. 400.

This poet delighted in details, and loved to display his knowledge, whether connected with his subject or not. Others have been more correct, and have selected such particular features only as suited the circumstance. Thus Petronius Arbiter alludes

* See Livy, XXII. 58.

merely to height, as an extensive view only was requisite for the Fury, whom he represents as perched upon its summit.

> Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, & Tartara liquit,
> Alta petit gradiens iuga nobilis Apennini,
> Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora posset
> Adspicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe cateruas.

Silius Italicus enlarges upon the deep expanse of driven snow, and the vast sheets of solid ice, which, when Hannibal attempted the passage, buried the forests, and wrapped up the pinnacles of the Apennines in impenetrable winter.

> Horrebat glacie saxa inter lubrica, summo
> Piniferum cœlo miscens caput, Apenninus.
> Condiderat nix alta trabes et vertice celso
> Canus apex structâ surgebat ad astra pruinâ.
>
> *Sil. Ital.* IX. 741.

In fine, Virgil, whose masterly hand generally gives a perfect picture in a single line, to close one of his noblest comparisons with the grandest image, presents the Apennine in all its glory, with its evergreen forests waving on its sides, and a veil of snow thrown over its majestic summit.

> Quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx, aut ipse, coruscis
> Cum fremit ilicibus, quantus, gaudetque nivali
> Vertice se attollens pater Apenninus ad auras. *Vir.* XII. 701.

Quitting this plain you wind along the mountain with a lake on your right, and passing an eminence, begin to descend the declivity of Colfiorito, represented as more dangerous than it really is, because, though the precipice be steep and abrupt, yet the road is good, and winding along the side of the hill descends on an easy slope. Through the deep dell that borders

the road, a streamlet murmurs along, and gradually increasing becomes a river, which, in the plain below, falls into the Clitumnus. The little post of Casenouve forms the first stage of the descent, which continues with little or no intermission to the neighbourhood of Foligno. About three miles from this town the mountains open and give the traveller a delightful view through the deep wooded defile into the adjoining vale, a view which, when we passed, was considerably improved by the splendid coloring of the evening sun. At the village, situate in the dell below amid woods and rocks, the river pent up between the closing crag, works its way through several little chasms, and tumbles in seven or eight cascades down the steep through tufts of box and ilex, amidst houses and fragments of rocks intermingled, into the plain below, where turning two or three mills as it passes, it hurries along to join the neighbouring Clitumnus. I should advise the traveller to alight, order his carriage to wait for him at the foot of the hill, and going down to the village, visit a very curious grotto, formed by the waters while confined within the caverns of the mountain. It is entirely under ground, may be about five-and-twenty feet high, is hollowed into several little niches supported by stalactite pillars, and ornamented on all sides with natural fretwork. He may then pass through the rows of olive trees that cover the opposite rocks, observe the singular situation of the village between two mountains, one of naked rock, the other covered with brush-wood; examine, as he descends, the picturesque effect of the several hills, bursting through masses of wall and verdure, and then he may follow the road that runs along the foot of the hill, and mount his carriage within a mile of Foligno.

While at supper we were amused by the appearance of an

Improvisatore, who, after having sung an ode of his own composition in honor of England, poured forth his unpremeditated verse with great harmony of tones, strength of voice, and rapidity of utterance. He asked for a subject, and we gave the prosperity of Italy, which he enlarged upon with some enthusiasm, asking emphatically at the conclusion of each stanza, how Italy, open as it was to two barbarous nations, such as the French and Germans, could ever expect prosperity? His extemporary effusions generally ended in the praises of England; and, after some bumpers and a suitable present, he retired with much apparent satisfaction. These characters, in their wandering habits, precarious mode of living, and interested exertions, so much like the bards of ancient days, have, it is said, decreased in number since the French invasion, owing partly to the depression of the national spirit, and partly to the poverty of their former patrons, and the absence of wealthy foreigners. The exhibition was perfectly new to us, and while we enjoyed it, we could not but agree that such an ease and versatility of talent, might, if properly managed, be directed to very great and very useful purposes.

Foligno, the ancient Fulginia, though a large, is yet a very indifferent town. Its cathedral, unfinished without, is neat within, of handsome Ionic, if I recollect well, and contains two pretty side altars. In reality, there are few Italian churches which do not present something interesting to an attentive traveller, so generally is taste diffused over this classic country. But the situation of Foligno compensates all its internal defects. At the foot of the Apennines, in a delightful plain, that winds between the mountains, extending ten miles in breadth and about forty in length, adorned with rows of vines, corn fields,

and villages, it enjoys the breezes and mild scenery of the mountains with the luxuriance and warmth of the valley. This, its site, is alluded to by Silius.

——patuloque jacens sine mœnibus arvo
Fulginia. *Sil.* VIII.

Besides, about three miles distant, rises Bevagna, the ancient Mevania; and through the same valley the Clitumnus rolls his "sacred streams," and glories in the beauty and fertility of his banks. At Foligno, the traveller from Loretto again re-enters the Via Flaminia.

The first stage from Foligno terminates at a place called Le Vene. Almost close to the post-house, on the northern side, rises, on a steep bank, an ancient temple; and a little to the south of it, from various narrow vents or veins, gushes out a most plentiful stream of clear, limpid water, forming one of the sources of the Clitumnus. From these sources the place takes its name, and the temple on the bank was once sacred to the river-god, under the appellation of Jupiter Clitumnus. The younger Pliny has given a lively and accurate description of this fountain, which the classical reader will prefer, no doubt, to the best modern picture.

C. Plinius Romano Suo. S.

"Vidistine aliquando, Clitumnum fontem? Si nondum (et puto nondum, alioqui narrasses mihi) vide: quem ego, pœnitet tarditatis, proxime vidi. Modicus collis assurgit, antiqua cupressu nemorosus et opacus: hunc subter fons exit, et exprimitur pluribus venis, sed imparibus, eluctatusque facit gurgitem, qui lato gremio patescit purus et vitreus, ut numerare jactas stipes et relucentes calculos possis. Inde, non loci devexitate, sed ipsâ sui copiâ et quasi pondere impellitur. Fons adhuc, et jam amplissimum flumen atque etiam navium patiens, quas

obvias quoque et contrario nisu in diversa tendentes, transmittit et perfert: adeo validus ut illa qua properat, ipse tanquam per solum planum remis non adjuvetur: idem ægerrime remis contisque superetur adversus. Jucundum utrumque per jocum ludumque fluitantibus, ut flexerint cursum, laborem ocio, ocium labore variare. Ripæ fraxino multa, multa populo vestiuntur: quas perspicuus amnis, velut mersas viridi imagine annumerat. Rigor aquæ certaverit nivibus, nec color cedit. Adjacet templum priscum et religiosum. Stat Clitumnus ipse amictus, ornatusque prætextâ. Præsens numen atque etiam fatidicum, indicant sortes. Sparsa sunt circa sacella complura, totidemque Dei simulacra: sua cuique veneratio, suum numen: quibusdam vero etiam fontes. Nam præter illum, quasi parentem cæterorum, sunt minores capite discreti; sed flumini miscentur, quod ponte transmittitur. Is terminus sacri profanique. In superiore parte navigare tantum, infra etiam natare concessum. Balineum Hispellates, quibus illum locum Divus Augustus dono dedit, publice præbent et hospitium. Nec desunt villæ, quæ secutæ fluminis amænitatem, margini insistunt. In summâ, nihil erit, ex quo non capias voluptatem. Nam studebis quoque, et leges multa multorum omnibus columnis, omnibus parietibus inscripta, quibus fons ille Deusque celebratur. Plura laudabis, nonnulla ridebis, quanquam tu vero, quæ tua humanitas, nulla ridebis. Vale." *C. Plin. Lib.* VIII. *Epist.* 8.

Some changes have, however, taken place, not indeed in the great features of nature, but in those ornamental parts which are under the influence of cultivation. The ancient cypresses that shaded the hill, the ash and the poplar that hung over the river, have fallen long since, and have been replaced by mulberries, vines, and olives, less beautiful but more productive. The sacred grove has not been spared, the little chapels have disappeared, and the statue of the god has yielded its place to the triumphant cross. This circumstance is rather fortunate, as to it the temple owes its preservation. This temple consists of the cella and a Corinthian portico, supported by four pillars and two pilasters; the pilasters are fluted; two of the pillars are indented with two spiral lines winding round, and two ornamented with a light sculpture, representing the scales of fish. The inscription on the frieze is singular, " Deus angelorum, qui fecit resurrec-

tionem." Underneath is a vault or crypta: the entrance is on the side as the portico hangs over the river; the walls are solid, the proportions beautiful, and the whole worthy the Romans, to whom it is ascribed. I am, however, inclined to think, that the portico has been altered or repaired since the construction of the temple, as it is more ornamented than the general form of the edifice would induce us to expect. Besides, the capitals of the pilasters differ from those of the pillars, a circumstance very unusual in Roman architecture. It is not improbable, that this temple suffered considerably before it was converted into a christian church, and that when repaired for that purpose, the ancient pillars, perhaps thrown into the river, might have been replaced by columns from the ruins of the various other fanes, which, as Pliny informs us, were interspersed up and down the sacred grove, around the residence of the principal divinity. The Clitumnus still retains its ancient name, and recalls to the traveller's recollection many a pleasing passage in the poets, connecting the beauty of the scenery about him with the pomps of a triumph, and transporting him from the tranquil banks of the rural stream to the crowds of the forum, and the majestic temples of the Capitol.

> Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
> Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
> Romanos ad templa Deûm duxere triumphos. *Vir. Geo.* II. 146.

Propertius confines his softer muse to the beauty of the scenery, and seems to repose with complacency on the shaded bank,

> Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
> Integit et niveos abluit unda boves. *Lib.* II. 17.

Though white herds are still seen wandering over the rich plain, watered by this river, yet a very small portion of it is employed in pasturage. Its exuberant fertility is better calculated for tillage, and every year sees it successively covered with wheat, grapes, mulberries, and olives. From Le Vene to Spoleto, is about nine miles.

The ancient town of Spoletum is situated on the side and summit of a hill. It is well-known that Hannibal attacked this town, immediately after the defeat of the Romans at Thrasimenus, and the inhabitants still glory in having repulsed the Carthaginian general, flushed as he was with conquest, and certain of success. An ancient gate commemorates this event, so honorable to the people of Spoleto, in an inscription on the great arch.

I have observed, as I have already hinted, with great satisfaction, not only in Spoleto, but in many Italian towns, particularly such as were founded by Roman colonies, a vivid recollection of the glory of their ancestors. Notwithstanding the lapse of so many ages, notwithstanding so many cruel and destructive invasions; though insulted and plundered, and almost enslaved, the Italians remember with generous pride, that the Romans were their ancestors, and cherish the records of their glorious achievements as an inheritance of honor, a birth-right to fame. Unhappy race! it is the only possession which their invaders cannot wrest from them—"Maneant meliora nepotes!" Two other gates seem, by their form and materials, to have some claim to antiquity. Some vast masses of stone, forming the piers of a bridge, the ruins of a theatre, and of a temple said to be dedicated to Concord, (though the latter

scarce exhibit enough to constitute even a ruin,) as being Roman, deserve a passing look. The cathedral, in a commanding situation, presents a front of five Gothic arches, supported by Grecian pillars, and within, consists of a Latin cross, with a double range of pillars, of neat and pleasing architecture. The order is Corinthian. The two side altars are uncommonly beautiful. Two vast candelabra, near the high altar, deserve attention. The view from the terrace of the cathedral is very extensive and beautiful. Near it, a very fine fountain of an elegant form, pours out, though near the summit of a high hill, a torrent of the purest water. The Roman pontiffs, it must be acknowledged, have, in this respect, retained the sound maxim of antiquity, and endeavoured to unite the useful and the agreeable. Never have I seen waters employed to more advantage, or poured forth in greater abundance than in the Roman territories. It is sometimes drawn from distant sources, sometimes collected from various springs, gathered into one channel, and always devoted to public purposes.

The castle is a monument of barbarous antiquity, built by Theodoric, destroyed during the Gothic war, and repaired by Narses, the rival and successor of Belisarius. It is a vast stone building, surrounded by a stone rampart, standing on a high hill that overlooks the town, but as it is commanded by another hill still higher, it loses at present much of its utility in case of an attack. Behind the castle, a celebrated aqueduct, supported by arches of an astonishing elevation, runs across a deep dell, and by a bridge, unites the town with the noble hill that rises behind it, called Monte Luco. This latter is covered with evergreen oaks, and adorned by the white cells of a tribe of

hermits, established on its shaded sides. These hermits are of a very different description from most others who bear the name. They are not bound by vows, nor teased with little petty observances; and notwithstanding this kind of independence, they are said to lead very pure and exemplary lives. The aqueduct is Roman, but said to have been repaired by the Goths. The town of Spoleto is, in general, well-built, and though occasionally damaged by earthquakes, as we were informed by various inscriptions on the public buildings, yet it possesses many noble edifices, and beautiful palaces.

The road from Spoleto is bordered by a stream on the left, and wooded hills on the right. About two miles from the town we began to ascend the Somma. The road is excellent, and winds up the steep, without presenting any thing particularly interesting, till you reach the summit, whence you enjoy a delightful and extensive view over Spoleto, and its plain, or the vale of Clitumnus on one side, and on the other towards Terni, and the plains of the Nar. Monte Somma is supposed to have taken its name from a temple of Jupiter Summanus placed on its summit, is near five thousand feet high, fertile, shaded with the olive, ilex, and forest trees; well cultivated, and enlivened with several little towns. The descent is long and rapid, and extends to the stage next to Terni. This ancient town, the Interamna of the Romans, retains no traces of its former splendor, if it ever was splendid, though it may boast of some tolerable palaces, and what is superior to all palaces, a charming situation. The ruins of the amphitheatre in the episcopal garden, consist of one deep dark vault, and scarce merit a visit. Over the gate is an inscription, informing the traveller that this colony gave

birth to Tacitus the historian, Tacitus and Florian, the emperors; few country towns can boast of three such natives. The principal glory of Terni, and indeed one of the noblest objects of the kind in the universe, is the celebrated cascade in its neighbourhood, called the "Caduta delle Marmore."

To enjoy all the beauties of this magnificent fall, it will be proper first to take a view of it from the side of the hill, beyond the Nar. The way to it runs through the valley along the Nar, sometimes overshaded by the superincumbent mountain, with its groves of pine, ilex, and beech, rustling above, and at every turn exhibiting new scenery of rocks, woods, and waters. At length you climb the steep shaggy sides of the hill, and from a natural platform, behold the cascade opposite. This point enables you to see, with much advantage, the second fall, when the river, bursting from the bason into which it was first precipitated, tumbles over a ridge of broken rocks, in various sheets, half veiled in spray and foam. Hence are taken most of the views hitherto published, and when we visited it, we found two Roman artists employed on the spot. If the contemplation of this scene, for ever shifting to the eye, should be found tiresome, the remainder of the day may be spent very agreeably in traversing the surrounding woods, and exploring the vale of the Nar and its enclosing mountains. The second day must be devoted to the examination of the cascade from above, and the excursion commenced from the earliest dawn. Mules, or one horse chairs, are commonly hired, though, if the weather be cool, and the traveller a good walker, it may easily be performed on foot.

The upper road to the Caduta crosses a plain, varied with

olives, vines, and corn-fields, and climbs the mountain through a defile, whose sides are clad with vines below, and with box and ilex above. Through the dell, the Nar, "sulfurea albus aquâ," of a wheyish colour, tumbles foaming along his rocky channel. In the centre of the defile rises an insulated eminence, topped with the ruins of the village of Papignia, destroyed by the French.

Ascending still higher, you come to an angle, where the road is worked through the rock, and forming a very elevated terrace, gives you a view of Terni and its plain; the dell below, with the Nar; the mountains around, with their woods; and the Velino itself, at a considerable distance, just bursting from the shade, and throwing itself down the steep. The road still continues along the precipice, then crosses a small plain bounded by high mountains, when, you quit it and follow a pathway that brings you to a shed, placed on the point of a hill just opposite to the cascade, and so near to it, that you are occasionally covered with its spray. Here we sat down, and observed the magnificent phenomenon at leisure. At a little distance beyond the cascade, rise two hills of a fine swelling form, covered with groves of ilex. The Velino passes near one of these hills, and suddenly tumbling over a ridge of broken rock, rushes headlong down in one vast sheet, and in three streamlets. The precipice is of brown rock, whose sides are smooth and naked, forming a semicircle, crowned with wood on the right, and on the left rising steep, and feathered with evergreens. On the one side, it ascends in broken ridges, and on the other sinks gradually away, and subsides in a narrow valley, through which the Nar glides gently along, while the Velino, after its fall, rolls through the dell in

boisterous agitation. Its artificial bed is strait, but before it reaches it, it wanders through a fertile plain, spread between the mountains, extending to the lake Pie de Lugo. This beautiful expanse of water, about a mile in breadth, fills the defile, and meanders between the mountains for some miles. The way to it from the fall, is by a path winding along the foot of the mountain, and leading to a cottage, where you may take a boat, and cross to a bold promontory opposite. There, seated in the shade, you may enjoy the view of the waters, the bordering mountains, the towns perched on their sides, the village Pie de Lugo, and rising behind it, the old castle of Labro, whose dismantled towers crown a regular hill, while its shattered walls run in long lines down the declivity. We were here entertained with an echo, the most articulate, the most retentive, and the most musical I ever heard, repeating even a whole verse of a song, in a softer and more plaintive tone indeed, but with surprising precision and distinctness. We sat for some time on the point of the promontory, partly to enjoy the view, and partly to listen to the strains of this invisible songstress, and then crossed the lake to the village, now called Pie di Luco, or "ad Pedes Luci." This name is probably derived from a grove which formerly covered the hill, and was sacred to Velinia, the goddess who presided over the "Lacus Velinus." Around and above the lake are the "Rosca rura Velini," so celebrated for their dews and fertility, and always so interesting for their variety and beauty. We would willingly have followed the banks of the Velino, up to its source, and visited Reate, now Rieti, with its vale of Tempe, alluded to by Cicero; but the day was on the decline, and it would have been imprudent to have allowed ourselves to be benighted, either amid the solitudes of the moun-

tain, or on its declivity. We therefore returned, again visited the cascade, ranged through a variety of natural grottos and caverns, formed in its neighbourhood by the water, before the present spacious bed was opened to receive it; and descending the hill, hastened to Terni.*

After having minutely examined the scenery of this superb waterfall, I cannot but wonder that Addison should have selected it as a proper gulph to receive the Fury Alecto, and transmit her to the infernal regions. The wood-crowned bason of rock that receives the Velinus; the silver sheet of water descending from above; the white spray that rises below, and conceals the secrets of the abyss; the Iris that plays over the watery cavern, and covers it with a party-colored blaze, are all features of uncommon beauty, and better adapted to the watery palaces of the Naiads of the neighbouring rivers,

Centum quæ sylvas, centum quæ flumina servant. *Vir. Geo.* IV. 383.

Addison's conjecture is founded upon one particular expression, "Est locus Italiæ medio," and two verses in Virgil's description:

Urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
Dat sonitum saxis et torto vertice torrens. *Æn. Lib.* VII. 566.

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* The first artificial vent of the Velinus on record was made by the consul Curius Dentatus, but it did not fully answer the purpose. The Velinus still continued to inundate the vale of Reate, and occasioned, in Cicero's time, several legal contests between the inhabitants of that city and those of Interamna, who opposed its full discharge into the Nar. The present bed was opened, or at least enlarged, by the late Pope Pius the Sixth, and gives the river a free passage down the steep.

But the first expression may merely imply that Amsanctus was at a distance from the coasts, and extremities of Italy; and the description contained in the verses may be applied to any wood, and to the roar and agitation of any torrent; while, if intended to represent the thunder of the falling Velinus, they convey, what Virgil's descriptions are seldom supposed to do, a very faint idea of their object.

Besides, in opposition to these critical conjectures, we have the positive authority of the ancients, and particularly of Cicero and Livy, who inform us, in plain terms, that the vale or lake of Amsanctus was in the territories of the Hirpini, which lay on and along the Apennines, to the south of Beneventum, and about twenty-five or thirty miles east of Naples.* In that territory, not far from Friento, a lake even now bears the name of Ansanto, and emits a vapor, or rather throws up in the middle a torrent of sulphur, "torto vertice," and if we may credit travellers, agrees in every respect with Virgil's description.† However, I cannot close these remarks better, than by inserting the verses of Virgil, which actually allude to the river in question, and to the neighbouring Nar, as they give the characteristic features in the usual grand manner of the poet. The Fury, says Virgil,

> Tartaream intendit vocem: qua protinus omne
> Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ.
> Audiit et Triviæ longe lacus, audiit amnis
> Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini. *Æn.* VII. 514.

The Nar, now called the Nera, is the southern boundary of

* Cic. De Div. I. † See Swinburne.

Umbria, and traverses, in its way to Narni, about nine miles distant, a vale of most delightful appearance. The Apennine, but in its mildest form, "coruscis ilicibus fremens," bounds this plain; the milky Nar intersects it, and fertility, equal to that of the neighbouring vale of Clitumnus, compressed into a smaller space, and of course placed more immediately within the reach of observation, adorns it on all sides with vegetation and beauty; so that it resembles a noble and extensive park, the appendage of some princely palace, laid out and cultivated to please the eye, and amuse the fancy. The ancient Roman colony of Narni stands on the summit of a very high and steep hill, whose sides are clothed with olives, and whose base is washed by the Nar. At the foot of the hill we alighted, in order to visit the celebrated bridge of Augustus. This noble row of arches, thrown over the stream and the defile in which it rolls, to open a communication between the two mountains, and facilitate the approach to the town, was formed of vast blocks of white stone, fitted together without cement. Of this pile, all the piers, and one arch, still remain; the other arches are fallen, and their fall seems to have been occasioned by the sinking of the middle pier: otherwise a fabric of so much solidity and strength, must have been capable of resisting the influence of time and weather. The views towards the bridge, on the high road, and the plain on one side; and on the other, through the remaining arch, along the river, are unusually picturesque and pleasing. We proceeded through this dell along the Nar, tumbling and murmuring over its rocky channel, and then, with some difficulty, worked our way through the olives and evergreens that line the steep, up to the town. We were particularly struck with its romantic appearance. Its walls and towers spread along the uneven summit, sometimes

concealed in groves of cypress, ilex, and laurel, and sometimes emerging from the shade, and rising above their waving tops; delightful views of the vales, towns, rivers, and mountains, opening here and there unexpectedly on the eye; a certain loneliness and silence, even in the streets; the consequence and sad memorial of ages of revolution, disaster, and suffering, are all features pleasing and impressive. Few towns have suffered more than Narni, but its greatest wounds were inflicted by the hands, not of Goths or Vandals, of barbarians and foreigners, but of Italians, or at least of an army in the pay of an Italian government, of Venice itself, which at that time gloried in the title of the second Rome, the bulwark and pillar of Italian liberty and security. It is probable that this army was composed of mercenaries, banditti, and foreigners, and, like that of Charles V. which they were hastening to join, fit solely for the purposes of plunder, sacrilege, and devastation. But, of whatever description of men these troops were composed, they acted under the authority of the Venetians, when they destroyed Narni, and butchered its defenceless inhabitants. The site of this town, its extensive views, its dell, and the river, are happily described in the following lines of Claudian:

> Celsa dehinc patulum prospectans Narnia campum
> Regali calcatur equo, rarique coloris
> Non procul amnis adest urbi, qui nominis auctor,
> Ilice sub densa sylvis arctatus opacis
> Inter utrumque jugum, tortis anfractibus albet.
>
> *De Sext. Cons. Hon.*

From Narni the road runs through the defile, along the middle of the declivity, till, suddenly, the opposite mountain

seems to burst asunder, and opens through its shaggy sides an extensive view over the plain of the Tiber, terminating in the mountains of Viterbo. Here we left the defile and the Nar, but continued to enjoy mountain and forest scenery for some miles, till descending the last declivity, a few miles from Otricoli, for the first time, in the midst of a spacious and verdant plain, we beheld, clear and distinct, glittering in the beams of the sun, and winding along in silent dignity—the Tiber.*

Otricoli, the post town, stands on the side of a hill, about two miles from the ancient Ocriculi, whence it takes its name. The remains of the latter lie spread in the plain below, along the banks of the Tiber, and present a considerable heap of fragments, in which the vestiges of a theatre perhaps, and a few porticos may be perceived, while the principal features of the town are lost, and buried in a mass of undistinguishable ruin. We had now not only traversed the Apennines, but extricated ourselves from the various labyrinths and defiles that wind along the immense base of these mountains.

The windings of the Tiber below Otricoli, have been alluded

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* Θύμβρις ἑλισσόμενος καθαρὸν ῥόον εἰς ἅλα βάλλει
Θύμβρις εὐρρείτης ποταμῶν βασιλεύτατος ἄλλων,
Θύμβρις ὃς ἱμερτὴν ἀποτέμνεται ἄνδιχα Ῥώμην
Ῥώμην τιμήεσσαν, ἐμῶν μέγαν οἶκον ἀνάκτων
Μητέρα πασάων πολίων, ἀφνειὸν ἔδεθλον.

Dionys. Perieget. 352.

to by Ariosto, who seems to have beheld one particular spot, a sort of peninsula, formed by the meanderings of the stream, with partiality; but either his muse has shed supernumerary beauties around it, or the shades that adorned the banks in his time, have disappeared, as it now presents a green but naked surface, almost encircled by the waves.

Ecco vede un pratel d' ombre coperto
Che si d' un alto fiume si ghirlanda
Che lascia a pena un breve spazio aperto,
Dove l'acqua si torce ad altra banda,
Un simil luogo con girevol onda
Sott' Otricoli 'l Tevere circonda. *Canto* XIV. 38.

We crossed the Tiber by the Ponte Felice, changed horses at Borghetto, and arrived, when dark, at Civita Castellana.

From Civita Castellana we passed over a tract of forest country, enjoying beautiful views of the Montes Cimini, with their towns, villas, and villages to the right, and an occasional glimpse of Soracte to the left, and having passed the river Falisco, which anciently gave its name to the people and territory of the Falisci, came to Nepi, a small, but very ancient episcopal town, whose cathedral, built on the site of a temple, was consecrated, if we may believe an inscription over one of the doors, by the blood of the townsmen, in the early period of the year 150. Another inscription may record, with more certainty, though perhaps posterity may be as little inclined to credit it, that the same pile was deluged with the blood of its clergy, and almost entirely destroyed by the French army in the year 1798. Thence we proceeded to Monte Rosi.

The inhabitants of all this territory, who derived their names

from its towns, some of which still remain, are enumerated in the following lines of Silius:

> His mixti Nepesina cohors, æquique Falisci,
> Quique tuos, Flavina, focos; Sabatia quique
> Stagna tenent, Ciminique lacum; qui Sutria tecta
> Haud procul, & sacrum Phœbo Soracte frequentant. *Lib.* VIII.

Many authors suppose that the road hence, or rather from Ponte Felice, was lined by a succession of magnificent edifices obelisks and palaces, adorned with statues, and conducted under triumphal arches, to the gates of the imperial city. Claudian indeed, seems to encourage this supposition, in the well-known lines,

> Inde salutato libatis Tibride nymphis,
> Excipiunt arcus, operosaque semita, vastis
> Molibus, et quicquid tantæ præmittitur Urbi.—*De Sext. Cons. Hon.*

If this description be accurate, it is singular that no trace should now remain of all these splendid monuments. No mounds nor remnants of walls, no mouldering heaps of ruins, scarce even a solitary tomb, has survived the general wreck. On the contrary, beyond Nepi, or rather beyond Monte Rosi the next stage, the Campagnà di Roma begins to expand its dreary solitudes; and naked hills, and swampy plains rise, and sink by turns, without presenting a single object worth attention. It must not, however, be supposed, that no vegetation decorates these dreary wilds. On the contrary, verdure, but seldom interrupted, occasional corn fields, and numerous herds and flocks, communicate some degree of animation to these regions, otherwise so desolate: but descending from mountains, the natural seat of barrenness, where still we witnessed rural beauty and high cultivation, to a plain in the neighbourhood of a populous

city, where we might naturally expect the perfection of gardening and all the bustle of life, we were struck with the wide waste that spreads around, and wondered what might be the cause that deprived so extensive a tract of its inhabitants. But neatness and population announce the neighbourhood of every common town; they are the usual accompaniments of capitals, and excite no interest. The solitude that encircles the fallen Metropolis of the world, is singular and grand; it becomes its majesty; it awakens a sentiment of awe and melancholy, and may perhaps after all, be more consonant both to the character of the city, and to the feelings of the traveller, than more lively and exhilarating scenery.

Baccano, a solitary post-house, bearing the name of an ancient town, stands in a little valley, surrounded on all sides with hills, forming a verdant amphitheatre that wants nothing but trees to be extremely beautiful. About four miles on the right is the lake Sabatinus, now Bracciano.

On the heights above Baccano the postillions stopped, and pointing to a pinnacle that appeared between two hills, exclaimed,—"Roma!"—That pinnacle was the cross of St. Peter's. —The "ETERNAL CITY" now rose before us!

CHAP. IX.

REFLECTIONS—ROME—ST. PETER'S—THE CAPITOL.

AS the traveller advances over the dreary wilds of the Campagna, where not one object occurs to awaken his attention, he has time to recover from the surprise and agitation, which the first view of Rome seldom fails to excite, in liberal and ingenuous minds. He may naturally be supposed to enquire into the cause of these emotions, and at first he may be inclined to attribute them solely to the influence of early habits, and ascribe the feelings of the man, to the warm imagination of the school-boy. Without doubt, the name of Rome echoes in our ears from our infancy; our lisping tongues are tuned to her language; and our first and most delightful years are passed among her orators, poets, and historians. We are taught betimes to take a deep interest in her fortunes, and to adopt her cause, as that of our own country, with spirit and passion. Such impressions, made at such an age, are indelible, and it must be admitted, are likely to influence our

feelings and opinions during life.* But the prejudices, instilled into the mind of the boy, and strengthened by the studies of youth, are neither the sole nor even the principal causes of our veneration for Rome. The Mistress of the World claims our respect and affection, on grounds which the Christian and the philosopher must admit with grateful acknowledgment. Besides her ancient origin and venerable fame, besides her mighty achievements and vast empire, her heroes and her saints, besides the majesty of her language, and the charms of her literature, " Habe ante oculos hanc esse terram quæ nobis miserit jura, quæ leges dederit."†

Rome has been in the hands of Providence, the instrument of communicating to Europe, and to a considerable portion of the globe, the three greatest blessings of which human nature is susceptible—Civilization, Science, and Religion. The system of Roman government seems to have been peculiarly adapted to the attainment of this great end, and the extension of its empire ordained by Heaven for its full accomplishment. The despotism of the Eastern monarchies kept all prostrate on the ground in abject slavery; the

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* We may apply to every youth, of liberal education, the beautiful lines addressed by Claudian to Honorius:

> Hinc tibi concretâ radice tenacius hæsit,
> Et penitus totis inolevit Roma medullis,
> Dilectæque urbis tenero conceptus ab ungue
> Tecum crevit amor. *Cons.* VI.

† Plin. Lib. VIII. 24.

narrow policy of the Greek republics confined the blessings of liberty within their own precincts: Rome, with more enlarged and more generous sentiments, considering the conquered countries as so many nurseries of citizens, gradually extended her rights and privileges to their capitals, enrolled their natives in her legions, and admitted their nobles into her senate. Thus her subjects, as they improved in civilization, advanced also in honors, and approached every day nearer to the manners and the virtues of their masters, till every province became another Italy, every city another Rome. With her laws and franchises, she communicated to them her arts and sciences: wherever the Roman eagles penetrated, schools were opened, and public teachers pensioned. Aqueducts, bridges, temples, and theatres were raised in almost every town; and all the powers of architecture, sculpture, and painting, were employed to decorate the capitals of the most distant provinces. Roads, the remains of which surprize us even at this day, were carried from the Roman Forum, the centre of this vast empire, to its utmost extremities, and all the tribes and nations that composed it were linked together, not only by the same laws, and the same government, but by all the facilities of commodious intercourse, and frequent communication.* Compare the state of Gaul, Spain, and Britain, when covered with numberless cities, and flourishing in all the arts of peace, under the protection of Rome, with their forests, their swamps, and the sordid huts of half-naked savages, scattered thinly over their

* "Liceat dicere," says Lipsius, with great truth, "divino munere Romanos datos ad quidquid rude expoliendum, ad quidquid infectum faciendum, et loca hominesque elegantiâ et artibus passim exornandos."

wastes previous to their subjugation, and you will be enabled to appreciate the blessings which they owed to Rome.

Hæc est, in gremium victos quæ sola recepit,
Humanumque genus communi nomine fovit,
Matris non dominæ ritu; civesque vocavit
Quos domuit, nexuque pio longinqua revinxit.
Armorum legumque parens; quæ fundit in omnes
Imperium, primique dedit incunabula juris....
Hujus pacificis debemus moribus omnes
Quod veluti patriis regionibus utitur hospes...
Quod cuncti gens una sumus. *Claudian.*

Rome, in thus civilizing and polishing mankind, had prepared them for the reception of that divine religion, which alone can give to human nature its full and adequate perfection; and she completed her godlike work, when the world, influenced by her instructions and example, became Christian. Thus she became the metropolis of the world, by a new and more venerable title, and assumed, in a more august and sacred sense, the appellation of the "Holy City," the "Light of Nations," the "Parent of Mankind."* Afterwards, when in the course of the

* A classical bishop of the fifth century, who endeavoured to communicate the charms of poetry to the metaphysical discussions of a refined theology, saw this new empire, then gradually rising on the increasing ruins of the old, and expressed its extent and greatness in language not inelegant.

Sedes Roma Petri, quæ Pastoralis honoris
Facta caput Mundo, quicquid non possidet armis,
Religione tenet. *St. Prosper.*

Leo the Great, standing over the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul, on their festival, addresses the Roman people in language equally elevated:

"Isti sunt viri per quos tibi evangelium Christi, Roma! resplenduit! ....

two succeeding ages, she was stript of her Imperial honors, and beheld her provinces invaded, and all the glorious scene of cultivation, peace, and improvement, ravaged by successive hordes of barbarians, she again renewed her benevolent exertions, and sent out not consuls and armies to conquer, but apostles and teachers, to reclaim the savage tribes which had wasted her empire. By them she bore the light of heaven into the dark recesses of idolatry, and displaying in this better cause all the magnanimity, wisdom, and perseverance, which marked her former career, she triumphed, and in spite of ignorance and barbarism again spread Christianity over the West.

Nor is it to be objected, that the religion of Rome was erroneous, or that she blinded and enslaved her converts. The religion which Rome taught was Christianity. With it the convert received in the scriptures the records of truth; and in the sacraments, the means of sanctification; in the creeds the rule of faith, and in the commandments the code of morality. In these are comprised all the belief and all the practices of a Christian, and to communicate these to a nation, is to open to it the sources of life and happiness. But whatever may be the opinions of my reader in this respect, he must admit, that the Latin muses, which had followed the Roman eagles in their victorious flight, now accompanied her humble missionaries in their expeditions of charity; and with them penetrated the swamps of Batavia, the forests of Germany, and the moun-

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Isti sunt qui te ad hanc gloriam provexerunt ut gens sancta populus electus, civitas sacerdotalis ac regia per sacram beati Petri sedem caput orbis effecta, latius presideres religione divina, quam dominatione terrena."

Serm. in Nat. App. Petri et Pauli.

tains of Caledonia. Schools, that vied in learning and celebrity with the famed seminaries of the south, rose in these benighted regions, and diffused the beams of science over the vast tracts of the north, even to the polar circles. Thus the predictions of the Roman poets were fulfilled, though in a manner very different from their conceptions; and their immortal compositions were rehearsed in the remote islands of the Hebrides, and in the once impenetrable forests of Scandinavia.*

At the same time the Arts followed the traces of the muse, and the untutored savages saw with surprise temples of stone rise in their sacred groves, and instead of interwoven boughs, arches of rock spread into a roof over their heads. The figure of the Redeemer, till then unknown, seemed to breathe on canvass to their eyes; the venerable forms of the apostles in Parian marble, replaced the grim uncouth statues of their idols; and music, surpassing in sweetness the strains of their bards, announced to them the mercies of that God whom they were summoned to adore. It was not wonderful that they should eagerly embrace a religion adorned with so many graces, and accompanied by so many blessings. Thus Europe, finally settled in the profession of Christianity, and once more enlightened by the beams of science, was indebted to the exertions of Rome for both these blessings.

But the obligation did not end here, as the work of civiliza-

* "Visam Britannos hospitibus feros,
"Et lætum equino sanguine Concanum,
"Visam pharetratos Gelonos,
"Et Scythicum inviolatus amnem." *Hor. lib.* iii. 4.

tion was not yet finished. The northern tribes, long settled in the invaded provinces, had indeed become Christians, but still remained in many respects barbarians. Hasty and intemperate, they indulged the caprice or the vengeance of the moment, knew no law but that of the sword, and would submit to no decision but to that of arms. Here again we behold the genius of Rome interposing her authority as a shield between ferocity and weakness, appealing from the sword to reason, from private combat to public justice, from the will of the judge and the uncertain rules of custom, to the clear prescriptions of her own written code. This grand plan of civilization, though impeded, and delayed by the brutality, and the obstinacy, of the barbarous ages, was at length carried into execution, and the Roman law adopted by almost all the European states, as the general code of the civilized world. Rome therefore may still be said to rule nations, not indeed with the rod of power, but with the sceptre of justice, and still be supposed to exercise the commission so sublimely expressed by the Poet, of presiding over the world, and regulating the destinies of mankind.* Thus Rome has retained by her wisdom and benevolence, that ascendancy which she first acquired by her courage and magnanimity: and by the pre-eminence which she has enjoyed in every period of her history, realized the fictitious declaration of her founder, "Ita nuncia Romanis, Cœlestes ita velle, ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit."† "Urbs urbium—tem-

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* Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento
Hæ tibi erunt artes! pacis imponere morem
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos. *Virgil Æn.* 6.

† Tit. Liv. 1. 16.

plum æquitatis—portus omnium gentium," are titles fondly bestowed upon her in the days of her Imperial glory; and she may assume them without arrogance, even in her decline. Her matchless magnificence, so far superior to that of every other capital—the laws which have emanated from her as from their source—and the encouragement which she has at all times given to men of talents and virtue from every country, still give her an unquestionable right to these lofty appellations.*

To conclude, in the whole Universe, there are only two cities interesting alike to every member of the great Christian commonwealth, to every citizen of the civilized world, whatever may be his tribe or nation—Rome and Jerusalem. The former calls up every classic recollection, the latter awakens every sentiment of devotion; the one brings before our eyes all the splendors of

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* "Nulli sit ingrata Roma," says Cassiodorus, in the sixth century, "illa eloquentiæ facunda mater, illud virtutum omnium latissimum templum."

"Aliis alia patria est; Roma communis omnium literatorum et patria, et altrix, et evectrix," says the Cardinal of St. George to Erasmus, in the sixteenth century. "Quid loquor," says the latter, "de Româ, communi omnium gentium parente."

The benefits derived from the Roman government are tolerably well expressed in the following lines of Rutilius:

Fecisti patriam diversis gentibus unam
Profuit injustis te dominante capi;
Dumque offers victis proprii consortia juris
Urbem fecisti quod prius Orbis erat. *Lib.* ii.

"Numine Deûm electa," says Pliny, "quæ cœlum ipsum clarius faceret, sparsa congregaret imperia, ritusque molliret, et tot populorum discordes ferasque linguas, sermonis commercio contraheret ad colloquia, et humanitatem homini daret; breviterque una cunctarum gentium in toto orbe, patria fieret. III. cap. v.

the present world; the other, all the glories of the world to come. By a singular dispensation of Providence, the names and influence of these two illustrious capitals are combined in the same grand dispensation; and as Jerusalem was ordained to receive, Rome was destined to propagate "the light that leads to heaven." The cross which Jerusalem erected on Mount Calvary, Rome fixed on the diadem of emperors, and the prophetic songs of Mount Sion, have resounded from the seven hills, to the extremities of the universe.—How natural then the emotion which the traveller feels, when he first beholds the distant domes of a city, of such figure in the History of the Universe, of such weight in the destinies of mankind, so familiar to the imagination of the child, so interesting to the feelings of the man!

While occupied in these reflections, we passed Monte Mario, and beheld the city gradually opening to our view: turrets and cupolas succeeded each other, with long lines of palaces between, till the dome of the Vatican, lifting its majestic form far above the rest, fixed the eye, and closed the scene with becoming grandeur. We crossed the Tiber by the Ponte Molle, (Pons Milvius), and proceeding on the Via Flaminia through the suburb, entered the Porta del Popolo, admired the beautiful square that receives the traveller on his entrance, and drove to the Piazza d'Espagna. Alighting, we instantly hastened to St. Peter's, traversed its superb court, contemplated in silence its obelisk, its fountains, its colonnade, walked up its lengthening nave, and before its altar, offered up our grateful acknowledgments in "the noblest temple that human skill ever raised to the honor of the Creator."

Next morning we renewed our visit to St. Peter's, and examined it more in detail: the preceding day it had been somewhat veiled by the dimness of the evening, it was now lighted up, by the splendors of the morning sun. The rich marbles that compose its pavement and line its walls, the paintings that adorn its cupolas, the bronze that enriches its altars and railings, the gilding that lines the pannels of its vault, the mosaics that rise one above the other in brilliant succession up its dome, shone forth in all their varied colors. Its nave, its aisles, its transepts, expanded their vistas, and hailed the spectator wheresoever he turned, with a long succession of splendid objects, and beautiful arrangement; in short, the whole of this most majestic fabric, opened itself at once to the sight, and filled the eye and the imagination with magnitude, proportion, riches, and grandeur.

From St. Peter's we hastened to the Capitol, and ascending the tower, seated ourselves under the shade of its pinnacle, and fixed our eyes on the view, beneath and around us—That view was no other than ancient and modern Rome. Behind us, the modern town lay extended over the Campus Martius, and spreading along the banks of the Tiber, formed a curve round the base of the Capitol. Before us, scattered in vast black shapeless masses, over the seven hills, and through the intervening vallies, arose the ruins of the ancient city. They stood desolate, amidst solitude and silence, with groves of funereal cypress waving over them; the awful monuments, not of individuals, but of generations; not of men, but of empires.

A distant view of Ægina and of Megara, of the Piræus and of Corinth, melted the soul of an ancient Roman, for a while

suspended his private sorrows, and absorbed his sense of personal affliction, in a more expansive and generous compassion for the fate of cities and of states.* What then must be the emotions of the traveller, who beholds, extended in disordered heaps before him, the disjointed "carcase of fallen Rome," once the abode of the gods, the grand receptacle of nations, "the common asylum of mankind." The contemplation was indeed awful and impressive. Immediately under our eyes, and at the foot of the Capitol, lay the Forum, lined with solitary columns, and commencing and terminating in a triumphal arch. Beyond and just before us, rose the Palatine Mount, encumbered with the substructions of the Imperial Palace, and of the Temple of Apollo, and still farther on, ascended the Celian Mount, with the Temple of Faunus on its summit. On the right was the Aventine, spotted with heaps of stone, swelling amidst its lonely vineyards. To the left the Esquiline, with its scattered tombs and tottering aqueducts, and in the same line the Viminal and Quirinal, terminating in the once magnificent Baths of Diocletian. The Baths of Antoninus, the Temple of Minerva, and many a venerable fabric, bearing on its shattered form the traces of the iron hand of destruction, as well as the furrows of age, lay scattered up and down the vast field; while the superb

* "Ex Asiâ rediens, cum ab Æginâ Megaram versus navigarem, cœpi regiones circumcirca prospicere. Post me erat Ægina, ante Megara, dextrâ Piræus, sinistrâ Corinthus; quæ oppida quodam tempore florentissima fuerunt, nunc prostrata ac diruta, antè oculos jacent. Cœpi egomet mecum sic cogitare. Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrûm interiit, aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidûm cadavera projecta jaceant?"—*Cic. ad Fam. Lib.* iv. *Ep.* 5.

temples of St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Santa Croce, arose with their pointed obelisks, majestic but solitary monuments, amidst the extensive waste of time and desolation. The ancient walls, a vast circumference, formed a frame of venerable aspect, well adapted to this picture of ruin, this cemetery of ages, "Romani bustum populi."

Beyond, the eye ranged over the storied plain of Latium, now the deserted Campagna, and rested on the Alban Mount, which rose before us to the south, shelving downwards on the west towards Antium and the Tyrrhene sea, and on the east towards the Latin Vale. Here, it presents Tusculum in white lines on its declivity; there, it exhibits the long ridge that overhangs its lake, once the site of Alba Longa, and towering boldly in the centre, with a hundred towns and villas on its sides, it terminates in a point, once crowned with the triumphal temple of Jupiter Latialis. Turning eastward we beheld the Tiburtine hills, with Tibur reclining on their side; and behind, still more to the east, the Sabine mountains enclosed by the Apennines, which at the varying distance of from forty to sixty miles swept round to the east and north, forming an immense and bold boundary of snow. The Montes Cimini and several lesser hills, diverging from the great parent ridge, the Pater Apenninus, continue the chain till it nearly reaches the sea and forms a perfect theatre. Mount Soracte, thirty miles to the north, lifts his head, an insulated and therefore striking feature. While the Tiber, enriched by numberless rivers and streamlets, intersects the immense plain; and bathing the temples and palaces of Rome, rolls like the Po a current unexhausted even during the scorching heats of summer. The tract now expanded before us was the country of the

Etrurians, Veientes, Rutuli, Falisci, Latins, Sabines, Volsci, Æqui, and Hernici, and of course the scene of the wars and exertions, of the victories and triumphs of infant Rome, during a period of nearly four hundred years of her history; an interesting period, when she possessed and exercised every generous virtue—and established on the basis of justice, wisdom, and fortitude, the foundations of her future empire.

As the traveller looks towards the regions once inhabited by these well-known tribes, many an illustrious name, and many a noble achievement, must rise in his memory, reviving at the same time the recollection of early studies and boyish amusements, and blending the friendships of youth with the memorials of ancient greatness. The day was cloudless, the beams of the sun played over the landscape; hues of light blue, intermingled with dark shades, deepening as they retired, chequered the mountains. A line of shining snow marked the distant Apennines, and a vault of the purest and brightest azure covered the glorious scene! We passed a long and delightful morning in its contemplation.

The following day was employed in wandering over the city at large, and taking a cursory view of some of its principal streets, squares, buildings, and monuments. This we did to satisfy the first cravings of curiosity, intending to proceed at our leisure to the examination of each object in detail. I think it necessary to repeat here, what I declared in the preliminary discourse, that it is not my intention to give a particular account of ruins, churches, buildings, statues, or pictures, &c. This belongs rather to guides and Ciceroni, and may be found in numberless works written professedly for the information of

travellers on such heads. My wish is to lay before the reader an account of the observations which we made, and the classical recollections which occurred to us, while we traced the remains of ancient grandeur. We began this examination by visiting in order the seven hills. We then proceeded to the Vatican and Pincian mounts, ranged over the Campus Martius, and along the banks of the Tiber; then wandered through the villas, both within and without the city; and finally explored the churches, monuments, tombs, hills, and fields, in its immediate neighbourhood. This method I recommend as being more easy and more natural than the usual mode of visiting the city, according to its "Rioni," (regiones) or allotting a certain portion of it to each day; by which mode the traveller is obliged to pass rapidly from ancient monuments to modern edifices; from palaces to churches; from galleries to gardens; and thus to load his mind with a heap of unconnected ideas and crude observations. By the former process we keep each object distinct, and take it in a separate view; we first contemplate ancient, then visit modern Rome, and pass from the palaces of the profane, to the temples of the sacred city.

ANCIENT ROME.

THE CAPITOL.

After having thus gratified ourselves with a general and some select views, and formed a tolerably accurate idea of the most striking features of Rome, we proceeded, on the fourth day, through the Via Lata, now Il Corso, that is, through "streets of palaces and walks of state," to the Capitoline Hill. Every school-boy has read with delight Virgil's short, but splendid description of this hill, then a silvan scene of dark forest and

craggy rock, though destined one day to become the seat of regal opulence and universal empire.

> Hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem, et Capitolia ducit,
> Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis.
> Jam tum Relligio pavidos terrebat agrestes
> Dira loci: Jam tum sylvam saxumque tremebant.
> Hoc nemus, hunc, inquit, frondoso vertice collem,
> (Quis Deus, incertum est) habitat Deus. Arcades ipsum
> Credunt se vidisse Jovem: cum sæpe nigrantem
> Ægida concuteret dextrâ, nimbosque cieret.
>
> *Æneid.* VIII.

Every circumstance that could dignify and consecrate the spot, and prepare it for its grand destiny, is here collected by the poet, and gradually expanded with wonderful art, while a certain awful obscurity hangs over the whole, and augments the magnitude of the object thus dimly presented to the fancy. The traveller, however sensible he may suppose himself to have been of the beauties of this description before, imagines that he feels its full force for the first time, as he ascends the acclivity of the Capitoline Mount.

The Capitol was anciently both a fortress and a sanctuary A fortress surrounded with precipices, bidding defiance to all the means of attack employed in ancient times; a sanctuary, crowded with altars and temples, the repository of the fatal oracles, the seat of the tutelar deities of the empire. Romulus began the grand work, by erecting the temple of Jupiter Feretrius; Tarquinius Priscus, Servius Tullius, and Tarquinius Superbus continued, and the Consul Horatius Pulvillus, a few years after the expulsion of the kings, completed it, with a solidity and magnificence, says Tacitus,

which the riches of succeeding ages might adorn, but could not increase. It was burnt during the civil wars between Marius and Sylla, and rebuilt shortly after; but again destroyed by fire in the dreadful contest that took place in the very Forum itself, and on the sides of the Capitoline Mount, between the partisans of Vitellius and Vespasian.* This event Tacitus laments, with the spirit and indignation of a Roman, as the greatest disaster that had ever befallen the city.† And, indeed, if we consider that the public archives, and of course the most valuable records of its history, were deposited there, we must allow that the catastrophe was peculiarly unfortunate, not to Rome only, but to the world at large. However, the Capitol rose once more from its ashes, with redoubled splendor, and received from the munificence of Vespasian, and his son Domitian, its last and most glorious embellishments. The edifices in site and destination, were probably nearly the same as before the conflagration, but more attention was paid to symmetry, to costliness, and, above all, to grandeur and magnificence. The northern entrance led, under a triumphal arch, to the centre of the hill, and to the sacred grove, the asylum opened by Romulus, and almost the cradle of Roman power. To the right, on the eastern summit of the hill, stood the temple of

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* A. D. 69.

† Id facinus post conditam Urbem luctuosissimum fædissimumque populo Romano accidit: nullo externo hoste, propitiis, si per mores nostros liceret, deis, sedem Jovis optimi, maximi, auspicatò a majoribus, pignus imperii, conditam, quam non Porsena deditâ Urbe, neque Galli captâ, temerare potuissent, furore Principum exscindi!

Jupiter Feretrius. To the left, on the western summit, was that of Jupiter Custos: near each of these temples, were the fanes of inferior Divinities, that of Fortune, and that of Fides, alluded to by Cicero. In the midst, to crown the pyramid, formed by such an assemblage of majestic edifices, and at the same time to afford a becoming residence for the guardian of the empire, the father of gods and men, rose the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus on a hundred steps, supported by a thousand pillars, adorned with all the refinements of art, and blazing with the plunder of the universe. In the centre of the temple, with Juno on his left, and Minerva, on his right side, the Thunderer sat on a throne of gold, grasping the lightning in one hand, and in the other, wielding the sceptre of the universe. Hither the consuls were conducted by the senate, to assume the military dress, and implore the favor of the gods before they marched to battle. Hither the victorious generals used to repair in triumph, to suspend the spoils of conquered nations, present captive monarchs, and offer up hecatombs to Tarpeian Jove. Here, in cases of danger and distress, the senate was assembled, and the magistrates convened to deliberate in the presence, and under the immediate influence of the tutelar gods of Rome. Here the laws were exhibited to public inspection, as if under the sanction of the divinity; and here also, deposited, as if intrusted to his guardian care. Hither Cicero turned his hands and eyes, when he closed his first oration against Catiline, with that noble address to Jupiter, presiding in the Capitol over the destinies of the empire, and dooming its enemies to destruction.

In the midst of these magnificent structures, of this wonder-

ful display of art and opulence, stood for ages, the humble straw-roofed palace of Romulus, a monument of primitive simplicity, dear and venerable in the eyes of the Romans.* This cottage, it may easily be supposed, vanished in the first conflagration. But not the cottage only, the temples, the towers, the palaces also, that once surrounded it, have disappeared. Of all the ancient glory of the Capitol, nothing now remains but the solid foundation, and † vast substructions raised on the rock, "Capitoli immobile saxum."

Not only is the Capitol fallen, but its very name, expressive of dominion, and once fondly considered as an omen of

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* Mars speaks in Ovid, as follows:

Quæ fuerit nostri si quæris regia nati;
Adspice de cannâ straminibusque domum.
In stipulâ placidi carpebat munera somni:
Et tamen ex illo venit in astra toro.

Ovid Fast. Lib. III. *v.* 183.

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Vir. Æn. Lib. VIII. *v.* 654.

† These walls on one side form the stables of the Senator, and on the other a dark gloomy chapel, said to have been originally the Tullianum in which Catiline's associates were put to death. The criminal was let down into this dungeon by a hole in the vault, as there was anciently no other entrance; the modern door was opened through the side wall, when the place was converted into a chapel, in honor of St. Peter, who is supposed to have been confined in it. Notwithstanding the change, it has still a most appalling appearance.

empire, is now almost lost in the semi-barbarous appellation of Campidoglio.

At present the Capitoline mount is covered with buildings, far inferior, without doubt, to the imperial edifices above described, but yet of grand proportions, and vast magnitude. The northern, still the principal entrance, is an easy ascent, adorned with a marble balustrade commencing below, with two immense lionesses of Egyptian porphyry, pouring a torrent of water into spacious basons of marble, and terminated above by statues of Castor and Pollux, each holding his horse. Here you enter the square, in the centre of which stands the well-known equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. In front, and on each side, are three extensive buildings, erected by Michael Angelo. The edifice before you, of bold elevation, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and a lofty tower, is the palace of the senator. A double flight of marble steps leads to its portal. In the centre of this staircase stands the genius of Rome, like Minerva, armed with the Ægis, and leaning on her spear. A fountain bursts forth at her feet. On her right, the Tiber; on her left, the Nile lay reclined, each on its urn. The French (latrones Italiæ,) have carried off the two latter statues, with some other ornaments of the Capitoline square. In the palace of the Senator, and in that of the Conservatori, are several halls and apartments, magnificent in their size and decorations. It is to be observed, that the Capitol is the palace of the Roman people, the seat of their power, and the residence of their magistrates. The statues and other antiques, placed here by the Popes, are dedicated in the names of the donors to the Roman people, and the inscriptions in general run in the ancient style.

One in the palace of the Conservatori pleased me much: "S. P. Q. R. majorum suorum præstantiam ut animo sic re quantum licuit, imitatus, deformatum injuriâ temporum capitolium restituit; anno post urbem conditam 2320." Nor is it unworthy of its destination; as the beauty of its architecture, the magnitude of its apartments, the excellence of its paintings, and the prodigious number of statues and antiques with which it is decorated, give it a splendor unequalled in any other capital, and only eclipsed even in Rome itself by the recollection of its former greatness. The Museum Capitolinum contains in several large rooms a most splendid collection of busts, statues, sarcophagi, &c. bestowed by different Popes and illustrious personages on this magnificent cabinet, devoted to the use of the Roman people, or rather of the literary and curious of all nations. One of the most interesting objects in this collection is an ancient plan of Rome cut in marble, once the pavement of a temple in the Forum, and thence transferred to the Capitol, where it lines the walls of one of the grand staircases of the Museum. But unfortunately it is not entire; if it were, we should have had a most perfect plan of ancient Rome, the streets, forums, temples, &c. being marked out in the most distinct manner. There are, moreover, in the palace of the Conservatori, galleries of paintings and halls appropriated to the use of young artists, where lectures are given, and drawings taken from life; premiums are also bestowed publicly in the grand hall in the Senator's palace. In short, the Capitol is now consecrated, not to the tutelar gods of Rome, but to her arts, to the remains of her grandeur, to the monuments of her genius, and, I may add, to her titles, now the mere semblance of her ancient liberty. It is pity that the highest

and most conspicuous part of the Capitoline Mount should be occupied by a building so tasteless and deformed as the church and convent of Ara Cœli. The ascent from the plain below, by an hundred and twenty-four marble steps, deserves a better termination than its miserable portal, and the various ancient pillars of Egyptian granite, that adorn the nave of the church and the portico of the cloisters, furnish a sufficient quantity of the best materials for the erection and decoration of a very noble edifice.

Anciently there were two ways from the Capitol to the Forum; both parted from the neighbourhood of the Tabularium, and diverging as they descended, terminated each in a triumphal arch; that of Tiberius to the west, that of Severus to the east. Of these arches the latter only remains. The descent at present is a steep, and irregular path, winding down the declivity from the senator's stables, without any regular termination. The traveller, as he descends, stops to contemplate the three Corinthian pillars, with their frieze and cornice, that rise above the ruins, and preserve the memory, of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus, as a monument of his preservation from a thunderbolt that fell near him. A little lower down, on the right, stands the portico of the temple of Concord, built by Camillus, consisting of eight porphyry pillars, with capitals and entablature of irregular Ionic. To account for this irregularity, it is to be remembered, that the edifices on the sides of the hill, shared the fate of the Capitol, in the contest which took place between the parties of Vespasian and Vitellius, and were rebuilt shortly after by Titus and Domitian, (and afterwards by Constantine). Hence the word "restitutum" in the inscrip-

tion, and hence the want of regularity in some parts of the buildings, which, being monuments of republican Rome, did not perhaps enjoy the favor of the emperors. The triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, is nearly half buried in the ground.

CHAP. X.

THE ROMAN FORUM—COLISEUM—PALATINE MOUNT—AVENTINE—TOMB OF C. CESTIUS—CŒLIAN—SABURRA—ESQUILINE—BATHS OF TITUS—MINERVA MEDICA—PALACE OF MŒCENAS—VIMINAL—QUIRINAL—BATHS OF DIOCLESIAN.

THE Roman Forum now lay extended before us, a scene, in the ages of Roman greatness, of unparalleled splendor and magnificence. It was bordered on both sides with temples, and lined with statues. It terminated in triumphal arches, and was bounded here by the Palatine hill, with the Imperial residence glittering on its summit, and there by the Capitol with its ascending ranges of porticos and temples. Thus it presented one of the richest exhibitions that eyes could behold, or human ingenuity invent. In the midst of these superb monuments, the memorials of their greatness, and the trophies of their fathers, the Roman people assembled to exercise their sovereign power, and to decide the fates of heroes, kings, and nations.

Nor did the contemplation of such glorious objects fail to produce a corresponding effect. Manlius, as long as he could

extend his arm, and fix the attention of the people on the Capitol, which he had saved, suspended his fatal sentence.* Caius Gracchus melted the hearts of his audience, when in the moment of distress he pointed to the Capitol, and asked, with all the emphasis of despair, whether he could expect to find an asylum in that sanctuary, whose pavement still streamed with the blood of his brother. Scipio Africanus, when accused by an envious faction, and obliged to appear before the people as a criminal, instead of answering the charge, turned to the Capitol, and invited the assembly to accompany him to the temple of Jupiter, and give thanks to the gods for the defeat of Hannibal and the Carthaginians.† Such, in fact, was the influence of locality, and such the awe, interest, and even emotion, inspired by the surrounding edifices. Hence the frequent references that we find in the Roman historians and orators, to the Capitol, the Forum, the temples of the gods; and hence those noble addresses to the deities themselves, as present in their respective sanctuaries, and watching over the interests of their favored city, "Ita præsentes his temporibus opem et auxilium nobis tulerunt, ut eos pene oculis videre possimus."‡ But the glories of the Forum are now fled for ever; its temples are fallen, its sanctuaries have crumbled into dust, its colonnades encumber its pavements now buried under their remains. The walls of the Rostra stripped of their ornaments, and doomed to eternal silence; a few shattered porticos; and here and there an insulated column standing in the midst of broken shafts, vast fragments of marble capitals and cornices, heaped

* Liv. vi. 20. † Liv. xxxviii. 51. ‡ Cat. iii. 8.

together in masses, rise to remind the melancholy traveller, that the lonely field he now traverses, was once the Roman Forum. A fountain fills a marble basin in the middle, the same possibly to which Propertius alludes, when speaking of the Forum in the time of Tatius he says,

> Murus erant montes, ubi nunc est Curia septa,
> Bellicus ex illo fonte bibebat equus.* *Lib.* IV. 4.

A little farther on commences a double range of trees, that leads along the Via Sacra, by the temples of Antoninus, and of Peace, to the arch of Titus. A herdsman, seated on a pedestal while his oxen were drinking at the fountain, and a few passengers moving at a distance in different directions, were the only living beings that disturbed the silence and solitude which reigned around. Thus the place seemed restored to its original wildness, as described by Virgil,† and abandoned once more to flocks and herds of cattle. So far, in fact, have the modern Romans forgotten the theatre of the glory and imperial power of their ancestors, as to degrade it into a common market for cattle, and sink its name, illustrated by every page of Roman history, into the contemptible appellation of Campo Vaccino.

Proceeding along the Via Sacra, and passing under the

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* As this fountain is near the three pillars, which have occasioned so much discussion, we may draw a presumptive argument from these verses, that they formed part of the Curia.

† ——— passimque armenta videbant
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire carinis. *Æn.* VIII.

arch of Titus, on turning a little to the left, we beheld the amphitheatre of Vespasian and Titus, now called the Coliseum. Never did human art present to the eye a fabric so well calculated, by its size and form, to surprize and delight. Let the spectator first place himself to the north, and contemplate that side which depredation, barbarism, and ages have spared, he will behold with admiration its wonderful extent, well proportioned stories and flying lines, that retire and vanish without break or interruption. Next let him turn to the south, and examine those stupendous arches, which, stripped as they are of their external decorations, still astonish us by their solidity and duration. Then let him enter, range through the lofty arcades, and ascending the vaulted seats, consider the vast mass of ruin that surrounds him, insulated walls, immense stones suspended in the air, arches covered with weeds and shrubs, vaults opening upon other ruins; in short above, below, and around, one vast collection of magnificence and devastation, of grandeur and decay.*

Need I inform the reader that this stupendous fabric,

" Which on its public shews unpeopled Rome,
" And held uncrowded nations in its womb,"

* Martial prefers, perhaps with justice, this amphitheatre to all the prodigies of architecture known in his time.

Barbara Pyramidum sileat miracula Memphis:
Assiduus jactet nec Babylona labor; . . . . . .
Aere nec vacuo pendentia Mausolea
Laudibus immodicis Cares in astra ferant.
Omnis Cæsareo cedat labor amphitheatro
Unum pro cunctis fama loquatur opus. *De Spect.*

was erected by the above-mentioned emperors, out of part only of the materials, and on a portion of the site, of Nero's golden house, which had been demolished by order of Vespasian, as too sumptuous even for a Roman Emperor. The Coliseum, owing to the solidity of its materials, survived the era of barbarism, and was so perfect in the thirteenth century, that games were exhibited in it, not for the amusement of the Romans only, but of all the nobility of Italy. The destruction of this wonderful fabric is to be ascribed to causes, more active in general in the erection, than in the demolition of magnificent buildings—to Taste and Vanity. When Rome began to revive, and architecture arose from its ruins, every rich and powerful citizen wished to have, not a commodious dwelling merely, but a palace. The Coliseum was an immense quarry at hand; the common people stole, the grandees obtained permission to carry off its materials, till the interior was dismantled, and the exterior half stripped of its ornaments. It is difficult to say where this system of depredation, so sacrilegious in the opinion of the antiquary, would have stopped, had not Benedict XIV. a pontiff of great judgment, erected a cross in the centre of the arena, and declared the place sacred, out of respect to the blood of the many martyrs who were butchered there during the persecutions. This declaration, if issued two or three centuries ago, would have preserved the Coliseum entire; it can now only protect its remains, and transmit them, in their present state, to posterity.

We next returned to the Meta Sudans, and passed under the arch of Constantine. I need not give a description of this species of edifice, so well known to the classic reader; it will suffice to say, that the arch of Constantine is the only one that

remains entire, with its pillars, statues, and basso relievos, all of the most beautiful marble, and some of exquisite workmanship. They were taken from the arch of Trajan, which, it seems, was stripped, or probably demolished, by order of the senate, for that purpose. It is singular that they did not consider that the achievements of Trajan and his conquests in Dacia, could have no connection with the exertions of Constantine in Britain, and his victory over the tyrant Maxentius. But taste was then on the decline, and propriety of ornament not always consulted.

We then ascended the Palatine Mount, after winding for some time round it, in order to examine its bearings. This hill, the nursery of infant Rome; and finally the residence of Imperial grandeur, presents now two solitary villas and a convent, with their deserted gardens and vineyards. Its numerous temples, its palaces, its porticos and its libraries, once the glory of Rome, and the admiration of the universe, are now mere heaps of ruins, so shapeless and scattered, that the antiquary and architect, are at a loss to discover their site, their plans and their elevation. Of that wing of the Imperial palace, which looked to the west, and on the Circus Maximus, some apartments remain vaulted, and of fine proportions, but so deeply buried in ruins, as to be now subterranean. A hall of immense size was discovered about the beginning of the last century, concealed under the ruins of its own massive roof. The pillars of Verde antico that supported its vaults, the statues that ornamented its niches, and the rich marbles that formed its pavement, were found buried in rubbish; and were immediately carried away by the Farnese family, the proprietors of the soil, to adorn

their palaces, and furnish their galleries. This hall is now cleared of its encumbrances, and presents to the eye a vast length of naked wall, and an area covered with weeds. As we stood contemplating its extent and proportions, a fox started from an aperture, once a window, at one end, and crossing the open space, scrambled up the ruins at the other, and then disappeared in the rubbish. This scene of desolation reminded me of Ossian's beautiful description. "The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the gale; the fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass waved round his head," and almost seemed the accomplishment of that awful prediction: "There the wild beasts of the desert shall lodge, and howling monsters shall fill the houses; and wolves shall howl to one another in their palaces, and dragons in their voluptuous pavilions."* The classic traveller as he ranges through the groves, which now shade the Palatine Mount,† will recollect

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* Lowthe's Isaiah, XIII. v. 21, 22.

† Let the reader now contrast this mass of ruin, with the splendors of the Palatine in Claudian's time,

Ecce Palatino crevit reverentia monti,
Non alium certe decuit rectoribus orbis
Esse larem, nulloque magis se colle potestas
Æstimat, & summi sentit fastigia juris
Attollens apicem subjectis regia rostris
Tot circum delubra videt, tantisque Deorum
Cingitur excubiis, juvat infra tecta Tonantis
Cernere Tarpeiâ pendentes rupe Gigantes,
Cælatasque fores, mediisque volantia signa
Nubibus, & densum stipantibus æthera templis,
Æraque vestitis numerosâ puppe columnis

the various passages in which Virgil alludes to this hill, a scene of so much splendor in his days, but now nearly reduced to its original simplicity and loneliness. He will, like Æneas, contemplate the interesting spot with delight, and review like him, though with very different feelings, the vestiges of heroes of old, " virûm monumenta priorum."

> Cum muros arcemque procul, ac rara domorum
> Tecta vident; quæ nunc Romana potentia cœlo
> Æquavit: tum res inopes Evandrus habebat. *Æn.* VIII. 98.
>
> Miratur, facilesque oculos fert omnia circum
> Æneas, capiturque locis: et singula lætus
> Exquirit, auditque virûm monumenta priorum. 310.

From the Palatine we passed to the Aventine Mount, well-known for the unpropitious augury of Remus, and at an earlier period, for the residence of Cacus, and the victory of Hercules, both so well described by Virgil,

> ——— Ter totum fervidus irâ
> Lustrat Aventini montem, &c. *Æn.* VIII. 230.

Here also stood the temple of Diana, erected in the joint names of all the Latin tribes, in imitation of the celebrated temple of that goddess at Ephesus, said to have been built at

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> Consita, subnixasque jugis immanibus ædes,
> Naturam cumulante manu; spoliisque micantes
> Innumeros arcus, acies stupet igne metalli,
> Et circumfuso trepidans obtunditur auro.
>
> *De Cons. Honor.* VI.

the common expence of the cities of Asia. The erection of the temple of Diana at Rome, by the Latins, in the reign of Servius Tullius, that is, at a time when the Latins were independent, and had frequently disputed with the Romans for pre-eminence, was considered as a tacit renunciation of their pretensions, and an acknowledgment that Rome was the centre and capital of the Latin nation at large. The sacrifice of a celebrated ox in this temple, by a Roman, instead of a Sabine, was supposed to have decided the destiny of Rome, and to have fixed the seat of universal empire on its hills.* Of this temple, once so magnificent and so celebrated, no traces remain, not even a base, a fallen pillar, or a shattered wall, to ascertain its situation, or furnish the antiquary with grounds for probable conjecture. The same may be said of the temple of Juno, of that of the Dea Bona, and the numberless other stately edifices that rose on this hill. Some parts indeed are so deserted and lonely, and encumbered with ruins, as to answer the description Virgil gives of it, when pointed out by Evander to his Trojan guest.

> Jam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem:
> Disjectæ procul ut moles, desertaque montis
> Stat domus, et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam. *Æn.* VIII. 190.

The west side of the Aventine looks down on the Tiber, and on the fields called Prati del Popolo Romano. These meadows are planted with mulberry trees, and adorned by the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. This ancient monument remains entire,

* The story is related by Livy, I. 45. and by Valerius Maximus, VII. 3.

an advantage which it owes partly to its form, well calculated to resist the influence of weather, and partly to its situation, as it is joined to the walls of the city, and forms part of the fortification. It stands on a basis, about ninety feet square, and rises about a hundred and twenty in height. It is formed, or at least encrusted, with large blocks of white marble: a door in the basis opens into a gallery terminating in a small room, ornamented with paintings on the stucco, in regular compartments. In this chamber of the dead, once stood a sarcophagus, that contained the remains of Cestius. At each corner on the outside there was a pillar, once surmounted with a statue: two of these remain, or rather, were restored, but without the ornament that crowned them anciently. It is probable that this edifice stands on an elevation of some steps, but the earth is too much raised to allow us to discover them at present. Its form, in the whole, is graceful, and its appearance very picturesque: supported on either side by the ancient walls of Rome with their towers and galleries venerable in decay, half shaded by a few scattered trees, and looking down upon a hundred humbler tombs, interspersed in the neighbouring grove, it rises in lonely pomp, and seems to preside over these fields of silence and mortality. When we first visited this solitary spot, a flock of sheep was dispersed through the grove, nibbling the grass over the graves; the tombs rose around in various forms of sepulchral stones, urns, and sarcophagi, some standing in good repair, others fallen and mouldering, half buried in the high grass that waved over them; the monument of Cestius stood on the back ground, in perspective, and formed the principal feature of the picture; and a painter, seated on a tomb-stone, was employed in taking a view of the scene. None but foreigners, excluded by their religion from the cemeteries of the country, are deposited here.

and of these foreigners several were English. The far greater part had been cut off in their prime, by unexpected disease or fatal accident. What a scene for a traveller! far remote from home, and liable to similar disasters.

Turning from these fields of death, these "lugentes campi," and repassing the Aventine hill, we came to the baths of Antoninus Caracalla, that occupy part of its declivity, and a considerable portion of the plain between it, Mons Cœliolus, and Mons Cœlius. No monument of ancient architecture is calculated to inspire such an exalted idea of Roman magnificence, as the ruins of their thermæ or baths. Many remain in a greater or less degree of preservation; such as those of Titus, Diocletian, and Caracalla. To give the untravelled reader some notion of these prodigious piles, I will confine my observations to the latter, as the greatest in extent, and as the best preserved; for though it be entirely stript of its pillars, statues, and ornaments, both internal and external, yet its walls still stand, and its constituent parts and principal apartments are evidently distinguishable. The length of the thermæ was one thousand eight hundred and forty feet, its breadth, one thousand four hundred and seventy-six. At each end were two temples, one to Apollo, and another to Esculapius, as the "Genii, tutelares" of a place sacred to the improvement of the mind, and the care of the body. The two other temples were dedicated to the two protecting divinities of the Antonine family, Hercules and Bacchus. In the principal building were, in the first place, a grand circular vestibule, with four halls on each side, for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths; in the centre was an immense square, for exercise, when the weather was unfavourable to it in the open air; beyond it, a great hall, where

sixteen hundred marble seats were placed for the convenience of the bathers; at each end of this hall, were libraries. This building terminated on both sides in a court surrounded with porticos, with an odeum for music, and in the middle a capacious bason for swimming. Round this edifice were walks shaded by rows of trees, particularly the plane; and in its front extended a gymnasium, for running, wrestling, &c. in fine weather. The whole was bounded by a vast portico, opening into exedræ or spacious halls, where the poets declaimed, and philosophers gave their lectures to their auditors. This immense fabric was adorned within and without with pillars, stucco work, paintings, and statues. The stucco and painting, though faintly indeed, are yet in many places perceptible. Pillars have been dug up, and some still remain amidst the ruins; while the Farnesian bull, and the famous Hercules, found in one of these halls, announce the multiplicity and beauty of the statues which once adorned the thermæ of Caracalla. The flues and reservoirs for water still remain. The height of the pile was proportioned to its extent, and still appears very considerable, even though the ground be raised at least twelve feet above its ancient level. It is now changed into gardens and vineyards: its high massive walls form separations, and its limy ruins, spread over the surface, burn the soil, and check its natural fertility.

From these thermæ we crossed the Vallis Cœlimontana, and ascended the Cœlian Mount. Many shapeless ruins are strewed over the surface of this hill, that bewilder antiquaries in a maze of conjectures. One object only merits particular attention, and that is the church of S. Stephano in rotondo, so called from its circular form, admitted by all to be an ancient temple, though there is much doubt as to the name of its tutelar god.

Some suppose it to have been dedicated to the Emperor Claudius, a leaden divinity, not likely either to awe or delight his votaries; while others conceive it to have been the sanctuary of the most sportive of the rural powers, of Faunus, "Nympharum fugientum amator." On this conjecture the imagination reposes with complacency. Its circular walls are supported by a double range of Ionic pillars of granite, to the number of sixty, and it derives from such an assemblage of columns, a certain air of grandeur, though in other respects it is much disfigured, and at present much neglected. This latter circumstance seems extraordinary, as it is one of the most ancient churches in Rome, having been consecrated as such by Pope Simplicius, in the year 468; and as it gives title to a Cardinal deacon, a privilege which generally secures to a church endowed with it, the attention and munificent partiality of the titular prelate.

Descending the Cœlian hill, we crossed the Sabrura, the abode of the great and opulent Romans, now two long streets lined with dead walls, and covered with a few straggling houses and solitary convents. Proceeding over the Esquiline Mount we stopped at the baths of Titus, an edifice once of unusual extent and magnificence, though on a smaller scale than the Thermæ of Caracalla. Part of the theatre, of one of the temples, and of one of the great halls, still remains above, and many vaults, long galleries, and spacious ruins under ground. Some of these subterraneous apartments were curiously painted, and such is the firmness and consistency of the colours, that notwithstanding the dampness of the place, the lapse of so many ages, and the earth which has filled the vaults for so long a time, they still retain much of their original freshness. Many of the figures are scratched on the plaster, and supposed to have

been so originally to imitate basso relievo; but upon a close examination the little nails, which fastened the gold, silver, or bronze that covered these figures, are perceptible, and seem to prove that they were all originally coated over in a similar manner. Many of the paintings are arabesques; a fanciful style of ornament, observed and reprobated as unnatural and ill-proportioned by Vitruvius, but revived and imitated by Raffael. Titus's baths are, as I have observed before, inferior in extent to those of Caracalla and Diocletian; but, erected at a period when the arts still preserved their primeval perfection, they must have surpassed all later edifices of the kind in symmetry, decoration, and furniture. Every person of taste must therefore lament, that they are not cleared and opened: the famous groupe of Laocoön was found in an excavation made there not many years ago, and several pillars of granite, alabaster, and porphyry have since been discovered in various partial researches. What precious remnants of ancient taste and magnificence might we find, if all the streets of this subterraneous city (for so these thermæ may be called) were opened, and its recesses explored! At present the curious visitor walks over heaps of rubbish so high as almost to touch the vault, so uneven as to require all his attention at every step; and whilst he examines the painted walls by the faint glare of a taper, he is soon obliged by the closeness of the air to retire, and content himself with a few cursory observations. To these baths belong the Sette Sale, seven halls, or vast vaulted rooms of one hundred feet in length by fifteen in breadth and twenty in depth, intended originally as reservoirs to supply the baths, and occasionally the Coliseum with water, when naval engagements were represented.

Besides the baths of Titus several other vaulted subterraneous

apartments, halls, and galleries, ornamented in the same style and with the same magnificence, have been discovered at different times on the same hill. They are supposed to have been parts of the same Thermæ, or perhaps belonging to some of the many palaces that were once crowded together in this neighbourhood. Towards the extremity of the Esquiline, and not far from the Porta Maggiore, in a vineyard, stands a ruined edifice, called the Temple of Minerva Medica, though it is supposed by some to have been a bath. Its form, circular without, is a polygon within; its arched roof swells into a bold dome; in its sides are nine niches for so many statues: the entrance occupies the place of the tenth. Many beautiful statues were found in the grounds that border it, among others that of Minerva with a serpent, an emblem of Æsculapius, twined round her legs, a circumstance that occasioned the conjecture that this structure was a temple of that goddess. It seems to have been surrounded with a portico, cased with marble, and highly decorated. Nothing now remains but the walls, the vaulted roof in some places shattered, and, in the whole, a mass that daily threatens ruin. In the same vineyard are various subterranean vaulted apartments, some more, some less ornamented, the receptacles of the dead of various families, whose ashes, consigned to little earthen-ware urns, remain in their places, inscribed with a name and an exclamation of sorrow. Indeed, anciently, a considerable part of the Esquiline was devoted to the plebeian dead, whose bodies were sometimes burnt here, and sometimes, I believe, thrown into ditches or graves uncovered: a circumstance to which Horace seems to allude, when he represents it as the resort of beasts and birds of prey,

> **Insepulta membra differant lupi**
> **Et Esquilinæ alites.**

To remove such funereal objects, and to purify the air, Augustus made a present of the ground, so employed, to Mæcenas, who covered it with gardens and groves, and erected on its summit a palace. The elevation of this edifice and its extensive views are alluded to by the same poet, when pressing his friend to descend from his pompous residence and visit his humble roof, he says,

——————— Eripe te moræ;
Ne semper udum Tibur et Æsulæ
Declive contempleris arvum, et
Telegoni jura parricidæ.
Fastidiosam desere copiam, et
Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:
Omitte mirari beatæ
Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ. *Carm.* III. 29.

From the top of this palace, or from a tower in the garden, Nero contemplated and enjoyed the dreadful spectacle of Rome in flames.* The precise site of this palace and its towers, and of the gardens surrounding, has never been ascertained in a satisfactory manner; statues and paintings have, indeed, been discovered in profusion in various parts of this hill, but numberless were the temples and palaces that rose on all sides, and to which such ornaments belonged it would be difficult to determine. Near the palace of his patron, Mæcenas, Virgil is said to have had a house; but the retired temper of this poet, and his fondness for a country life, seem to render extremely improbable a report which, I believe, rests solely on the authority of Donatus.

From the Esquiline hill we passed to that elevated site, which, as it advances westward, branches into the Viminal and Quiri-

* Suetonius. Nero, 38.

nal hills. On it stands one of the grandest remains of ancient splendor, a considerable portion of the baths of Diocletian, now converted into a convent of Carthusians. The principal hall is the church, and though four of the side recesses are filled up, and the two middle ones somewhat altered; though its pavement has been raised about six feet to remove the dampness, and of course its proportions have been changed, yet it retains its length, its pillars, its cross-ribbed vault, and much of its original grandeur. It was paved and encrusted with the finest marble by Benedict XIV. who carried into execution the plan drawn up originally by Michael Angelo, when it was first changed into a church. It is supported by eight pillars forty feet in height and five in diameter, each of one vast piece of granite. The raising of the pavement, by taking six feet from the height of these pillars, has destroyed their proportion, and given them a very massive appearance. The length of the hall is three hundred and fifty feet, its breadth eighty, and its height ninety-six. Notwithstanding its magnificence, the mixture of Corinthian and composite capitals shews how much the genuine taste of architecture was on the decline in the time of Diocletian. The vestibulum or entrance into this church is a beautiful rotunda, consecrated by the monuments of Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa. The cloister of this convent deserves attention: it forms a large square, supported by a hundred pillars. In the centre, four towering cypresses shade a fountain that pours a perpetual supply of the purest waters into an immense marble bason, and forms a scene of delicious freshness and antique rural luxury.

The Viminal hill has no remnant of ancient magnificence to arrest the traveller in his progress to the Quirinal, once adorned with the temple of Quirinus, whence it derived its name. Livy

and Ovid both relate the Apotheosis of Romulus; the historian in his sublime manner—the poet in his usual, easy, graceful style. "Romulus," says Proculus, in the former, "parens urbis hujus, prima hodierna luce cœlo repente delapsus, se mihi obvium dedit. Quum perfusus horrore venerabundusque astitissem petens precibus ut contra intueri fas esset. Abi, inquit, nuncia Romanis, cœlestes ita velle ut mea Roma caput orbis terrarum sit; proinde rem militarem colant, sciantque, et ita posteris tradant, nullas opes humanas armis Romanis resistere posse. Hæc, inquit, locutus, sublimis abiit."*

Pulcher et humano major, trabeâque decorus
Romulus in mediâ visus adesse viâ . . . .
Thura ferant, placentque novum pia turba Quirinum
Et patrias artes, militiamque colant . . . . . .
Templa Deo fiunt. Collis quoque dictus ab illo:
Et referunt certi sacra paterna dies. *Ovid Fast. lib.* II. 507.

We may easily suppose that a temple dedicated to the founder and tutelar divinity of Rome, must have been a structure of unusual magnificence, and we find, accordingly, that a noble flight of marble steps conducted to its portal, and that it was supported by seventy-six lofty columns. It stood on the brow of the hill that looks towards the Viminal, and in such a site, and with such a colonnade, it must have made a most majestic and splendid appearance. But, on the opposite side, and commanding the Campus Martius, rose the temple of the Sun, erected by Aurelian; and if we may judge by the accounts given of it, almost equal in grandeur and decorations to the palace of this deity, described by Ovid, "sublimibus alta columnis." In fact, the pillars that supported its portal must have been, if we

* Liv. I. 16.

may judge by a fragment remaining in the Colonna garden, near seventy feet in height; and as they were, with the whole of their entablature, of the whitest marble, and the richest order (the Corinthian) they must have exhibited a most dazzling spectacle, worthy of the glory of "the far beaming god of day." But not a trace of either of these edifices remains; their massive pillars have long since fallen, and the only remnant of the latter is a block of white marble, and a part of the entablature; and of the former, the flight of marble steps that now leads to the church of Ara Cœli, in the Capitol.

From the Quirinal we passed to the Monte Pincio, anciently without the city, and called "Collis hortulorum;" because covered then, as now, with villas and suburban gardens. Pompey, Sallust, and at a later period, the Emperors, possessed and delighted in the rural airy retreat of this hill; high and commanding extensive views on all sides.

CHAP. XI.

CAMPUS MARTIUS—ITS EDIFICES—MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS—PANTHEON—COLUMNA TRAJANA—BRIDGES—CIRCUS—CAUSES OF THE DESTRUCTION OF ANCIENT EDIFICES.

FROM the hills we descended to the Campus Martius, in the early ages of the Republic an open field devoted to military exercises, and well calculated for that purpose by its level grassy surface, and the neighbourhood of the river winding along its border. In process of time some edifices of public utility were erected upon it, but their number was small during the Republic; while under the Emperors they were increased to such a degree, that the Campus Martius became another city, composed of theatres, porticos, baths, and temples. These edifices were not only magnificent in themselves, but surrounded with groves and walks, and arranged with a due regard to perspective beauty. Such is the idea which we must naturally form of buildings erected by Consuls and Emperors, each endeavouring to rival or surpass his predecessor in magnificence; and such is the description which Strabo gives of the Campus in his time; that is, nearly in the time of its greatest glory. This superb theatre of glorious edifices, when beheld from the Janiculum,

bordered in front by the Tiber, and closed behind by the Capitol, the Viminal, the Quirinal, and the Pincian hills, with temples, palaces, and gardens lining their sides, and swelling from their summits, must have formed a picture of astonishing beauty, splendor and variety, and have justified the proud appellation so often bestowed on Rome, "of the temple and abode of the Gods." But of all the pompous fabrics that formed this assemblage of wonders, how few remain! and of the remaining few, how small the number of those which retain any features of their ancient majesty! Among these latter, can hardly be reckoned Augustus's tomb, the vast vaults and substructions of which indeed exist, but its pyramidal form and pillars are no more; or Marcellus's theatre, half buried under the superstructure raised upon its vaulted galleries; or the portico of Octavia, lost with its surviving arch and a few shattered pillars in the Pescheria. Of such surviving edifices the principal indeed is the Pantheon itself.

The Pantheon it is true retains its majestic portico, and presents its graceful dome uninjured: the pavement laid by Agrippa and trodden by Augustus, still forms its floor; the compartments and fluted pillars of the richest marble that originally lined its walls, still adorn its inward circumference; the deep tints that age has thrown over it only contribute to raise its dignity and augment our veneration; and the traveller enters its portal, through which twice twenty generations have flowed in succession, with a mixture of awe and religious veneration. Yet the Pantheon itself has been shorn of its beams, and looks eclipsed through the disastrous twilight of eighteen centuries. Where is now its proud elevation, and the flight of steps that conducted to its threshold? Where the marbles that

clothed, or the handmaid edifices that concealed its brick exterior? Where the statues that graced its cornice? The bronze that blazed on its dome, that vaulted its portico, and formed its sculptured doors; and where the silver that lined the compartments of its roof within, and dazzled the spectator with its brightness? The rapacity of Genseric began, the avarice of succeeding barbarians, continued to strip it of these splendid decorations; and time, by levelling many a noble structure in its neighbourhood, has raised the pavement and deprived it of all the advantages of situation.

The two celebrated pillars of Antoninus and Trajan stand each in its square, but they also have lost several feet of their original elevation; and the colonnade or portico that enclosed the latter, supposed to be the noblest structure of the kind ever erected, has long since sunk in the dust, and its ruins probably lie buried under the foundations of the neighbouring houses.

Seven bridges, formerly conducted over the Tiber to the Janiculum and Vatican Mount: of these the most remarkable were the first, the Pons Elius; and the last, the Pons Sublicius: the former, erected by Adrian, opened a grand communication from the Campus Martius to his mausoleum. It remains under the appellation of Ponte S. Angelo; the statues that adorned its balustrade disappeared at an early period, and have since been replaced by statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and of several angels, executed by eminent masters, and considered beautiful. The ancient statues were probably thrown into the Tiber, and may at some future period emerge from its channel. The Pons Sublicius lay much lower, and formed a passage from the Aventine Mount to the Janiculum. Though consecrated by its antiquity, for it was the first

bridge built at Rome, and still more by the heroic exertions of Horatius Cocles, it has long since fallen, and only some slight traces of foundations or abutments remain on the Ripa Grande, to mark the spot where it once stood. Two others, the Pons Triumphalis and Pons Senatorius, have shared the same fate.

The reader will probably expect an account of the various theatres and circusses that rose in all quarters of the city, and furnished almost perpetual occupation to the degenerate Romans of later times, who confined their ambition to the pittance of bread and public amusement of the day; and he will feel some disappointment when he learns, that scarce a trace remains of such immense structures, that in general their very foundations have vanished, and that the Circus Maximus itself, though capable of containing half the population of Rome within its vast embrace, is erased from the surface of the earth, and has left no vestige of its existence, excepting the hollow scooped out in the Aventine valley for its foundations.

It may be asked how the edifices just alluded to, and a thousand others equally calculated to resist the depredations of time and the usual means of artificial destruction, should have thus sunk into utter annihilation. One might be tempted to adopt the language of poetry, and answer with Pope,

> Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
> Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire. *Epistle to Addison.*

These verses it may seem contain a very comprehensive scale of destruction; five causes, sufficient to compass and

explain the widest range of devastation, and annihilate the most solid fabrics that human skill can erect, even the pyramids themselves. Yet upon impartial examination, we shall find that the fury of enemies, and the zeal of Christians, the piety of Popes, and the fires kindled by the Goths, have not been the sole, or even the principal agents in the work of devastation; and that other causes less observable, because slower, but equally effectual in their operations, have produced the wide extended scene of ruin which we have just traversed. To begin therefore with the first cause, hostile fury: it is to be recollected that the barbarians who took and sacked Rome, such as Alaric and Genseric, had plunder and profit not destruction, in view; and that they warred with the power and the opulence not with the taste and the edifices of the Romans. Gold and silver, brass and precious stones, cloth and articles of apparel, with furniture of every sort, were the objects of their rapacity: the persons also of the unfortunate Romans whom they could either sell or employ as slaves, were considered a valuable part of their booty; in collecting the former and securing the latter, their attention was fully occupied, nor had they leisure, supposing that they had the inclination, during the short space of time they occupied the city, (confined to six days the first, and fourteen the second time the city was taken), to demolish, or even very materially disfigure the solidity of the public edifices. The massive roof of the Capitol formed of brass and it seems lined with gold, and the bronze covering and sculptured portals of the Pantheon, were torn from their respective temples by Genseric; but the edifices themselves were spared, and the latter still remains, to shew how little damage its essential form suffered in the disaster.

As for the destructive effects of Gothic fire, they seem to have been confined to a few palaces and private houses; and so partial was the mischief, that only one edifice of any note, the palace of Sallust, is mentioned as having been consumed on this occasion. Religious rage or Christian zeal, two expressions meaning, I fancy, the same thing, are frequently introduced by authors of a certain mode of thinking, as agents unusually active in the work of destruction; while Papal piety is represented as the presiding demon, who directed their operations, and quickened their natural activity. The fact, however, is otherwise; we do not find that any one temple in Rome was destroyed by the Christians, either tumultuously or legally; that is, by Imperial orders; on the contrary, such was the respect which the Christian Emperors paid even to the prejudices of the Romans, that idols, when proscribed in the provinces, were still tolerated in the capital, and allowed to occupy their rich shrines, and sit enthroned in their deserted temples. In the pillage of Rome by the Goths and Vandals, these statues, when of precious materials, such as gold, silver, or brass, were not spared; but the shrine only, or perhaps the furniture and decorations of the temple, of similar materials, and of course equally calculated to attract the hand of rapacity, were violated, while the edifices themselves, without I believe one exception, were respected. The influence of Papal piety was employed to preserve these buildings, and if possible to consecrate them to the pure mysteries of Christian adoration; and to it we owe the few temples that have survived the general ruin, such as the temple of Vesta, that of Faunus, that of Fortuna Virilis, and last, though first in estimation and grandeur, the Pantheon itself.

Having thus rejected as fabulous or inefficient the causes produced by the poet, and admitted by ignorance and prejudice with little or no examination, it is necessary and not difficult to substitute in their place, the real agents that effected the degradation, and finally the destruction of the noblest city that the world had ever beheld.

Under the auspicious government of Trajan, the empire of Rome had reached the utmost extent of its destined limits; and Rome herself had attained the full perfection of her beauty, and the highest degree of her magnificence. During the virtuous administration of the Antonines, this state of prosperity and glory continued unaltered; that is during the space of nearly a century, till the tyranny of Commodus revived the memory and the disasters of the reigns of Caligula, Nero, and Domitian, and ended like them, in assassination, civil war, and revolution. From the portentous era of the death of Pertinax, Rome ceased to be the fixed and habitual residence of her Emperors, who were generally employed in the field, either in repressing rebellious usurpers, or on the frontiers, in repelling foreign enemies. Still they occasionally returned to celebrate festive games, to receive the homage of the Senate and Roman people, or perhaps to ascend in triumph to the Capitol, and worship the tutelar deities of the empire. From the accession of Diocletian, these visits became less frequent, and while the Mistress of the world was neglected by her half-barbarian Emperors, the handmaid cities of the provinces, Thessalonica, Nicomedia, Antioch, Milan, Ravenna, and Paris, enjoyed the honor and the advantages of their residence. Though Rome was still the acknowledged capital of the world, and though her

population and her riches were unbounded, yet the arts, no longer encouraged or employed by the sovereign, languished. Taste was on the decline, and the great masterpieces (edifices statues paintings) that adorned the city, monuments of the genius and magnificence of happier periods, were passed by unnoticed, and gradually neglected. We cannot suppose that a people who had lost their taste and spirit, or that Emperors, occupied in remote provinces, with the intrigues of competition, or the dangers of war, were disposed to furnish the sums requisite to repair and maintain buildings, which they scarcely knew, or probably beheld with indifference. We may therefore fairly conclude, that at the beginning of the reign of Constantine, some, perhaps several, public edifices must have suffered from neglect; and when we behold the triumphal arch of Trajan destroyed by order of the senate, to furnish materials for the erection of a similar trophy in honor of the former Emperor, we may fairly infer, that such edifices were considered as scarcely worth preservation, and that they were indebted for their duration to their own solidity. Among the causes of ruin we may therefore safely rank, the indifference and neglect of government; nay, we have even some reason to suspect that the Emperors not only neglected the reparation, but sometimes hastened the fall of public structures. Each sovereign was ambitious of distinguishing his reign by some magnificent fabric, by erecting baths or a circus, a portico or a forum; but it is to be feared that they were not always delicate as to the places whence the materials were taken, and sometimes stripped the monuments of their predecessors of their ornaments, in order to employ them in the decoration of their new edifices. Certain it is that some Emperors, while they were adding to the splendor of the city

on one side, made no difficulty of plundering it on the other. Moreover, as the number of Christians increased the temples became deserted, and Christian princes; though not obliged by their religion to destroy, did not perhaps consider themselves as authorized in conscience to repair the sanctuaries of idolatrous worship.

When Rome ceased to be free, and lost even the forms of republican liberty, the forum (the seat of popular deliberations) became useless, and the five or six superb squares that bore that appellation, were turned into so many lonely walks. The various curiæ (the superb palaces of the senate) so necessary in the days of Roman freedom, when almost the whole of the civilized world was governed by the wisdom of that venerable body, stood silent and unfrequented under the later Emperors, when public deliberation was a mere form, and the senate itself an empty shadow. The basilicæ indeed (the halls where the magistrates sat to administer justice) might still collect a crowd, and challenge attention; but as the population of the city decreased, their numbers appeared too great, and the Emperors seemed to embrace with readiness every opportunity of turning them to other purposes. These three sorts of edifices may be supposed, therefore, to have fallen into decay, at an early period, and have mouldered imperceptibly into dust, even though no active power was employed to hasten their dissolution. Of the several curiæ, not one has escaped destruction, and the classic reader will learn with regret, that time has swept away the very vestiges of these celebrated seats of liberty, wisdom, and public dignity. Some few temples remain which, after they had long been abandoned both by their

deities and their votaries, are indebted for their existence to "Christian zeal and Papal piety," which saved them from complete ruin by turning them into churches. We may lament that more of these beautiful edifices were not destined to partake of this advantage, and particularly that the magnificent temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was not of the number; especially as it survived the taking of the city, and stood, as to its walls, unimpaired in the time of Theodoric.

But in the first place, the Christians do not seem to have taken possession of any temple, at least in Rome, where the Emperors treated the ancient religion of the empire with peculiar delicacy, till the total downfal of idolatry, and the complete change of public opinion; that is, till many of these fabrics had fallen into irreparable decay and become incapable of restoration. In the next place, the forms of pagan temples in general, and particularly of such as were built (and these formed the far greater number) on a smaller scale, were extremely ill adapted to the purposes of Christian worship. Narrow oblong edifices, frequently dark and lighted only from the entrance, they seem to have been constructed merely as sanctuaries to receive the statues of their respective gods, while the multitude of adorers filled the porticos, or crowded the colonnades without, and waited till the trumpets announced the moment of sacrifice, or the priest proclaimed the oracles of the god. The external ornaments, and the vast extent of porticos and galleries that surrounded the principal temples, and not the capacity of the interior, constituted their magnificence. The Adyta or Penetralia, seem mostly to have been on a contracted scale, and though well calculated for a chapel or oratory for a small assembly, are

too confined for a parish church, and the accommodation of a large congregation. The Basilicæ, on the contrary, presented every convenience and seemed as if expressly erected for the purposes of a Christian assembly. The aisles on either side seemed formed to receive and screen the women; the vast area in the middle furnished a spacious range for the men; the apsis or semicircular retreat, raised on a flight of steps at the end, gave the bishop and his presbyters an elevated and honorable station, while the sacred table, surrounded with youth and innocence, stood between the clergy and the people, a splendid and conspicuous object. Hence several of these edifices, which depended entirely on the will of the sovereign, and might without offence or injustice be devoted to such purposes as he judged most expedient, were at an early period opened for the reception of the Christians, and consecrated to the celebration of the holy mysteries. Thus, in the time of Constantine, the Basilica Lateranensis was converted into a church and dedicated to the Saviour, while the Basilica Vaticana became another Christian temple under the well-known appellation of St. Peter's. It follows of course, that the temples would in general, be permitted to crumble away insensibly into ruin, as useless and unappropriated edifices, while many of the Basilicæ would be repaired with diligence, and not unfrequently enriched with the pillars and marbles of the fallen fanes in their neighbourhood.

The neglect of the Emperors was followed by indifference in the city magistrates, and contempt among the people, who made no difficulty of stealing from the public edifices the materials requisite for the erection, or ornament of their private

houses; a disorder which rose to such a pitch as to require the interference of public authority more than once, in order to prevent the total dilapidation of some of the finest monuments of Roman greatness. This interference however, only took place during the short reign of one Emperor, whose virtues struggled in vain against the misfortunes of the time and the destinies of the falling empire. I allude to Majorian, whose patriotic edict on this subject is cited with becoming applause by Gibbon, and proves that the magistrates themselves connived at the abuse, and were perhaps too frequently the transgressors. To the neglect of the sovereign therefore we may add the indifference of the magistrates, and the interested pilferings of the people, a second and powerful agent of destruction. However, notwithstanding these disadvantages Rome retained much of her imperial grandeur, even after the nominal fall of her empire, and still challenged the respect and admiration of nations, even when subjected to the sway of barbarian princes. In fact Odoacer and his victorious rival Theodoric, during a long and prosperous reign watched with jealous care over the beauty of the city, and not only endeavoured to preserve what it retained, but to restore what it had lost of its ancient splendor. Their attempts merited praise and acknowledgment, but the effect was temporary, and withheld but could not avert the stroke which fate already levelled at the monuments of Rome. When the evil genius of Italy prompted Justinian to re-annex it as a province to the empire, of which it had formerly been the head; and Belisarius took possession of the capital with a force sufficient to garrison, but not to protect it fully against the enemy, Rome was turned into a fortress, her amphitheatres, mausoleums, and surviving temples were converted into strong holds, and their splen-

did furniture and costly decorations employed, as they presented themselves, for means of defence or annoyance. In the course of this most destructive war, Rome was five times taken, many of her edifices were demolished, not by the hostile rage of the Goths, but by the military prudence of Belisarius; her streets were unpeopled by the sword and by pestilence, the titles of her magistrates suppressed, her senate dispersed, and her honors finally levelled with the dust. The Exarchs who succeeded Narses in the government of Italy, were more attentive to their own interests than to the prosperity of the country; and residing at Ravenna then an almost impregnable fortress, abandoned Rome to her own resources, and her edifices to the care of the citizens, or rather to their own solidity. The misery and humiliation of Rome lasted near three hundred years; that is, from the invasion of Italy, or rather the taking of Rome by Belisarius in the year 536, to the coronation of Charlemagne in 800.

During the disastrous interval which elapsed between these eras, Rome was oppressed by the Exarchs, threatened by the Lombards, wasted by pestilence, and visited at once by all the plagues employed to chastise guilty nations. The few surviving Romans who remained to lament the ruin of their country, and like spectres glide about its abandoned streets, now turned into the sepulchres of the inhabitants, had too much employment in finding the means of supporting their miserable existence to think of repairing or maintaining the vast edifices raised in prosperous times. During so many ages of war and despair, of public and private dejection, how extensive must have been the ravages of desolation! how many pillars must have fallen from their bases! how many temples sunk under their own weight! how many lofty fabrics subsided in the dust! Even

after these ages of war, when Rome became the head of a new empire, and the kings and princes of the western world listened with respect to the oracles of her Pontiff; when some share of opulence probably accompanied her reviving dignity, and Emperors and sovereigns hastened to enrich her sanctuaries with their gifts,—yet no re-animating ray visited the pompous ruins spread over her hills, where the taste and spirit of her ancestors still slumbered undisturbed, and temples, curiæ, and forums, whose names and destination had long been forgotten, were left tottering in decay, or extended in heaps on the earth. A transient gleam of prosperity is not sufficient; a long season of tranquillity and encouragement is requisite to call forth and mature the varied powers of the mind that produce taste and enterprize. But Rome was far from enjoying this tranquillity; threatened sometimes by the Greeks, and sometimes by the Saracens; alternately oppressed by her barbarian Emperors, and disturbed by her factious nobles; and at last convulsed by the unnatural contests between her Emperors and her Pontiffs, she assumed by turns the appearance of a fortress besieged or taken; her edifices, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, were demolished without distinction, and her streets and churches were strewed with the bodies of her inhabitants.

To these bloody divisions succeeded the absence of the Popes, and their very impolitic residence at Avignon, at a distance from the seat of their spiritual authority and temporal dominion, which in the mean time was abandoned to the intrigues of a domineering nobility, and the insurrections of a factious populace. During this period, the reign of anarchy, the few monuments of antiquity that remained were turned into forts and castles, and disfigured with towers and Gothic battlements; the country was

overrun with banditti, and the city itself convulsed and defiled with perpetual scenes of violence and bloodshed. At length the Pontiff returned to his See; and after some struggles a regular government was established. Sixtus Quintus, a wise but arbitrary prince, suppressed anarchy: the arts began to revive, architecture was restored, a Leo rose, and Rome, even ancient Rome, might have expected the restoration of her magnificence and the return of her Augustan glory. But such an expectation would have been ill-founded; the restoration of the arts itself, while it contributed to the splendor of modern Rome, was the last blow that fate gave to the magnificence of the ancient city. While new temples and new palaces arose, the remains of ancient edifices disappeared; and posterity still laments that the Perizonium was demolished, the Coliseum deformed, and the Pantheon plundered, to supply materials or ornaments for the Farnesian and Barbarini palaces, and the new Basilica of St. Peter. With regard to the latter, the man of taste and the lover of antiquity, as Gibbon justly observes, will, perhaps, pardon the theft; as it contributed to the triumph of modern genius, and the decoration of the noblest edifice that human art has ever erected. But to plunder the venerable monuments of Imperial greatness, in order to deck the mansions of two upstart families, was a sacrilege; and, as such, justly reprobated by the satirical lampoons of the indignant Romans.

We have now, I think, enumerated the principal causes of the destruction of Rome, very different from those assigned by the poet; and if to the neglect of Emperors, the indifference of magistrates, the rapacity of individuals, the rage of contesting factions, and the empoverishment of the city, we add, *the silent stroke of mouldering Time*, we shall have the list of destruction com-

plete. The few edifices that still survive, owe their existence either to the protecting hand of religion that warded off, or to their own solidity which defied, the blow levelled at their majestic forms by age or indifference. Some instances of the former have already been given; of the latter, besides the tombs of Cestius and Metella, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus stand most magnificent examples. These superb columns are of the same materials, the finest white marble, of nearly the same height, about one hundred and twenty feet, and of the same decorations; a series of sculpture, winding in a spiral line from the base to the capital, representing the wars and triumphs of the two Emperors. They formerly supported each a colossal statue of Trajan and Antoninus; these have long since disappeared, while St. Peter and St. Paul have been substituted in their stead, though very improperly, as the bloody scenes and profane sacrifices pourtrayed on the shafts beneath, are ill-adapted to the character and pacific virtues of these Apostles. However, notwithstanding the impropriety of the situation, the picturesque effect is the same, especially as the modern statues are probably of the same size, and if we may judge by medals, placed in the same attitude as the ancient.

To the question which I have here attempted to answer, one more may be added. It may be asked, what is now become of the rich materials, the bronze, the marbles employed in the statues, pillars, and decorations, of this vast scene of grandeur? The bronze has always been an object of plunder, or of theft, and of course equally coveted by the rapacious barbarians, and the impoverished Romans. It was, therefore, diligently sought for, and consequently soon disappeared. Besides, though employed with profusion, and even with prodigality, yet its sum

total was definite and easily exhaustible, particularly when every research was made to discover, and every method used to obtain it. The quantity of granite and marble that decorated ancient Rome is almost incalculable. If we may be allowed to judge by the marble plan which I have alluded to more than once, we should be inclined to imagine that its streets were lined with porticos, and formed an endless succession of colonnades. The shafts of the pillars were generally formed of one single piece or block, whatsoever their height might have been, an advantage equally calculated to secure them against the influence of time, and the attacks of wanton destruction. Of statues, if we may believe the elder Pliny, the number was equal to that of inhabitants, and seems, in fact, to have been sufficient not only to fill the temples, basilicæ, and curiæ, but to crowd the streets, and almost people the porticos and public walks. These statues, when of marble, fortunately for their duration, were beheld by all parties with indifference; and when not immediately within the verge of warlike operations, allowed to stand undisturbed on their pedestals, or fall unsupported and forgotten into the mass of rubbish around them. That this was the case we may conclude, from the places where several beautiful statues were found, such as the baths of Titus and Caracalla, where they stood for ages exposed to depredation, and were only concealed in latter times by the fall of the buildings around them. The pillars met with a different fate; some were conveyed by the Exarchs to Ravenna, others transported by Charlemagne beyond the Alps, and thousands have been employed in the churches and palaces of the modern city. In reality, ancient Rome has been for twelve centuries a quarry ever open and never exhausted; and the stranger, as he wanders through the streets of the modern city, is astonished to see,

sometimes thrown neglected into corners, and often collected round the shops, or in the yards of stone-cutters, shafts, capitals, parts of broken cornices, and, in short, blocks of the finest marbles, all dug out of the ruins in the neighbourhood.

Yet, notwithstanding the waste and havoc of these materials, made in the manner I have described, and by the causes I have enumerated, I am inclined to think that the far greater portion still remains buried amidst the ruins, or entombed under the edifices of the modern city. The columns carried away to ornament other cities, bear a small proportion to the numbers left behind, and of these latter, the number employed in the decorations of buildings now existing, will appear a very slight deduction from the remains of ancient magnificence, when we consider that the great churches at Rome,* that is, all the buildings where there is any display of pillars or marbles, were erected in the days of Roman glory, before the invasion of Italy, and the wars of the Goths. Their ornaments, therefore, were not drawn from the ruins of ancient Rome: they are monuments of its glory, but have not shared its plunder.

The elevation of the ground over the whole extent of the city, amounting in general, to the height of from fourteen to twenty feet, and the many little hills, which have risen in various parts of the Campus Martius, especially on the sites of theatres and baths, and other extensive buildings, sufficiently shew what a mass of ruin lies extended below. In fact, few excavations have been made in this artificial soil, without terminating in some

* St. Peter's excepted.

interesting discovery; and it has frequently happened, that in sinking a well, or opening the foundations of a private house, the masons have been stopped by the interposing bulk of a pillar or an obelisk. One of the latter was discovered thrice, and as often buried again in rubbish, before it was raised by Benedict XIV. The pavement of the Forum is well known to exist about fourteen feet under the present level, and several of the thermæ remain still unopened. The portico of Trajan lies near twenty feet under the foundations of churches and convents. What treasures of art may not be contained in these mines, hitherto unexplored! What beautiful forms of sculpture and architecture may still slumber in this immense cemetery of ancient magnificence! Should the Roman government, when the present convulsions shall have subsided into tranquillity, acquire energy and means adequate to such an undertaking, it may perhaps turn its attention to an object so worthy of it, and the classic traveller may entertain the fond hope, that the veil which has so long concealed the beauties of the ancient city, may be, in part, removed, and some grand features of Roman magnificence once more exposed to view. At least the materials of many a noble structure may reappear, many a long *fallen column be taught again to seek the skies*, and many a god, and many a hero, emerge from darkness, once more ascend their lofty pedestals, and challenge the admiration of future generations. But when these pleasing hopes may be realized, it is difficult to determine. Rome and all Italy crouch under the iron sway of the First Consul; how he intends to model her various governments, and on whom he may hereafter bestow her coronets, crowns, and tiaras, is a secret confined to his own bosom: in the mean time, public confidence languishes, every grand undertaking is suspended, and it would be absurd to

squander away expence and labour in recovering statues and marbles, which may be instantly ordered to Paris, to grace the palace of the Tuilleries, or enrich the galleries of the Louvre. The genius of the ancient city must still brood in darkness over her ruins, and wait the happy day, if such a day be ever destined to shine on Italy, when the invaders may be once more driven beyond the Alps, all barbarian influence be removed, and the talents and abilities of the country left to act with all their native energy.*

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* A medal was found not long ago, I think near the Capitol, with the form of a hero crowned with laurel, extending a sword, with the inscription, "Adsertori Libertatis," on one side, and Rome seated, with the inscription, "Roma resurges," on the reverse. May Italy ere long have cause to strike a similar medal.

CHAP. XII.

MODERN ROME.

ITS POPULATION—STREETS—SQUARES—FOUNTAINS—TOMBS—PALACES.

THE modern city, as the reader must have already observed, possesses many features of ancient Rome. The same roads lead to her gates, from the extremities of Italy—the same aqueducts pour the same streams into her fountains—the same great churches that received the masters of the world under the Flavian and Theodosian lines, are still open to their descendants—and the same venerable walls that enclosed so many temples and palaces, in the reign of Aurelian, still lift their antique towers around the same circumference. Within this circumference, Modern Rome lies extended, principally on the plain, and scattered thinly over the hills, bordered by villas, gardens, and vineyards. Its population amounted to one hundred and eighty, or perhaps, two hundred thousand souls previous to the French invasion, which, by empoverishing the country, and severing from the capital one of its richest provinces, is said to have diminished the number of inhabitants by twenty, or even thirty thousand. The streets

are well built and well paved, narrower, in general, than those in London, and wider than those in Paris; but as the houses are not too high, they are light and airy, often very long and straight, and not unfrequently terminating with an obelisk, a fountain, or a church. Such are the three streets which diverge from the Porta, or rather Piazza del Popolo; the Corso, anciently the Via Lata, terminating at the foot of the Capitol; the Strada del Babuino, ending in the Piazza de Espagna, and the Strada de Ripetta, anciently the Via Populi, leading to the Tiber, not to speak of the Strada Giulia, Strada della Longara, and many others.

The houses are of stone, but plastered, as at Vienna, Berlin, and other transalpine cities; the plaster, or rather stucco, is extremely hard, and in a climate so dry may equal stone in solidity and duration. Hence its general use in Italy, and its reputation even among the ancients, who employed it not only in ordinary buildings, but even sometimes in porticos and temples, as we find in the temple of Fortuna Virilis at Rome, supposed by many to be a remnant of the Republican era, though more probably erected, or rather rebuilt, in the Augustan age. To us, stucco, however excellent in its kind, seems only a bad imitation of stone, and conveys an idea of poverty incompatible with grandeur or beauty. Before I enter into details, I shall premise, in order to give the reader a general idea of Modern Rome, that it contains forty-six squares, five monumental pillars, ten obelisks, thirteen fountains, twenty-two mausoleums, one hundred and fifty palaces, and three hundred and forty-six churches! Of these objects most have some peculiar feature, some appropriate beauty, to attract the attention of the traveller.

SQUARES.

Of the squares, the most remarkable for its extent, is the Piazzo Navona, which gradually rose on the ruins of the Circus Agonalis. It is adorned by the handsome church of S. Agnes, and refreshed by three fountains, decorated with statues. One of these fountains (that in the middle of the square) is much admired. It was designed and erected by Bernini: four figures, representing four rivers, recline on a vast rock; on its top stands an Egyptian obelisk; from its hollow sides rushes a perpetual stream. These three fountains are so managed during the heats of August, as to inundate the whole square on Saturdays and Sundays, and afford a new and refreshing exhibition to the Roman gentry, who parade along in their carriages, and to the common people, who collect around in crowds, to behold the brilliant and enlivening scene.

The Piazza d'Espagna, so called, from the palace of the Spanish embassy, is large, supplied by a fountain, and adorned with several handsome buildings, but particularly by the noble flight of marble steps that ascends from it to the obelisk, church, and square, Della Trinita di' Monti. From the balustrade that terminates this staircase above, and borders the latter square, and indeed from the square itself, which runs along the brow of the Pincian hill, there opens a delightful view of Rome, Monte Mario, and the Janiculum.

Of the Piazza Colonna I have already spoken; that of Monte Citorio communicates with it. This square is extremely beautiful. Its principal ornament is the Curia Innocenziana, a palace erected by Innocent XII. for the accommodation of the

courts of justice, and the offices belonging to them. Its magnitude, materials, and architecture, are equally admired.

OBELISKS.

Opposite the grand entrance of the Curia, stands an Egyptian obelisk, remarkable for its antiquity, its workmanship, and its destination. It is said to have been erected by Sesostris at Heliopolis; it is covered, where not damaged, with hieroglyphics, executed with uncommon neatness, and was employed by Augustus as a gnomon, to an immense dial formed by his direction, in the Campus Martius. After having been overturned, shattered, and buried in the ruins, it was discovered repeatedly, and as often neglected and forgotten, till Benedict XIV. rescued it from oblivion, and the late Pope, Pius VI. repaired and placed it in its present situation. It is the third obelisk which that pontiff had the satisfaction of re-erecting, to the great ornament and glory of the city. In fact, these obelisks are peculiar to Rome, and seem to form ornaments singularly appropriate, as they connect its present beauty with its ancient power and magnificence. When we recollect that their antiquity precedes the origin of regular history, and disappears in the obscurity of the fabulous ages, that they are of Egyptian workmanship, the trophies, and perhaps the records of her ancient monarchs, we cannot but look upon them as so many acknowledgments and testimonials of her submission and homage, to the mistress of the Universe. When we are informed, that whatever their elevation or magnitude may be, they are of one solid block of granite, and yet have been transported over many hundred miles of land or sea, we are astonished at the combination of skill and boldness, that marks such an undertaking, and surpasses the powers of modern art, though apparently so much

improved in mechanical operations. It is then particularly incumbent on the sovereign to preserve and to recover as many as possible of these illustrious monuments of Egyptian skill and Roman majesty. How many obelisks adorned the city in ancient times, it would be difficult to determine. Some confine the number to sixteen; I should be inclined to enlarge it. However, if there were no more, more than one-half have been restored, as ten now stand in different squares of the city. Another, which has been too much shattered in its fall, for re-erection, was employed in the reparation of that which stands in the Piazza del Monte Citorio. It is probable that others may hereafter be discovered in the neighbourhood of an Imperial sepulchre, or amidst the ruins of a circus; in the decoration of which edifices they seem to have been principally employed. The most remarkable of the obelisks are, that in the Piazza del Popolo, that in the centre of the colonnade of S. Peter's, and that which stands in the square of St. John. The one before S. Peter's stood in the circus of Nero, that is, a few hundred paces from its present site, and was removed from the side to the front of the church, by Sixtus Quintus. It is a single piece of granite, about eighty feet in length, and with its pedestal, and the cross that tops it, rises to the height of an hundred and thirty-six feet. The two others anciently adorned the Circus Maximus, and were thence transported by the above-mentioned spirited pontiff to their present situations. That in the Piazza del Popolo is ninety feet in height, including its cross and pedestal. That erected near St. John Lateran is the highest of the obelisks, and including the ornaments of the fountain, on which, as on a pedestal, it reposes, it has an elevation of at least one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the pavement. The monument in London surpasses the obelisks

in elevation, but its shaft is not a single piece, nor is it of Egyptian granite, nor is it inscribed with hieroglyphics.

FOUNTAINS.

From the obelisks we pass to the fountains, because they are generally employed in the decoration of the same squares, and sometimes united, as in the Piazza Navona, and at St. John Lateran, to set each other off to more advantage. Three only of the ancient aqueducts now remain to supply modern Rome, and yet such is the quantity they convey, and so pure the sources whence they derive it, that no city can boast of such a profusion of clear and salubrious water. Artificial fountains, in general, are little better than ornamented pumps, which sometimes squirt out a scanty thread of water, and sometimes distil only a few drops into a muddy bason below. Those on a greater scale, now and then, throw up a column, or pour a torrent, as occasion may require, on certain state days, or for the amusement of some distinguished personage; and then subside till a fresh supply enables them to renew the exhibition. Such are, in general, the fountains and cascades that adorn public walks and palace gardens, and such the so much celebrated water-works of St. Cloud, Marli, and Versailles, inventions which can be considered only as pretty play things, calculated, like a theatrical decoration, to act an occasional part, and furnish a momentary amusement, but too insignificant to be introduced into the resorts of the public, or the walks of princes, where we have reason to expect solid magnificence, founded on nature and reality. How far the ancient Romans carried this species of magnificence, we may easily judge, when we consider that they had, undoubtedly, both the taste and the materials requisite for it. Their aqueducts, which supplied

them with water, even to prodigality, still remain striding across vallies, penetrating mountains, and sweeping over immense plains, till they meet in the heart of the city. The edifice where they united, and whence they separated to water their destined quarters, was called Castellum, and if we may judge by that which remains, the Porta Maggiore, was generally a fabric of great solidity and magnificence, and, as appears from the ruins of one discovered near the church of St. Ignatius, sometimes cased with marble, and adorned with marble pillars. The number of these towers anciently, as well as of the fountains springing from them, must have been prodigious, as Agrippa alone, if we may believe Pliny,* erected one hundred and thirty of the former, and opened one hundred and five of the latter, and adorned them with three hundred brass or marble statues. Strabo says, that such a quantity of water was introduced into the city, that whole rivers seemed to flow through the streets and down the sewers, so that every house had its pipes and cisterns, sufficient to furnish a copious and perpetual supply. The modern Romans, though inferior in numbers and opulence to their ancestors, have shewn equal taste and spirit in this respect, and deserve a just eulogium, not only for having procured an abundance of water, but for the splendid and truly Imperial style in which it is poured forth for public use in the different quarters of the city. Almost every square has its fountains, and almost every fountain has some particularity in its size, form, or situation, to attract attention. The three principal, however, will suffice to give the reader an idea of the variety and beauty of such edifices, especially as I have already described one or

* Lib. xxxvi. 15.

two, and may hereafter call his attention to others, too intimately connected with the objects around them, to be taken as detached pieces.

The Fontana Felice, in the Piazze dei Termini on the Virminal Mount, deserves to be mentioned first, because first erected. It is supplied by the Aqua Claudia, drawn from the Alban or rather Tusculan hills, and conveyed to Rome by channels under, and aqueducts above ground; some of which are ancient, some modern. It discharges itself through a rock under an Ionic arcade, built of white stone, and cased with marble. It is adorned by several gigantic statues, the principal of which represents Moses striking the rock, whence the water issues. On the one side, Aaron conducts the Israelites; on the other, Gideon leads his chosen soldiers to the brink of the torrent: below, four lions, two of marble and two of basaltes, ornamented with hieroglyphics, hang over the vast bason as if in haste to slake their thirst. The restoration of this noble fountain, and the ornaments which grace it, are owing to the spirit of Sixtus Quintus, and now it bears the name of Aqua Felice, and is supposed to be, as anciently, peculiarly wholesome.

Nearly opposite, but beyond the Tiber, and on the brow of the Janiculum, rises an arcade supported by six pillars of granite. Three torrents, rushing from the summit of the hill, tumble through the three principal arches of this arcade, and fill an immense marble bason with the purest water. They then roll down the side of the mountain, turn several mills as they descend, and supply numberless reservoirs in the plain, along the sides of the river, and even beyond it, in the Campus Martius. The lofty situation of this fountain renders it a conspicuous ob-

ject to all the opposite hills. The trees that line its sides, and wave to the eye through its arches, shed an unusual beauty around it; and the immense bason which it replenishes gives it the appearance, not of the contrivance of human ingenuity, but almost the creation of enchantment.

In the Piazza di Trevi (in Triviis) on a rough, vast, and broken rock, rises a palace, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and supported in the centre by vast Corinthian pillars. It is ornamented with statues, representing the salubrity and fertilizing powers of the waters, while the beneficent Naiad herself holds a conspicuous place among them, and seems to behold with complacency the profusion and glory of her springs. In the middle of the edifice, between the columns, under a rich arch stands Neptune on his car, in a majestic attitude, as if commanding the rocks to open before, and the waters to swell around him. Two sea-horses, conducted by two Tritons, drag the chariot of the god, and, emerging from the caverns of the rock, shake the brine from their manes, while the obedient waves burst forth in torrents on all sides, roar down the clefts of the crag, and form a sea around its base. In the heats of summer they overflow their usual limits, fill the whole marble concavity round the fountain, and rise to a level with the square, where, after sun-set, the inhabitants of the neighbouring streets assemble to enjoy the united freshness of the waters and the evening. Such is the celebrated Fontana di Trevi, the noblest work of the kind in Rome, and probably the most magnificent fountain in the universe. The bason itself is of white marble, and the vast enclosure around it is flagged and lined with marble of the same color. A flight of steps of white marble leads down to this bason; and to prevent accidents, a chain, supported by large

blocks of granite, encloses the exterior border. I know that the architectural part of the Fontana di Trevi, and indeed of the Aqua Paola and Aqua Felice, has been severely criticized, and, in candor, I must acknowledge, that the criticism is in many respects well founded: for instance, it must be allowed that the elegance and lightness of the Corinthian or Ionic is ill-adapted to the simplicity of a fountain, where Doric would be more appropriate, because plainer and more solid. It will be admitted also, that these edifices are broken and subdivided into too many little parts, a process in architecture, as in painting and poetry, diametrically opposite to greatness and sublimity. In fine, it cannot be denied, that the superstructure is in all three too massive for the order, and too much encumbered with coats of arms and other supernumerary decorations. Yet, notwithstanding these faults, and they are not inconsiderable, while the spectator sits on the marble border of the bason, and contemplates the elevation of the columns, the magnitude of the edifices, the richness of the materials, the workmanship of the statues, and, above all, the deluge of waters poured round him, the defects are lost in the beauties, and criticism subsides in admiration.

TOMBS.

In ancient times the bodies of the deceased were deposited without the walls, generally along the most frequented roads, where their tombs arose at intervals and under various forms, shaded by cypresses and other funereal plants, and exhibited on both sides a long and melancholy border of sorrow and mortality. Few persons were allowed the honor of being buried in the city or Campus Martius, and of the few tombs raised within its space during the republic, one only remains in a narrow street, the Macello di Corvi, near the Capitoline hill. It is of a

solid but simple form, and inscribed with the name of Caius Publicius Bibulus, and as the only one of that name mentioned in history, is distinguished by no brilliant achievement, but only represented as a popular tribune, it is difficult to discover the reason of the honorable exception. Under the Emperors, certain illustrious persons were allowed tombs in the Campus Martius, or its neighbourhood, and these monumental edifices at length swelled into superb mausoleums, and became some of the most majestic ornaments of the city. Of these the two principal were the sepulchres of Augustus and of Adrian, and although both belong to the ruins of ancient Rome, and have already been alluded to, yet as they still form, even in their shattered and disfigured state, two very conspicuous features in the modern city, the reader may expect a more detailed description.

The best, and indeed the only ancient account of the former monument, denominated by way of eminence the Mausoleum, is given by Strabo, who represents it as a pendent garden, raised on lofty arches of white stone, planted with evergreen shrubs, and terminating in a point crowned with the statue of Augustus. In the vault beneath, lay the remains of the Emperor and his family; at the entrance stood two Egyptian obelisks; around arose an extensive grove cut into walks and alleys. Of this monument, the two inner walls, which supported the whole mass, with the vast vaults under which reposed the imperial ashes still remain; a work of great size, solidity, and elevation. Hence it is seen at a considerable distance, and continues still a grand and most striking object. The platform on the top was for a considerable time, employed as a garden, and

covered, as originally, with shrubs and flowers. It is now converted into a sort of amphitheatre, and surrounded with seats and benches, where the spectators may enjoy in safety the favorite amusement of bull-baiting. We attended at this exhibition, in which not dogs only, but men act as assailants, and we thought it, although conducted with as much precaution and even humanity as it is susceptible of, too dangerous to amuse persons not accustomed to contemplate hair-breadth escapes. This edifice owes its preservation to its solidity. It has been stripped of its marble casing, of its pilasters, and its internal and external decorations; it has been at the disposal of numberless individuals, and is still I believe private property. Such a monument, after having escaped so many chances of ruin, ought not to be neglected. Government should purchase it, should disengage it from the petty buildings that crowd around it and conceal its form and magnitude; should case it anew with Tiburtine stone, and devote it under some form or other to public utility. Thus, some portion of its former splendor might be restored, and its future existence secured, as far as human foresight can extend its influence.

The Emperor Adrian, who delighted in architecture and magnificence, determined to rival, or more probably to surpass, the splendor of Augustus's tomb, and erected a mausoleum which from its size and solidity was called *Moles Adriani.* As the Campus Martius was already crowded with tombs, temples, and theatres, he selected for its site a spot on the opposite bank of the river, at the foot of the Vatican Mount; where on a vast quadrangular platform of solid stone, he raised a lofty circular edifice, surrounded by a Corinthian portico, supported by forty-

eight pillars of a beautiful kind of white marble tinged with purple. The tholus or continuation of the inner wall, formed a second story above, adorned with Ionic pilasters; a dome surmounted by a cone of brass crowned the whole fabric, and gave to it the appearance of a vast and most majestic temple. To increase its splendor, four statues occupied the four corners of the platform, forty-eight adorned the portico and occupied the intervals between the columns; an equal number rose above the entablature, and a proportional series occupied the niches of the second story between the pilasters. It is superfluous to observe that the whole fabric was cased with marble, or that the statues were the works of the best masters; and it is almost unnecessary to add, that this monument was considered as the noblest sepulchral edifice ever erected, and one of the proudest ornaments of Rome, even when she shone in all her imperial magnificence. Yet the date of its glory was transitory; its matchless beauty claimed in vain the attention of absent Emperors; the genius of Adrian, the manes of the virtuous Antonini, names so dear to the Roman world, pleaded in vain for its preservation. The hand of time daily defaced its ornaments, the zeal of Honorius stripped it of its pillars, and the military skill of Belisarius turned it into a temporary fortress. The necessity of such a protection became, from this period, daily more visible. Threatened first by the Lombards, then by the German Emperors, and in the progress of time by its own lawless nobles, the government saw the necessity of securing a permanent post, and found none more defensible by situation and by structure than the *Moles Adriani*, which commands the river, and from its internal solidity might defy all the ancient means of assault. The parts therefore that remain, are such as

were adapted to this purpose; that is, part of its basement or platform, and almost the whole of the central circular building, though stripped of its marbles, its pillars, its statues, and its cone. The marbles disappeared at an early era, having been employed in other buildings, or converted into lime and used as mortar. The pillars were transported to St. Paul's, without the gates, and still adorn its nave; the statues, despised in a barbarous age, were tumbled to the ground, wedged into the wall, or hurled as missile weapons against the assailants. Some few have been discovered in the neighbourhood; the greater part may possibly still lie buried amidst the ruins. The brazen cone or pine-apple stands in a garden, enclosed in one of the squares of the Vatican palace; and the sarcophagus, in which the ashes of Adrian were deposited, is said to be one of the two now placed in the Corsini chapel of St. John Lateran. In the course of time various bastions, ramparts, and outworks, have been added to the original building, several houses for soldiers, provisions, magazines, &c. are raised around, and some very considerable edifices containing spacious apartments, erected in the solid mass of the sepulchre itself. It takes its present name, *Castel S. Angelo*, from its destination (for it is in fact the citadel of Rome) and from a bronze statue of an angel standing with extended wings, on its summit.

While speaking of these superb monuments of ancient magnificence, it is impossible not to mention the Septizonium of Severus, and regret its destruction, as it had survived the disasters of Rome, and suffered less during the barbarous ages than most other public edifices. It stood at the foot of the Palatine Mount, near the Clivus Scauri, that is opposite Mount Celius, and the

spot where now stands the convent of St. Gregory. It was built in the form of a pyramid and consisted of seven porticos or temples, supported by various pillars of the finest marbles, rising one above the other and towering to a prodigious elevation. Three stories remained entire at so late a period as the reign of Sixtus Quintus, who ordered the pillars to be conveyed to St. Peter's, which he was then building, and the remaining part of the structure to be demolished. It would be unjust and ungrateful to accuse a Pope, to whom the world owes the dome of St. Peter's, of want of taste; or to suspect a sovereign, to whom modern Rome is indebted for half her beauty, of indifference to her antiquities: yet we cannot but lament the loss of the Septizonium, which had resisted the agency of so many destructive causes, and which, whether entire or in ruins, must have presented a most astonishing display of architectural grandeur. But, alas! all the monuments of Roman magnificence, all the remains of Grecian taste, so dear to the artist, the historian, the antiquary, all depend on the will of an arbitrary sovereign, and that will is influenced too often by interest or vanity, by a nephew, or a sycophant. Is a new palace to be erected for the reception of an upstart family? The Coliseum is stripped to furnish materials. Does a foreign minister wish to adorn the bleak walls of a northern castle with antiques? The temples of Theseus or Minerva must be dismantled, and the works of Phidias or Praxiteles torn from the shattered frieze. That a decrepit uncle, wrapped up in the religious duties of his age and station, should listen to the suggestions of an interested nephew is natural, and that an oriental despot should undervalue the master-pieces of Grecian art is to be expected, though in both cases the consequences of such weakness are much to be lamented; but that the minister of a nation, famed

for its knowledge of the language, and its veneration for the monuments of ancient Greece, should have been the prompter and the instrument of these destructions is almost incredible. Such rapacity is a crime against all ages and all generations; it deprives the past of the trophies of their genius and the title deeds of their fame; the present, of the strongest inducements to exertion, the noblest exhibitions that curiosity can contemplate: the future, of the master-pieces of art, the models of imitation. To guard against the repetition of such depredations is the wish of every man of genius, the duty of every man in power, and the common interest of every civilized nation.

But to return.—Of the tomb of Cestius I have already spoken, and of some without the walls I may speak hereafter. At present we shall pass from the tombs of the ancient heroes of Rome to the palaces of her modern nobles, which now rise thick around them on all sides, and almost eclipse their faded splendor.

In the first place, the reader must observe, that the appellation of palace in Rome, and indeed in all the towns in Italy, is taken in a much more extensive sense than that in which we are accustomed to employ it, and is applied not only to the residence of the sovereign, but to the mansions of the rich and the noble of every description. It follows that many edifices bear this name, which, in the eyes of an Englishman, would scarcely seem to deserve it, and of course we may infer, that many among the palaces of Rome do not perhaps merit the trouble of a visit, and much less the honor of a description. I will venture to add, that the far greatest part of these mansions are less remarkable for their external architecture, than for their size and inte-

rior decorations; a remark, which I think applicable in particular to the pontifical palaces of the Quirinal, (Monte Cavallo) and the Vatican. The external walls of these palaces are plastered, while the window and door cases with the angles and cornices only, appear to be of stone. Even the ornaments of the most splendid, such as the Barberini, Odescalchi, and Farnesi, are confined to pilasters or half pillars; a mode of decoration, rich indeed and pleasing to the eye, but inferior in grandeur to the detached column and pillared portico. Ornament, it is true, must be subservient to utility, and in streets where space is wanting, the open gallery and spacious colonnade must be resigned, and their place supplied by decorations more compact, although less stately. However the extent and elevation of the principal palaces may, perhaps, be considered a compensation for the absence of grand architectural ornaments, as they undoubtedly give them a most princely and magnificent appearance. At all events the spacious courts and porticos within, the vast halls and lofty apartments with the pillars, the marbles, the statues, and the paintings that furnish and adorn them in such profusion, place the Roman palaces on a level, or rather raise them far above the royal residences of the most powerful princes beyond the Alps.

Some of our English travellers complain of a want of neatness and general cleanliness in these palaces. This complaint may probably be well founded, but it is applicable to most of the palaces on the continent as well as to those in Italy; and we may range far and wide, I believe, before we discover that minute and perpetual attention to cleanliness in every apartment, and every article of furniture, which prevails in every mansion in England, from the palace to the cottage, and forms such a distinguishing feature of the national character.

In this respect however the Romans are not inferior to the inhabitants of Paris or Vienna, nor can a traveller, without fastidious delicacy, find any very just cause of complaint. It has been again objected to Roman palaces, that their magnificence is confined to the state apartments, while the remaining rooms, even those inhabited by the family itself, remain unfurnished, neglected, and comfortless. To this it may be answered, that the words furniture and comfort convey a very different meaning in northern and southern climates: in the former, the object is to retain heat; in the latter, to exclude it: the precautions taken for the one are diametrically contrary to those employed for the other; and the carpeted floor, the soft sofa, the well closed door, and the blazing fire, so essential to the comfort of an Englishman, excite ideas of heat and oppression in the mind of an Italian, who delights in brick or marble floors, cold seats, windows, and doors, that permit a circulation of air; and chimnies formed rather to ventilate than to warm the apartment. Damask tapestry, hangings, paintings, and statues are it is true confined in Italy, as in most other countries, to the state rooms; but the other parts of their houses did not appear to me neglected; and I think I have seen in the third or fourth stories of the Braschi and Borghese palaces, ranges of apartments, fitted up in a manner which even an Englishman would call neat and almost elegant. Moreover, several palaces are inhabited by families once opulent, but now reduced, and consequently unequal to the expence of keeping such vast edifices in repair, and of supporting the magnificence of many princely apartments. The French invasion has considerably increased the number of such distressed families, and occasioned the degradation of many a noble mansion. The neglected and ruinous appearances occasioned by such causes we may lament, but cannot censure. To this cause of dilapidation we may add another, perhaps more

effectual, and that is, the absence and total indifference of the proprietors. It is a misfortune that some of the most superb palaces and villas in Rome belong to families, now raised to sovereign power. Thus the Palazzo Farnese is the property of the King of Naples; that of Medici, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Both these edifices have accordingly been plundered of all their valuable ornaments, their marbles, their statues, their paintings; were abandoned to the care of a few half-starved servants, and are now scarcely preserved from falling into ruin. The furniture of the Medicean palace or villa was conveyed to Florence, that of the Farnesian to Naples; and they form in both places the principal ornaments of the respective collections. From the latter were taken the Hercules, and the celebrated groupe called the Toro Farnese; from the former, the Venus of Medicis, I need mention no more. It is not my intention, nor is it conformable to my general plan to describe in detail, the beauties of every palace. To point out the principal features of a few of the most celebrated edifices of this kind, will be fully sufficient.

The Doria palace in the Corso presents three vast fronts; contains a spacious court adorned with a public portico all around. The staircase is supported by eight pillars of oriental granite, and conducts to a magnificent gallery that occupies the four sides of the square court, and with several adjoining apartments, is filled with pictures of the highest estimation.

The Palazzo Ruspoli is remarkable for its staircase, supposed to be the noblest in Rome. It consists of four flights, of thirty steps each; each step consists of a single piece of marble near ten feet long and more than two broad: it is adorned with

antique statues, and the walls of two noble galleries, to which it conducts, are covered with pictures.

The Orsini palace owes the elevation which renders it remarkable to the theatre of Marcellus, on whose foundation stones and collected ruins it rises as on a lofty eminence.

The Palazzo Giustiniani stands on Nero's baths, and is adorned with a profusion of statues and columns extracted from their ruins. This collection, once reported to contain above fifteen hundred antique figures, has I fear been much diminished since the commencement of the revolutionary war.

The Palazzo Altieri is a detached edifice forming a square, and presenting four fronts all set off with architectural decorations. Two courts, a handsome portico, and several noble apartments, glowing with the rich tints of Claude Lorrain, embellish the interior.

The fantastic architecture of the palace of *Ciciaporci*, in which Julio Romano seems to have allowed his talent to amuse itself in singularity, may deserve a transient visit.

The residence of Christina Queen of Sweden, has given an additional lustre to the Corsini palace, remarkable in itself for its magnitude, furniture, gardens, and superb library. The library with the vast collection of prints annexed to it, is said to have once contained *near four hundred thousand volumes.* The garden runs along and almost reaches the summit of the Janiculum. Both the library and the garden are open to the public who may range through the apartments of the one, and

as they wander over the other, enjoy a complete view of Rome extended over the opposite hills; a view as classical as it is beautiful, because remarked and celebrated in classic times.

Juli jugera pauca Martialis,
Hortis Hesperidum beatiora,
Longo Janiculi jugo recumbunt.
Lati collibus imminent recessus;
Et planus modico tumore vertex
Coelo perfruitur sereniore:
Et, curvas nebulâ tegente valles,
Solus luce nitet peculiari:
Puris leniter admoventur astris
Celsae culmina delicata villae.
Hinc septem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet aestimare Romam. *Martial, lib.* II. *ep.* XLII.

Opposite is one of the Farnesian palaces which, though in the middle of the Strada Lungara, is sometimes called Villa Farnesiana. It has in reality something of the appearance of a villa, as its gardens are extensive and border the banks of the Tiber. The interior, though unfurnished and neglected (it belongs to the King of Naples) yet still interests, and will continue to attract the curious traveller, till the splendid scenes which the genius of Raffaello has shed on the walls and cielings shall vanish, and the Loves and Graces that now smile and sport on all sides, melt away and lose their airy forms in the damp vapors that too often brood around them.

From the villa we naturally pass to the Palazzo Farnese This edifice occupies one side of a handsome square, adorned with two fountains. It was planned, and its construction directed by the best architects, and principally by Michael Angelo: its apartments were painted by the first artists, and

chiefly by Domenichino and Annibal Caracci. It is of immense size and elevation, and on the whole is considered as the noblest palace in Rome. Twelve massive pillars of Egyptian granite support the vestibule; three ranges of arcades rise one above the other round a spacious court, and suites of noble apartments open at each door and follow each other in endless succession. The traveller contemplates so much magnificence with surprize; and delight but he learns with regret that it is founded upon wanton depredation: the Farnesian palace shines with the plundered fragments of the Coliseum.

The Palazzo Costaguti, indifferent in every other respect, has the walls of its apartments adorned by the hands of the first masters; Albano, Domenichino, Guercino, &c. have all displayed their matchless powers in its decorations, and thus given it a reputation to which its size and architecture could never have raised it. Some share in a similar advantage, added to a vast magnitude, distinguishes the Palazzo Mattei.

The Palazzo Borghese is a superb edifice remarkable for its extent, its porticos, its granite columns, its long suite of apartments, its paintings and antiques; and still more distinguished by a certain well-supported magnificence, that pervades every part, and gives the whole mansion, from the ground floor to the attic, an appearance of neatness, order, and opulence. It may be added with justice, that the illustrious family to which the palace belongs has been long and deservedly celebrated for taste and magnificence, directed by order and regularity.—"Maneant ea fata Nepotes!"

In an antichamber of the Palazzo Spada, stands the cele-

brated statue of Pompey; at the foot of which Cæsar is supposed to have fallen. The history of this statue deserves to be inserted. It was first placed, during Pompey's life, in the senate house which he had erected; and when that edifice was shut up, it was raised by order of Augustus, on a double arch or gateway of marble, opposite the grand entrance of Pompey's theatre. It was thrown down or fell during the convulsion of the Gothic wars, and for many ages it lay buried in the ruins. It was at length discovered, I believe about the beginning of the seventeenth century, in a partition wall between two houses. After some altercation, the proprietors of the two houses agreed to cut the statue asunder, and divide the marble; when fortunately the Cardinal de Spada heard the circumstance, and by a timely purchase, prevented the accomplishment of the barbarous agreement, and the destruction of one of the most interesting remnants of Roman antiquity.

Another danger awaited this statue, at a much later period, and from an unexpected quarter. While the French occupied Rome in the years 1798-99, &c. they erected in the centre of the Coliseum, a temporary theatre, where they acted various republican pieces for the amusement of the army, and the improvement, I fancy, of such Romans as might be disposed to fraternize with them and adopt their principles. Voltaire's Brutus, as may easily be imagined, was a favorite tragedy; and in order to give it more effect, it was resolved to transport the very statue of Pompey, at the feet of which the dictator had fallen, to the Coliseum, and erect it on the stage. The colossal size of the statue, and its extended arm, rendered it difficult to displace it; the arm was therefore sawed off, for the conveyance, and put on again at the Coliseum; and on the second re-

moval of the statue, again taken off, and again replaced at the Palazzo de Spada. So friendly to Pompey, was the republican enthusiasm of the French! So favorable to the arts and antiquities of Rome, their Love of Liberty!

The Palazzo Barberini, besides its paintings, its statues, and its vast extent, possesses a noble library, which on certain days in every week is open to the public; a species of patriotic magnificence, which compensates whatsoever architectural defects critics may discover in the exterior of this palace.

I shall conclude this enumeration of palaces, with the Palazzo Colonna, the residence of one of the most ancient and most distinguished families in Rome, ennobled by its heroic achievements, and immortalized by the friendship and the verses of Petrarcha.

Gloriosa Colonna, in cui s'appoggia
Nostra speranza, e'l gran nome Latino,
Ch' ancor non torte dal vero camino
L' ira di Giove per ventosa pioggia.

Sonetto x. *

The exterior of this mansion is indifferent; but its extent, its vast court, its gardens, and its furniture, are worthy the rank and dignity of its proprietor. Its library is spacious and well

* The present Prince Colonna merits the title and supports the character of an old Roman Senator. He raised and maintained a regiment against the invaders of his country; and when obliged to yield, he submitted with dignity, without descending to any mean compliance. Though almost ruined by the exactions of the French, and the subsequent injustice of the Neapolitan Government, and obliged to sell, not only his pictures, but even the utensils of his kitchen, he yet had the public spirit to present the Pope with a superb carriage and six horses, to enable him to enter Rome with becoming dignity.

filled, its staircase lined with statues, and its apartments filled with paintings by the first masters; but its principal and characteristic feature is its hall or rather gallery, a most magnificent apartment of more than two hundred and twenty feet in length, and forty in breadth, supported by Corinthian pillars and pilasters of beautiful yellow marble (giallo antico), and adorned on the sides and vaulted ceiling with paintings and gildings intermingled; so that it presents on the whole, a scene of splendor and beauty seldom equalled even in Italy.*

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* Of the Roman palaces, many of which have been erected by the nephews or relations of different Popes, Gibbon speaks with admiration, but severe censure. "They are," says he, (ch. 71), "the most costly monuments of elegance and servitude; the perfect arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture have been prostituted in their service, and their galleries and gardens are decorated with the most precious works of antiquity, which taste or vanity has prompted them to collect." The judgment of the historian seems, on this occasion, as indeed on a *few* others, to be biassed by the prejudices of the philosophist. To raise and enrich favorites, whatever may be their recommendation to the notice of the sovereign, at the expence of the country is criminal, but unfortunately too common in all governments; in ours, free and republican as it is, as well as in others conducted on more arbitrary and selfish principles. Whether these favourites be the bastards of kings or the nephews of popes, is a matter of little consequence to the public; for though in the latter the scandal be less, yet the inconvenience and the expence are the same; in point of dignity, the former have no superiority to claim, and as for talents the nephews of different pontiffs may, I believe, enter the lists against most royal favorites without having any reason to blush at the comparison.

CHAP. XIII.

PONTIFICAL PALACES: THE LATERAN---THE QUIRINAL---THE VATICAN.

WE now proceed to the three pontifical palaces. The Lateran stands close to the patriarchal church of that name, and was appointed for the residence of the Bishops of Rome, at the same time as the adjoining Basilica was converted into a church by Constantine.* It had fallen into ruin, and was rebuilt by Sixtus Quintus. A part only is now reserved for the accommodation of the pontiff, when he comes to perform service at St. John's. The main body of the building was turned into an hospital for the reception of two hundred and fifty orphans, by Innocent XI. It presents three fronts of great extent and simplicity, and strikes the eye by its magnitude and elevation.

The Quirinal palace (Monte Cavallo), is become, from the

* Juvenal mentions *egregius Lateranorum ædes*, as surrounded by the bloody cohorts of Nero, who put the proprietor to death, confiscated his estates, and seized his palace. It continued at the disposal of the Emperors till the reign of Constantine.

loftiness and salubrity of its situation, the ordinary, or at least the summer residence of the Roman pontiff. Its exterior presents two long fronts plain and unadorned; the court within is about three hundred and fifty feet long and near two hundred wide. A broad and lofty portico runs along it on every side and terminates in a grand staircase, conducting to the papal apartments, to the gallery and the chapel, all on a grand scale, and adorned with fine paintings. In the furniture and other decorations the style is simple and uniform, and such as seems to become the grave, unostentatious character of a christian prelate. The adjoining gardens are spacious, refreshed by several fountains, and shaded by groves of laurel, pine, ilex, and forest trees. In the recesses, arbours and alleys, formed by these trees, are statues, urns, and other antique ornaments, placed with much judgment, and producing a very picturesque effect. In other respects the gardens are in the same style as the edifice, and exhibit magnificence only in their extent. The square before, or rather on the side of this palace, is remarkable for an Egyptian obelisk, erected in it by the late Pope, and still more so for two statues, representing each a horse held by a young man, which stand on each side of the obelisk, and give the hill the appellation of Monte Cavallo. They are of colossal size and exquisite beauty; are supposed to represent Castor and Pollux, although the inscription says, Alexander and Bucephalus, and acknowledged to be the works of some great Grecian master. They were transported by Constantine from Alexandria, and erected in his baths which stood in the neighbourhood; and from thence they were conveyed by order of Sixtus Quintus to their present situation. The erection of the obelisk between these groupes has been censured by some as taking from their effect and oppressing them by its mass: but as it is admitted that they were made not to stand insulated but

probably to adorn the side or angle of some edifice, perhaps a mausoleum, and even, as appears, from the roughness of their back parts, to touch the wall, and seem as if springing from it, their connection with the obelisk must be considered as an improvement and an approximation to their original attitudes and accompaniments.

The Vatican hill retains its ancient appellation, and gives it to the palace and church which adorn its summit and declivity. Whether this appellation took its origin from the influence of some local divinity, which was supposed to manifest itself in omens and predictions, more frequently on this spot than elsewhere, as Aulus Gellius imagines; or whether as Varro, whom he quotes, asserts, the god himself takes his title from the first efforts of the infant voice at articulation, over which it seems he presided, is a matter of little importance; from which we pass to the recollection of the pleasing imagery of Horace, so well known to our early years:

——————— Ut paterni
Fluminis ripæ, simul et jocosa
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani
Montis imago. *Od.* XX. *lib.* I.

But I know not whether these sportive ideas have not, in the minds of most of my readers, given way to impressions less pleasing; and whether the accents of the echo have not been drowned in the thunders of the Vatican, that have rolled through so many ages and resounded so long and so tremendously in every English ear. But be that as it may, the Vatican has long ceased to be the forge of spiritual lightnings, the grand arsenal of ecclesiastical weapons,

"Sacri armamentaria cœli,"

and ages have now elapsed since the roar of its thunders has disturbed the repose of the universe, or *perplexed monarchs fearful of change*. The Vatican is now the peaceful theatre of some of the most majestic ceremonies of the pontifical court; it is the repository of the records of ancient science, and the temple of the arts of Greece and Rome. Under these three heads, it commands the attention of every traveller of curiosity, taste, and information. The exterior, as I have already hinted when speaking of palaces in general, does not present any grand display of architectural magnificence, nor even of uniformity and symmetrical arrangement: a circumstance easily accounted for, when we consider that the Vatican was erected by different architects at different eras, and for very different purposes, and that it is rather an assemblage of palaces than one regular palace. It was begun about the end of the fifth, or the beginning of the sixth century, and rebuilt, increased, repaired, and altered by various pontiffs, from that period down to the latter years of the reign of the late Pope, when the French invasion put an end, for some time at least, to all improvements. All the great architects, whom Rome has produced, were, in their days, employed in some part or other of this edifice, and Bramante, Raffaello, Fontana, Maderno, and Bernini, successively displayed their talents in its augmentation or improvement. Its extent is immense, and covers a space of twelve hundred feet in length and a thousand in breadth. Its elevation is proportionate, and the number of apartments it contains almost incredible. Galleries and porticos sweep around, and through it, in all directions, and open an easy access to every quarter. Its halls and saloons are all on a great scale, and by their magnitude and loftiness alone give an idea of magnificence truly Roman. The walls are neither

wainscotted nor hung with tapestry: they are adorned, or rather animated by the genius of Raffaello and Michael Angelo. The furniture is plain, and ought to be so: finery would be misplaced in the Vatican, and sink into insignificance in the midst of the great, the vast, the sublime, which are the predominating features, or rather, the very genii of the place. The grand entrance is from the portico of St. Peter's, by the Scala Regia, the most superb staircase perhaps in the world, consisting of four flights of marble steps, adorned with a double row of marble Ionic pillars. This staircase springs from the equestrian statue of Constantine, which terminates the portico on one side; and whether seen thence, or viewed from the gallery, leading on the same side to the colonnade, forms a perspective of singular beauty and grandeur.

The Scala Regia conducts to the Sala Regia or regal hall, a room of great length and elevation which communicates by six large folding doors with as many other apartments. The space over the doors, and the interval between, are occupied by pictures in fresco representing various events, considered as honourable or advantageous to the Roman see. Though all these pieces are the works of great masters, yet one only is considered as peculiarly beautiful; and that is the triumphal entrance of Gregory XI. into Rome, after the long absence of the pontiffs from the capital during their residence at Avignon. This composition is by Vasari, and may perhaps be considered as his master-piece. The battle of Lepanto, in which the united fleet of the Italian powers, under the command of Don John of Austria and the auspices of Pius V. defeated the Turks, and utterly broke their naval power, till then so terrible to Europe, is justly ranked among the most glorious achievements of the Roman pontiffs,

and forms a most appropriate ornament to the Sala Regia. Unfortunately the skill of the artist was not equal to the subject, and the grandeur and life of the action is lost in undistinguishable confusion below, and above in wild allegorical representations. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, if the memory of such an atrocious and most horrible event must be preserved, would be better placed at Paris where it was perpetrated, than at Rome; and in the palace of the Louvre, where it was planned, than in the Vatican.

> Occidat illa dies ævo, nec postera credant
> Sæcula: nos certe taceamus, et obruta multâ
> Nocte tegi nostræ patiamur crimina gentis.

This was the patriotic and benevolent wish of a worthy French magistrate (the chancellor L'Hopital), and in this wish every humane heart will readily join. The humiliation of the Emperors Henry IV. and Frederic Barbarossa, ought not to be ranked among the trophies of the Holy See. It reflects more disgrace on the insolent and domineering pontiffs, who exacted such marks of submission, than on the degraded sovereigns who found themselves obliged to give them. At all events, it does not become the common father of christians to rejoice in the humiliation of his sons, or to blazon the walls of his palace with the monuments of their weakness or condescension.

At one end of the Sala Regia is the Cappella Paolina, so called, because rebuilt by Paul III. The altar is supported by porphyry pillars, and bears a tabernacle of rock crystal: the walls are adorned with various paintings, filling the spaces between the Corinthian pilasters. The whole however though rich and magnificent, looks dark and cumbersome.

Towards the other end of the hall, on the left, a door opens into the Cappella Sistina built by Sextus IV. and celebrated for its paintings in fresco by Michael Angelo and his scholars. These paintings, which cover the walls and vaulted cielings, are its only ornaments. The famous "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, occupies one end entirely. Its beauties and defects are well known, and may be comprized in one short observation: that its merit consists more in the separate figures than in the arrangement or effect of the whole. The upper part glows with brightness, angels, and glory: on the right, ascend the elect; on the left, the wicked blasted with lightning tumble in confused groupes into the flaming abyss. The Judge stands in the upper part, supported on the clouds and arrayed in the splendor of heaven: he is in the act of uttering the dreadful sentence, *Go, ye accursed into everlasting fire;* his arms are uplifted, his countenance burns with indignation, and his eyes flash lightning. Such is the Messiah in Milton, when he puts forth his terrors and hurls his bolts against the rebel angels; and so is he described by an eloquent French orator, when he exercises his judgments on sinners at the last tremendous day. Similar representations, either in prose or verse, in language or in painting, are sublime and affecting; but I know not, whether they be suitable to the calm, the tranquil, the majestic character of the awful Person who is to judge the world *in truth and in justice.* Nothing in fact is so difficult as to pourtray the features, attitudes and gestures of the Word incarnate. He was not without feeling, but he was above passion. Joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, could reach his soul, for *he was man,* but they could not cloud its serenity, or shake its fortitude, for *he was God.* Benevolence brought him from heaven, it was therefore his prevailing sentiment, and may be supposed to influence his countenance and

'shed over his features a perpetual expression of benignity. To obey or to suspend the laws of nature was to him equally easy; a miracle cost him no effort, and excited in him no surprize. To submit or to command, to suffer or to triumph, to live or to die, were alike welcome in their turns, as the result of reason and obedience. To do the will of his Father was the object of his mission, and every step that led to its accomplishment, whether easy or arduous, was to him the same. What poet shall dare to describe such a character? What painter presume to trace its divine semblance? No wonder then that the greatest masters should have failed in the bold attempt; and that even Michael Angelo by transferring, like Homer, the passions of the man to the divinity, should have degraded the awful object, and presented to the spectator the form, not of a God, but of an irritated and vindictive monarch? If Michael Angelo has failed we can scarcely hope that other painters can succeed; and accordingly we find few, very few representations of the Saviour, on which the eye or the imagination can rest with satisfaction. The divine infants of Carlo Dolce are, it must be acknowledged, beings of a superior nature that seem to breathe the airs and enjoy at once the innocence and the bloom of paradise; and his *Saviour of the World*, in the act of consecrating the bread and wine, is a most divine figure, every feature of whose seraphic face speaks compassion and mercy.

> Love without end, and without measure, grace.
>
> *Milton* III. 142.

But love and mercy are not the only attributes of this sacred Personage: justice and holiness accompany his steps, and cast an awful majesty as a veil around him, and these grand accompaniments of the Godhead are sought for in vain, in the mild, the soft, I had almost said, the effeminate figures of Carlo

Dolce. Four, I think, I have seen of a happier touch, and more elevated description. One is in the King of Prussia's gallery in Sans Souci, at Potsdam, and represents Christ in the act of raising Lazarus; and three in the Palazzo Justiniani, at Rome. In one, Christ restores life to the son of the widow at Naim; in another, he multiplies the loaves for the crowd in the desert; in the third, he gives sight to a blind man. The three last, I think, by Annibal Carracci. In all these noble paintings, warm benevolence, compassion, and power unconscious of exertion, mark the features and attitudes of the incarnate God, and give at least a distant and feeble glimpse of his majestic demeanor.

But to proceed. Opposite the Cappella Sistina, a folding door opens into the Sala Ducale, remarkable only for its size and simplicity. Hence we pass to the Loggie di Raffaello, a series of open galleries, in three stories, lining the three sides of the court of St. Damasus. These are called the galleries of Raffaello, because painted by that great master, or by his scholars under his direction. The first gallery in the middle story is the only one executed by Raffaello himself, or to speak more correctly, partly by him and partly by his scholars under his inspection, and not unfrequently retouched and corrected by his hand. In the thirteen arcades that compose this wing of the gallery, is represented the History of the Old and part of the New Testament; beginning with the Creation, and concluding with the Last Supper. The plan, the arrangement, the ornaments of these celebrated pieces, are in general great and beautiful; the fancy and expression oftentimes rise to the grand and even to the sublime. Some critics have ventured to find fault with the execution in detail, and the coloring has been censured frequently. The first compartment represents the Eternal Father, with arms and feet expanded, darting into chaos, and reducing

its distracted elements into order, merely by his motion. This representation is much admired, particularly by French connoisseurs, and if we may credit tradition, astonished Michael Angelo himself, who is said to have accused Raffaello of having borrowed the figure of the Eternal from the Sistine chapel; from this chapel the latter artist was then excluded by the express direction of the former, who, it seems, feared either his criticism or genius. The figure of the Eternal thus represented, may be poetical and sublime, even as the Jupiter of Homer, but *(si verbo audacia detur)* it excites no admiration, and deserves little praise. In fact, if it be difficult to represent the Son of God who "became man" and "dwelt amongst us," without impairing the dignity of his sacred person, and degrading his majestic form, what means can the painter employ, what art can he call into play, to pourtray with becoming magnificence the Eternal himself, the model of beauty, the grand archetype of perfection, "who dwelleth in light inaccessible, whom no mortal hath seen or can see?"

It is true that the prophet Daniel has introduced the Almighty in a visible form, and under the emphatical appellation of the "Ancient of days" ventured, with the guidance of the heavenly spirit, to trace a mysterious and obscure sketch of the Eternal. "While I beheld," says the prophet, "thrones were placed: then the Ancient of days took his seat: his garment was shining as snow: the hair of his head as the purest wool. His throne was raging flames: his wheels, consuming fire. A torrent blazing and impetuous rolled before him: thousands of thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand waited in his presence. He sat as judge and the

books were opened." In this description, one only circumstance connected with the person of the divinity is mentioned. The prophet seems to refrain with reverential awe from such a subject, and expatiating on the garments, the throne, the ministering spirits, leaves the *indescribable form* to the imagination, or rather to the religious terror of the reader. Painters and poets would do well to imitate this holy discretion, and to refrain from all attempts to embody the Eternal mind, which by confining the omnipotent energies of pure spirit within a human form, disfigure the original of all that is lovely in the heavens and on the earth, by marking it with the perishable features of human decrepitude. Besides, in the picture now before us, it is not the *Word* of the Creator that composes the disorder of chaos. No; his hands and feet are employed to separate the warring elements and confine them within their respective boundaries. This is an idea bordering upon the burlesque and perfectly unworthy the lofty conceptions of Raffaello. How different the sentiment conveyed in the sublime language of the scripture. No effort, no action even, was requisite. Chaos stood ready to obey his will, and nature arose at his word. "He said, let Light Be, and Light Was!—He spake and they were made: he commanded, and they were created."

To the encomiums passed in general on the decorations of these galleries, I need not add that the intermediate ornaments, such as the basso relievos which are supposed to be antiques taken from the halls of the different thermæ, and the arabesques which separate and grace the different compartments, are much and justly admired. From one of the galleries a door opens into the Camere de Raffaello.

The Camere di Raffaello are a range of halls, totally unfurnished and uninhabited. As the walls from the floor are covered with figures, furniture could only conceal their beauties; and the busy hands of inhabitants, it is feared, might damage the delicate tints or nicer features of some of these invaluable compositions. They are therefore accessible only to the visits of the traveller and the labors of the artist, and are thus consecrated as a temple to the genius of painting and the spirit of Raffaello. They have not however passed over three centuries without losing some portion of their original lustre, and paying tribute to the supreme decree that dooms man and his works to decay and to death. But their degradation is not to be attributed to their innate frailty, or to the unavoidable depredations of time, but to folly and perversity, or rather to ignorance and stupidity. When the army of the Emperor Charles V. took and plundered Rome, a guard was established in these very halls, and fires were lighted in the middle of each room for their accommodation. The consequences of this deed, so characteristic of the barbarian horde of the German Emperor, are sufficient to account for the faded tints and obscure shades of many of these celebrated pieces, without the influence of dampness, which cannot be supposed to exist on a site so elevated, and in so dry a climate; or to the guilt of negligence, so incompatible with that love of the arts, and that princely encouragement of genius which has so long been the predominant spirit of the Roman government.

Two antichambers, large and painted by great masters, lead to the first hall called the Sala di Costantino, because adorned with the grand achievements of that christian hero: and thence to the second Camera, where the story of Heliodorus from the Macca-

bees, the interview of Pope Leo and Attila, the miracle of Bolsena, and above all, the deliverance of St. Peter from prison, attract and charm the eye. Then follow the third Camera, with the School of the Philosophers, the Debate on the Holy Sacrament, the Judgment of Solomon, and Parnassus with its groves of bays, Apollo, the Muses, and the poets whom they inspired: and the fourth, with the Incendio del Borgo, the victory of Pope Leo over the Saracens at Ostia, and the coronation of Charlemagne. All these are the work of Raffaello; all master-pieces in their respective kinds; standards of good taste and grand execution, and considered as the models of perfection. They present all the different species of painting, all the varied combinations of light and shade, all the singularities of attitude, all the secrets of anatomy; in short, all the difficulties and all the triumphs of the art. Hence these apartments are considered as the great school of painters, who flock from all parts to contemplate and to imitate the wonders of the pencil of Raffaello, and catch, if possible, in this sanctuary of his genius, some spark of his creative soul, some portion of his magic talent. It may perhaps be asked, to which of these celebrated performances the preference is given. The answer is difficult: for although these paintings have been so long the subject of consideration, and their merits so fully and so accurately understood and defined, yet the masters of the art have not yet been able to fix their relative excellence, or pronounce on their respective superiority. Each in fact has some peculiar beauty, some characteristic charm, which gives it a partial advantage, but cannot entitle it to a general preference. Besides, each nation has its propensities and every profession its bias, which imperceptibly influence their taste, even in the arts, and decide their opinions perhaps in painting itself. Those who love to contemplate a

crowd of figures, all animated by strong emotions and engaged in the tumult without being lost in the confusion of some grand event; and those who delight in forms strained by some unexpected exertion and features distorted by some sudden and imperious passion, will dwell with complacency, like the German, on the victory of Constantine, or like the Frenchman, on the conflagration of the Borgo. The Englishman who delights in the calmer expression, and the tranquil scenes of still life, stands in silence before the school of Athens, enjoys the easy and dignified attitudes and the expressive but serene countenances of the different philosophers. The Italian, accustomed to the wonders of art and habituated from his infancy to early discrimination, admires the two aerial youths that pursue Heliodorus, and glide over the pavement without seeming to touch its surface; dwells with rapture on the angelic form that watches St. Peter and sheds a celestial light, a beam of paradise, over the gloom of the dungeon—but, like the Englishman, he rests finally on the architectural perspective, the varied but orderly groupes, the majestic figures, and all the combined excellencies of the matchless School. Yet notwithstanding the acknowledged superiority of this piece, the theologian will turn with reverence to the awful assemblage of divine and human beings, the union of holiness and learning in the saints of the Old and the doctors of the New Testament; in short, of glory above and dignity below that fill the picture opposite, and give a just representation of the sublime objects of his profession. The poet, on the other hand, led by classical instinct, fixes his looks on the haunts of his fancy, feeds his eyes with the beauties of Parnassus, contemplates the immortal bloom of Apollo and the Muses, and "holds high converse with the illustrious dead." "*Phœbo digna locuti.*"

The traveller, while occupied in examining the transcendent beauties of the grand compositions, of which I have been speaking, is apt to pass over unnoticed the lesser ornaments that cover the vaults and fill up the intervals between the greater pieces and the floor or arch. Yet many of these, and particularly the basso-relievos and medallions of the three first apartments by Caravaggio, representing rural scenes and historical subjects, are of exquisite beauty, and claim alike the attention of the artist and of the spectator. To conclude my remarks, the Camere di Raffaello, like all works of superior excellence, display their beauties gradually, and improve on examination, in proportion to the frequency of our visits and the minuteness of our inspection.

After having traversed the court of St. Damasus, and its adjoining halls and chapels, which may be considered as the state apartments of the Vatican, the traveller passes to that part of the palace which is called the Belvidere from its elevation and prospect, and proceeding along an immeasurable gallery comes to an iron door on the left that opens into the *library of the Vatican.* A large apartment for the two keepers, the secretaries, or rather the interpreters, seven in number, who can speak the principal languages of Europe and who attend for the convenience of learned foreigners; a double gallery of two hundred and twenty feet long opening into another of eight hundred, with various rooms, cabinets, and apartments annexed, form the receptacle of this noble collection. These galleries and apartments are all vaulted and all painted with different effect, because by painters of different eras and talents. The paintings have all some reference to literature, sacred or prophane, and take in a vast scope of history and mythology. The books are

kept in cases; and in the Vatican the traveller seeks in vain for that pompous display of volumes, which he may have seen and admired in other libraries. Their number has never been accurately stated, some confine it to two hundred thousand, others raise it to four hundred thousand, and many swell it to a million. The mean is probably the most accurate. But the superiority of this library arises, not from the quantity of printed books, but the multitude of its manuscripts which are said to amount to more than fifty thousand. Some of these manuscripts of the highest antiquity, such as that of Virgil of the fifth century, a Greek Bible of the sixth, a Terence of the same date, &c. &c. were taken by the French and sent to Paris. The origin of this library is attributed by some to Pope Hilarius in the fifth century; but although it is probable, that long before that period, the Roman church must have possessed a considerable stock of books for the use of its clergy, yet the Popes may be supposed to have been too much occupied with the dangers and the difficulties of the times, to have had leisure or means necessary for the formation of libraries. However, that several volumes had been collected at an early period seems certain, as it is equally so, that Pope Zacharias augmented their number very considerably about the middle of the eighth century. Nicholas V. established the library in the Vatican and enlarged the collection, while Calixtus III. is said to have enriched it with many volumes saved from the libraries of Constantinople at the taking of that city. From this period, it continued in a regular progression, receiving almost ever year vast additions, sometimes even of whole libraries (as those of the Elector Palatine, of the Dukes of Urbino, of Queen Christina) owing not only to the favor of the pontiff and various princes, but to the well directed zeal of its librarians; many of whom

have been men, both of eminent talents, and of high rank and extensive influence. The French invasion, which brought with it so many evils, and like a *blast from hell* checked the prosperity of Italy in every branch, and in every province, not only put a stop to the increase of the Vatican library, but by plundering it of some of its most valuable manuscripts, lowered its reputation, and undid at once the labor and exertion of ages. The galleries of the library open into various apartments filled with antiques, medals, cameos, &c. One in particular is consecrated to the monuments of christian antiquity, and contains a singular and unparalleled collection of instruments of torture employed in the first persecutions; as also the dyptics or registers of communion of the great churches, monumental inscriptions, &c. a collection highly interesting to the ecclesiastical historian and enlightened christian.

The grand gallery which leads to the library terminates in the museum Pio-Clementinum. Clement XIV. has the merit of having first conceived the idea of this museum and began to put it in execution. The late Pope Pius VI. continued it on a much larger scale and gave it its present extent and magnificence. It consists of several apartments, galleries, halls, and temples, some lined with marble, others paved with ancient mosaics, and all filled with statues, vases, candelabra, tombs, and altars. The size and proportion of these apartments, their rich materials and furniture, the well managed light poured in upon them, and the multiplicity of admirable antiques collected in them and disposed in the most judicious and striking arrangement, fill the mind of the spectator with astonishment and delight, and form the most magnificent and grand combination that perhaps has been ever beheld or can almost be imagined

Never were the divinities of Greece and Rome honored with nobler temples, never did they stand on richer pedestals; never were more glorious domes spread over their heads, or brighter pavements extended at their feet. Seated each in a shrine of bronze or marble, they seemed to look down on a crowd of votaries and to challenge once more the homage of the universe; while kings and emperors, heroes and philosophers, drawn up in ranks before or around them, increased their state and formed a majestic and becoming retinue. To augment their number, excavations were daily made and generally attended with success; and many a statue buried for ages under heaps of ruins, or lost in the obscurity of some unfrequented desert, was rescued from the gloom of oblivion and restored to the curiosity and admiration of the public. But the joy of discovery was short, and the triumph of taste transitory! The French who in every invasion have been the scourge of Italy and have rivalled or rather surpassed the rapacity of the Goths and Vandals, laid their sacrilegious hands on the unparalleled collection of the Vatican, tore its master-pieces from their pedestals, and dragging them from their temples of marble, transported them to Paris and consigned them to the dull, sullen halls, or rather stables, of the Louvre. But on this subject I may perhaps enlarge hereafter. At present, I shall proceed to point out *some* of the most remarkable among the various apartments that constitute the Museum Pio Clementinum.

Three anti-chambers called, from their forms or the statues that occupy them, *Il Vestibolo Quadrato*, *Il Vestibolo Rotondo*, and *La Camera di Baccho*, conduct the traveller to a court of more than a hundred feet square, with a portico supported by

granite pillars and decorated by numberless pieces of antiquity. Need I observe that the principal among these were once the Apollo of Belvidere, the Laocoon, and the Antinous; or that the celebrated Torso once adorned one of the anti-chambers? They are now at Paris, and their absence is not so much supplied as rendered remarkable by the casts that now occupy their places.

Next to this court is the *Sala degli Animali*, a noble gallery so called, because furnished with ancient statues of various animals. This hall opens at one end into the *Galleria delle Statue*, lined on both sides with exquisite statues both of Greek and Roman sculpture, and terminated by three apartments called the *Stanze delle Buste*. The busts are placed on tables or stands of ancient workmanship, and generally of the most beautiful and curious marble. Towards the opposite end of the gallery is an apartment called *Il Gabinetto*, adorned with all the charms that the united arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture could bestow upon it. Eight pillars of alabaster support its roof; its floor is formed of an ancient mosaic of the brightest colours, representing theatrical exhibitions and rural scenery; its ceiling is painted and displays alternately historical events and mythological fables. The spaces between the columns are filled each with a statue, and the walls incrusted with ancient basso relievos formed into pannels, and placed in symmetrical arrangement. Different antique seats, some of which are formed of blocks of porphyry, and supported by feet of gilt brass, are ranged along the sides.

An open gallery forms a communication between this cabinet

and the *Stanze delle Buste* on one side, while on the other, a small antichamber opens into the *Sala degli Animali.* Hence through a noble pillared vestibule you enter the hall, or rather the *Temple of the Muses;* an octagon supported by sixteen pillars of Carrara marble with ancient capitals, paved with ancient mosaics in various compartments, representing actors and theatrical exhibitions, separated and bordered by mosaic. The vault above, and the great divisions of the sides, are adorned with paintings of Apollo, the Muses, Homer and various Poets, Minerva, Genii, and other figures adapted to the general destination of the place. In the circumference below rose Apollo, Mnemosyne, and the Muses in the most conspicuous stations, and on elevated and highly wrought ancient pedestals. The sages, principal poets, and most celebrated orators of Greece stood in order around, as waiting on the divinities who had inspired them and dictated their immortal strains:—a noble assembly, that might have honoured the laurelled pinnacles of Parnassus, and not disgraced even the cloud-capt summits of Olympus. But this assembly is now dispersed. The Muses have been forced from the light and splendor of the Vatican, and are now immured in a sepulchral hall, where a single window sheds through a massive wall, a few scanty beams on their gloomy niches.

Next to the *Stanze delle Muse,* is the *Sala Rotonda,* a lofty dome supported by ten columns of Carrara marble, lighted from above and paved with the largest piece of ancient mosaic yet discovered. In the middle is an immense vase of porphyry of more than fifty feet in circumference: around are colossal statues and busts resting on half pillars of porphyry of vast magnitude. In fact, as this hall is appropriated to colossal statues, all its forms and ornaments

partake in some degree of their gigantic proportions. From this Rotonda, which is considered as the noblest hall in the Museum, a rich portal conducts into the *Sala a Croce Greca*, supported by columns, paved with ancient mosaic, furnished with statues and lined with basso relievos. One object here naturally attracts attention. It is a vast sarcophagus, formed with its lid of one block of red porphyry, beautifully ornamented in basso relievo with little infant Cupids employed in the vintage, and bordered with tendrils and arabesques. It once contained the ashes of Constantia the daughter of Constantine the Great, and stood for ages in her mausoleum near the church of St. Agnes, without the Porta Pia or Nomentana, and was lately transported thence to the Museum. If it really contained the remains of this princess, it is difficult to conceive what motive could induce the Pope to consent to the removal of the body, and thus seem to authorize such a violation of the rights of the dead. This removal took place under Alexander IV. who converted the mausoleum into a church, and ordered the body of the Princess to be deposited, as that of a saint, under the altar; a motive which without doubt removes all imputation of guilt from the deed, though it would have been more prudent, as well as more respectful, to allow the body to remain undisturbed in the tomb to which it had been consigned by the hands of a father.

This latter hall opens on a double staircase, raised on twenty-two pillars of red and white granite: its steps are marble, its balustrade bronze. The middle flight conducts down to the Vatican library: the two other lead to the *Galleria de' Candelabri*, a long gallery divided into six compartments, separated from each other by columns of rich marbles. The furni-

ture of this gallery consists in various Candelabra of different kinds, all of exquisite workmanship and of the finest marbles, so numerous as to have given its peculiar denomination. With these are intermingled vases, columns, Egyptian figures, tablets, tombs, tripods, and statues, which may have been discovered since the other apartments were filled, or could not perhaps be placed to advantage in any of the other classes.

At the end of this long suite of apartments, a door opens into the *Galleria de' Quadri*, containing a collection of pictures by the principal masters of the different Italian schools. Though several of these pieces have a considerable degree of merit, yet they are inferior to a thousand others in Rome, and can excite little or no interest in the mind of a spectator who has just passed through such a series of temples, and has been feasting his eyes with the most perfect specimens of ancient sculpture. To this disadvantage, another may be added, arising from the immediate neighbourhood of the unequalled performances of Raffaello, before which most other compositions, however great their merit or extensive their fame, lose their splendor and sink into obscurity. However, a gallery of pictures, though certainly not necessary in the Vatican, may yet produce a good effect, as under the patronage and active encouragement of government, it may gradually unite on one spot, the fine specimens now dispersed over Italy, and by bringing the rival powers of the two sister arts of painting and sculpture into contact, concentrate their influence, and eventually promote their perfection.

As the traveller returns from these galleries, he finds on the left, before he descends the abovementioned staircase, a circular

temple of marble, supported by Corinthian pillars and covered with a dome. In the centre, on a large pedestal, stands an antique chariot with two horses in bronze. This temple though on a smaller scale yet from its materials, form and proportions, appeared to me one of the most beautiful apartments of the Museum, and cannot fail to excite admiration.

Such is in part the celebrated *Museum Pio Clementinum*, which in the extent, multiplicity, and beautiful disposition of its apartments, far surpasses every edifice of the kind, eclipses the splendor of the gallery of Florence, once its rival, and scorns a comparison with the Parisian Museum, whose gloomy recesses have been decorated with its plunder. The design of this Museum was first formed, as I have already observed, and the court, portico, and gallery allotted to it, and fitted up in part, by Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.); but the design was enlarged, and all the other halls and apartments were erected and furnished by Pius VI. the late pontiff. It would therefore be unbecoming, and indeed ungrateful, to turn from the Vatican, without paying a just tribute of praise to the memory of these princes, who in times of distress, when their income was gradually diminishing, found means to erect such a magnificent temple to taste, to the genius of antiquity, and to the loveliest and most engaging of the arts. They deserve to have their statues erected at the grand entrance of the Museum, and the lovers of the Arts would readily agree in the propriety of inscribing on the pedestal,

"Quique sui memores, alios fecere merendo."

In this account of the Vatican I have purposely avoided details, and confined my observations to a few of the prin-

cipal and most prominent features, as my intention is not to give a full description of this celebrated palace, which would, in fact, form a separate volume; but merely to awaken the curiosity and attention of the traveller. Of the pictures and statues I may perhaps speak hereafter. At present I shall content myself with referring to the well-known work of the Abate Winkelman, who speaks on the subject of statues with the learning of an antiquary, the penetration of an artist, and the rapture of a poet.

CHAP. XIV.

CHURCHES—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS—ST. CLEMENT'S—ST. PETER IN VINCULIS—ST. MARTIN AND ST. SYLVESTER—ST. LAURENCE—ST. JOHN LATERAN: WITH ST. PAUL AND OTHER PATRIARCHAL CHURCHES.

FROM the palaces we naturally pass to the churches, which form the peculiar glory of modern Rome, as the temples seem to have been the principal ornaments of the ancient city. On this subject, as on the preceding article, I think it best to begin by a few general observations, the more necessary as the topic is of great extent and much interest; for while the palaces of Venice and Genoa have been compared, and the latter not unfrequently preferred to those of Rome, the superior splendor and magnificence of her churches stand unrivalled and undisputed; and, in this respect, it is acknowledged that still,

> Verum hæc tantùm alias inter caput extulit urbes,
> Quantùm lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

Addison observes, "that the christian antiquities are so embroiled in fable and legend, that one receives but little satisfac-

tion from searching into them." The portion of satisfaction to be derived from such researches, depends upon the taste and views of the person who makes them; for as to fable and legend, I fancy there is a sufficient stock in heathen, as well as in christian antiquity to puzzle and embroil an ordinary enquirer. However, notwithstanding the obscurity which ages and revolutions, ignorance or folly, may have thrown over both these species of antiquity, the traveller as he wanders over the venerable regions of this wonderful city, so long the seat of Empire and Religion, will find a sufficient number of monuments, both sacred and profane, to edify as well as to delight an unprejudiced mind. Among the former, the churches without doubt occupy the first rank, as some few of them were erected in the era of Constantine, and many may ascribe their origin to the zeal of that Emperor himself, or to that of his sons and their immediate successors. In these edifices, the constituent and essential parts remain the same as they were at the period of erection, and even the more solid and permanent ornaments still stand unaltered in their respective places. From them therefore we may learn with some certainty, the form of Christian churches in the early ages, the position of the altar, of the episcopal chair, and of the seats of the clergy, together with the arrangement and furniture of the chancel and choir. Moreover some of these churches had been temples, and many were basilicæ or courts destined to public meetings, and may therefore contribute not a little to give us clearer ideas of the size and proportions of such buildings, particularly of the latter, and of the order observed in the assemblies held in them. We may perhaps from them be able to make some conjectures relative to the forms early established in Christian churches, and to judge how far the ancients may have thought proper to transfer the rules observed in civil assemblies to religious congregations.

In the next place, in the churches principally we may trace the decline and restoration of architecture, and discover thence which branches of that art were neglected, and which cultivated during the barbarous ages. These edifices in fact were almost the only objects attended to and respected during that long period, and as most of the new were erected on the plans of the old, they became the vehicles, if I may be allowed the expression, by which some of the best principles of Roman architecture were transmitted to us. In reality it has been justly observed, that while the symmetry, the proportion, the very constitutent forms of the Greek and Roman orders were abandoned and apparently forgotten; yet the solidity, the magnitude, and what is more remarkable, the greatness of manner so much admired in the interior of ancient buildings, were retained and still appear in many churches, erected in the darkest intervals of the middle ages. From such fabrics we may therefore infer, that magnificence and grandeur long survived the fall of taste, and that some features of the Roman character still continued to manifest themselves in the works of their descendants, in spite of the prevalency of foreign ignorance and transalpine barbarism.

This observation relative to internal magnificence leads to another which must have struck every traveller, which is, that the outward form and embellishments are, in many Roman churches, far inferior to the inward appearances. Whether the ancients themselves did not always pay equal attention to the outside, or whether like the modern Italians, they sometimes deferred the execution of the whole plan for want of money or materials; or whether the hand of time or the more destructive hand of war has torn away the marble that covered these edifices, it must be owned that

the outside of the Pantheon and Diocletian's baths by no means corresponds with their internal magnificence. In succeeding ages the disproportion became more striking, and nothing can be more contemptible than the external shew of some of the noblest basilicæ; as that of St. Paul's for instance, of St. Laurence and also that of St. Sebastian, which exhibits more the appearance of a neglected barn than of a patriarchal church. The same remark might have been applied to Santa Maria Maggiore till the reign of Benedict XIV. who cased it with Tiburtine stone, adorned it with a portico or a colonnade in front, and gave it an exterior of some dignity, though not perfect nor altogether worthy of its truly grand and splendid interior.

Moreover, while the traveller expects, and not without reason, to find some specimens of the best taste and purest style of architecture among the Roman churches, he must not be surprized if he should frequently meet with instances of the very reverse in both respects, and have reason too often to lament that the finest materials have been thrown away in the construction of shapeless and deformed edifices. To explain this singular combination of good and bad taste, the reader has only to recollect, that in Rome as in other great cities, different fashions have prevailed at different periods, and that architects, even when above the ignorance or the prejudices of their Age, have yet been obliged to submit to them and conform to the caprice of their employers. Besides, architects in modern times have been too prone to indulge the fond hope of excelling the ancients, by deviating from their footsteps, and discovering some new proportion, some form of beauty unknown to them, by varying the outlines and trying the effects of endless combina-

tions. Now in no city have architects been more encouraged and employed than in Rome, and in no city have they indulged their fondness for originality, with more freedom and more effect, to the great depravation of taste and perversion of the sound principles of ancient architecture. Few have been entirely exempt from this weakness, but none have abandoned themselves to its influence more entirely than Borromini, who, although a man of genius, talent and information, has yet filled Rome with some of the most deformed buildings that ever disgraced the streets of a capital. Such deviations from the principles of the ancients must appear extraordinary every where, and particularly at Rome, where so many superb monuments remain to attract the attention of the artist, and fix his taste, while they excite his admiration. In fact while the portico of the Pantheon stands preserved, it would seem by the genius of architecture, as a model for the imitation of future generations; while it meets the architect in every morning walk, and challenges his homage as he passes, it must appear extraordinary indeed that he should abandon its simple yet majestic form, to substitute in its stead a confused and heavy mass of rich materials, which may astonish, but can never please even the rudest observer. Surely the double or triple range of columns, the uninterrupted entablature, the regular pediment unbroken and unencumbered, delight the eye more by their uniform grandeur, than pillars crowded into groupes, cornices sharpened into angles, and pediments twisted into curves and flourishes, which break one grand into many petty objects, and can neither fix the sight nor arrest the attention. Yet, while the former, exemplified in the Pantheon, is coldly admired and neglected, the latter is become the prevailing style in ecclesiastical architecture at Rome, and of consequence over all Italy.

Again, churches like most places of public resort, have their day of favor and of fashion, when they are much frequented, and of course repaired and decorated with care and magnificence. Not unfrequently some cardinal or rich prelate, or perhaps the reigning pontiff himself, may conceive a particular attachment to some church or other, and in that case we may conclude, that all the powers of art will be employed in repairing, adorning, and furnishing the favored edifice. But this sunshine of popularity may pass away, and many a noble pile has been abandoned for ages to the care of an impoverished Chapter, an absent incumbent, or a parish thinned by emigration. In such circumstances only so much attention is paid to the edifice, as is necessary to protect it against the inclemency of the weather or the injuries of time, and this care is generally confined to the exterior, while the interior is abandoned to solitude, dampness and decay. Unfortunately, some of the most ancient and venerable churches in Rome are in this latter situation; whether it be that they stand in quarters once populous but now deserted, or that churches erected in modern times or dedicated to modern saints, engross a greater share of public attention, I know not; but those of St. Paul, St. Laurence, St. Stephen, St. Agnes, and even the Pantheon itself, the glory of Rome and the boast of architecture, owe little or nothing to modern munificence.

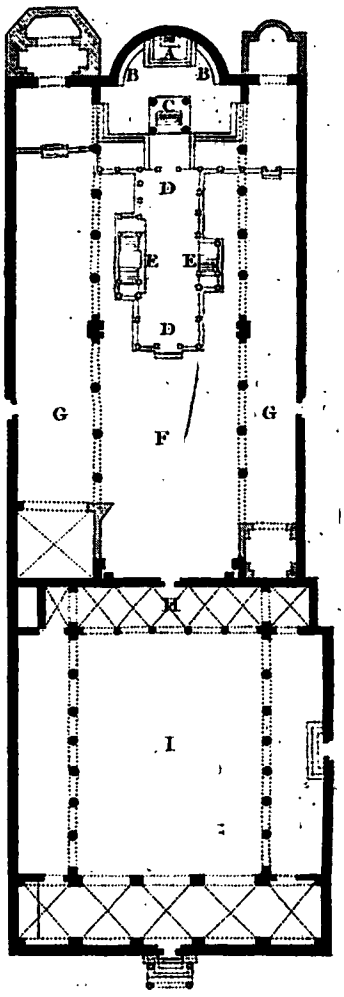
But notwithstanding these disadvantages and defects there are few, very few churches in Rome, which do not present either in their size or their proportions, their architecture or their materials, their external or internal decorations, something that deserves the attention of the traveller and excites his just admiration. He therefore who delights in halls of an immense size and exact proportion, in lengthening colonnades

and vast pillars of one solid block of porphyry, of granite, of Parian or Egyptian marble; in pavements that glow with all the tints of the rainbow, and roofs that blaze with brass or gold; in canvas warm as life itself, and statues ready to descend from the tombs on which they recline; will range round the churches of Rome, and find in them an inexhaustible source of instructive and rational amusement, such as no modern capital can furnish, and such as might be equalled or surpassed by the glories of ancient Rome alone. I shall now proceed to some particular churches, and, without pretending to enter into very minute details, mention only such circumstances as seem calculated to excite peculiar interest.

The Church of St. Clement, in the great street that leads to St. John Lateran, is the most ancient church in Rome. It was built on the site, and was probably at first one of the great apartments of the house of the holy bishop, whose name it bears. It is mentioned as ancient by authors of the fourth century (St. Jerome, Pope Zozimus, &c.) and is justly considered as one of the best models that now exist of the original form of christian churches. It has frequently been repaired and decorated, but always with a religious respect for its primitive shape and fashion. In front of it is a court with galleries, supported by eighteen granite pillars and paved with pieces of shattered marbles, among which I observed several fragments of beautiful Verde antico. The portico of the church is formed of four columns of the same materials as the pillars of the gallery, and its interior divided into a nave and aisles by twenty pillars of various marbles. The choir commences about the centre of the nave, and extends to the steps of the sanctuary; there are two pulpits, called anciently Ambones, one on each side of the choir. A flight of steps leads to the sanctuary or chancel, which is terminated by a semicircle, in

CHURCH of ST CLEMENT.

N.B. The faint lines mark the additions of later times



References.

A *Bishop's Throne*
BB *Seats of the Presbyters*
C *Altar*
DD *Choir*
EE *Ambones or Pulpits*
F *Nave*
GG *Ailes*
H *Vestibule*
I *Court*

London: Published by J. Mawman March 1, 1815.

the middle of which stands the episcopal chair, and on each side of it two marble ranges of seats border the wall for the accommodation of the priests; the inferior clergy with the singers occupied the choir. In front of the episcopal throne, and between it and the choir, just above the steps of the sanctuary, rises the altar unencumbered by screens and conspicuous on all sides. The aisles terminated in two semicircles, now used as chapels called anciently Exedræ or Cellæ, and appropriated to private devotion in prayer or meditation. Such is the form of St. Clement's, which, though not originally a basilica, is evidently modelled upon such buildings; as may be seen not only by the description given of them by Vitruvius, but also by several other churches in Rome which having actually been basilicæ, still retain their original form with slight modifications. The same form has been retained or imitated in all the great Roman churches, and indeed in almost all the cathedral and abbey churches in Italy; a form, without doubt, far better calculated both for the beauty of perspective and the convenience of public worship, than the arrangement of Gothic fabrics, divided by screens, insulated by partitions, and terminating in gloomy chapels.*

S. Pietro in Vincoli, so called from the chains with which St. Peter was bound both in Rome and at Jerusalem, now preserved, as is believed, under the altar, was erected about the

* I recommend to my readers the account of ancient churches and their ornaments, given by the judicious and learned Fleury. The work, which contains it, is entitled *Les Mœurs des Chretiens*, and contains many curious details and interesting observations. The perusal of it will give the traveller a very accurate notion of the subject at large, and enable him, not only to comprehend what he finds written upon it, but also to pronounce with some precision on the form and ornaments of such churches as he may hereafter visit. (See chapters 35, et seq.)

year 420, and after frequent reparations presents now to the eye a noble hall, supported by twenty Doric pillars of Parian marble, open on all sides, adorned with some beautiful tombs, and terminating in a semicircle behind the altar. It is pity that the taste of the age in which this edifice was erected should have been perpetuated through so many successive reparations, and the arches carried from pillar to pillar still suffered to appear; while an entablature, like that of St. Maria Maggiore, would have concealed the defect and rendered the order perfect. The pillars are too thin for Doric proportions, and too far from each other; very different in this respect from the Doric models still remaining at Athens. But the proportions applied by the ancient Romans to this order, rendered it in fact a distinct order, and made it almost an invention of their own. Among the monuments the traveller will not fail to observe a sarcophagus of black marble and exquisite form, on the left hand; and on the right, the tomb of Julius II. indifferent in itself, but ennobled by the celebrated figure of Moses, supposed to be the master-piece of Michael Angelo, and one of the most beautiful statues in the world.*

Not far from *S. Pietro in Vincoli*, is the church of *S. Martino* and *S. Silvestro*, formed out of part of the ruins of the neighbouring baths of Titus, and, as far as regards the Crypta or subterraneous church, as ancient as the times of St. Sylvester and Constantine the Great. It has, as will easily be imagined, undergone various repairs, and is at present one of the most beau-

* The ode or sonnet of Zappi, inspired by the contemplation of this wonderful statue, is well known, and may be found in Roscoe's late excellent work, the *Life of Leo the Tenth*, with a very accurate translation.

tiful edifices in Rome. It is supported by Corinthian columns of the finest marbles, bearing, not arches but an entablature, irregular indeed as to ornament, but of great and pleasing effect. The walls of the aisles are adorned with paintings by the two Poussins, and much admired by connoisseurs. The *tribuna* or sanctuary is raised several steps above the body of the church: the high altar which stands immediately above the steps is of the most beautiful form and richest materials. The paintings on the walls and roof are coloured in the brightest yet softest tints imaginable, and seem to shed over the whole church a celestial lustre. Under the altar a door opens upon a marble staircase, leading to a subterraneous chapel lined with stucco, nearly resembling marble and adorned with numerous pillars in a very pleasing style of architecture. Thence a door opens into the ancient church, which from the increase of the ruins around is now become almost subterranean: it is a large vaulted hall, once paved with mosaic, and seems from the remains well furnished with marble and paintings; now the receptacle of damp unwholesome vapors, that tinge the walls and hover about the solitary tombs. A few purple hats with their rich tassels, the insignia of the dignity of Cardinal, suspended from the vaults, and tarnished with time and humidity, cast a feeble unavailing ray of splendor on the monuments of their departed possessors. The spectator, cautioned by the chillness of the place not to prolong his stay, contents himself with casting a transient glance on the sullen scenery, and returns to the splendid exhibition of the temple above.

The church of *St. Andrea in Monte Cavallo* by Bernini is, though so small as to deserve the name of chapel only, so highly finished and richly decorated within that I should recommend

it to the attention of the traveller as peculiarly beautiful. It was formerly with the annexed convent the property of the Jesuits, who seldom wanted either the means or the inclination to impart splendor and magnificence to their establishments. Unfortunately, they have often displayed more riches than taste, and given their churches the gaudy decorations and dazzling glare of a theatre, instead of adhering to the golden rule in religious architecture, that of disposing the best materials in the simplest order. The neglect of this maxim renders the great church of the Jesuits (the *Giesù*) though confessedly one of the richest, yet in my opinion one of the ugliest, because one of the most glaring in Rome.

St. Cecilia in Trastevere has great antiquity and much magnificence, to recommend it. It is supposed to have been the house of that virgin martyr, and they shew a bath annexed to it in which they pretend that she was beheaded. Over the tomb is a fine statue, exactly representing the attitude and the drapery of the body as it was discovered in the tomb in the year 821, such at least is the purport of the inscription. The saint is represented as reclining on her side, her garments spread in easy folds around her, and her neck and head covered with a veil of so delicate a texture as to allow the spectator almost to discover the outlines of the countenance. The posture and drapery are natural as well as graceful, and the whole form wrought with such exquisite art that we seem to behold the martyred virgin, not locked in the slumbers of death, but awaiting in the repose of innocence the call of the morning. A court and portico, according to the ancient custom, lead to this church, and pillars of fine marble divide and adorn it; but it labors under the defect alluded to above, and like

many other churches is encumbered with its own magnificence.

S. Pietro in Montorio or *Monte Aureo*, a very ancient church, was once remarkable for its sculpture and paintings, furnished by the first masters in these two branches; but many of the former have been broken or displaced, and some of the latter carried off by the French during the late predatory invasion. Among the paintings is the famous Transfiguration, generally supposed to be the first painting in the universe. It was said to have been in a bad light in its original situation, but it must be recollected that Raffaello designed it for that very light; besides, I know not whether the French are likely to place it in a better.*

In the middle of the little square, formed by the cloister of the convent belonging to the church of *St. Pietro in Montorio*, is a chapel in the form of an ancient temple; round, supported by sixteen pillars and crowned with a dome. It is the work of Bramante and much admired. It would methinks have been more beautiful, if the architect had copied the Greek models, or adopted the proportions of the temple of Tivoli of a similar form. Besides, the lantern that crowns the dome, or rather terminates the cella, is by much too large for the edifice,

* When I was at Paris in the year 1802, it had been withdrawn from the gallery, and was intended, as was believed, for the chapel of one of the first consul's palaces. If in that of Versailles the light be not too strong, the Transfiguration may appear to advantage, as the architecture and decorations of the chapel, the best I have seen beyond the Alps, are not perhaps altogether unworthy of contributing to display the beauties of such a masterpiece.

and seems to crush it by its weight. Yet the colonnade, such is the effect of pillars, gives this little temple, with all its defects, an antique and noble appearance.*

Santa Maria in Trastevere or *Basilica Calixti* is a very ancient church, supposed to have been originally built by Pope Calixtus about the year 220. It was rebuilt by Julius I. in the year 340, and has since undergone various repairs and received of course many improvements. Its bold portico and its nave are supported by ancient pillars, some of red, some of black granite, all of different orders and different dimensions; the entablature also is composed of the shattered remains of various ancient cornices; and indeed the whole edifice seems an extraordinary assemblage of orders, proportions, and materials. However, it exhibits a certain greatness of manner in the *whole*, that never fails to cover defects in the detail, and its general appearance is bold and majestic. Its vault and chapel are adorned with several beautiful paintings by Dominichino and other great masters. The square before this church is watered by a handsome fountain, perhaps the most ancient in Rome, as it was opened by Adrian I. about the year 790, and restored and ornamented by Clement XII.

S. Grisogono, a very ancient church ascribed originally to Constantine, is remarkable for the numerous columns of granite, porphyry and alabaster that support its nave and choir.

S. Giovanni e Paolo, is equally ancient and still more splendidly furnished with pillars and ancient ornaments.

* This edifice is introduced into the Cartoon that represents St. Paul preaching at Athens, and is given with considerable accuracy.

S. Gregorio Magno is remarkable because erected by the celebrated pontiff whose name it bears, on the very site of his own house, the residence of the Anician family. The church with the convent adjoining, was by its founder dedicated under the title of St. Andrew, a title which was gradually lost and replaced by that of St. Gregory. This fabric has undergone several changes, and though rich in materials has, from the bad taste with which those changes have been conducted, but little claim to our admiration. There are three chapels within the precincts of the convent, or rather annexed to the church, one of which is ennobled by the rival exertions of Guido and Dominichino, who have here brought their productions into contact, and left the delighted connoisseur to admire, and if he dare, to decide the pre-eminence. As these paintings are on the walls of the chapel they remain; but every article that could possibly be removed from the church and its dependent chapels, were carried off by the Polish legion, which, during the French invasion was stationed in the convent. So far indeed did this regular banditti carry their love of plunder, as to tear away the iron bars inserted in the walls of the church and cloisters, to strengthen them and counteract the action of the vaults; so that it was considered as dangerous to walk in them, as their fall was daily expected.

The classical reader would not pardon a traveller who should pass over in silence the church where the ashes of Tasso repose. This poet, the next in rank and in fame, to Virgil, died in the convent of *St. Onofrio*, was buried without pomp, and lay for many years among *the vulgar dead*, without a monument or *even an inscription* over his remains. Few poets have received monumental honors immediately on their demise.

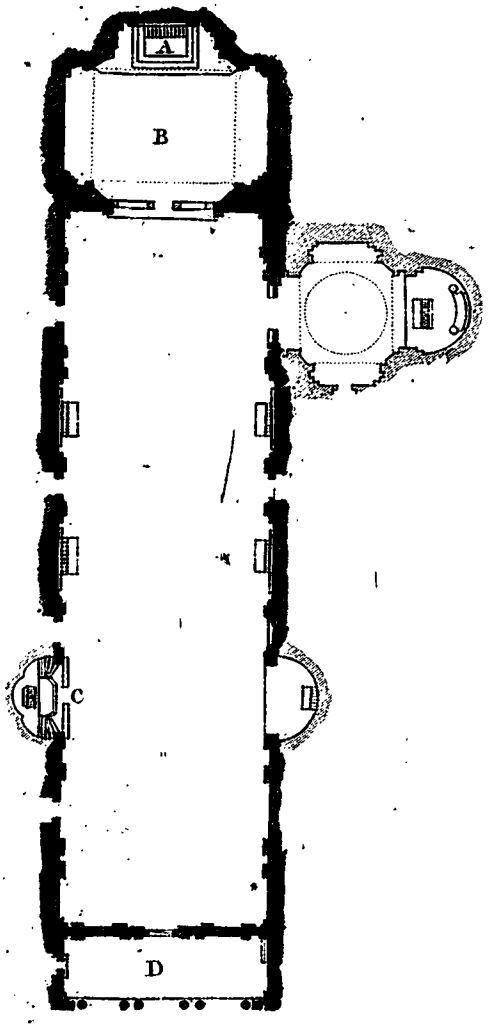
Their fame has seldom taken its full range, or seldom surmounted the difficulties which envy throws in its way during their lifetime; to pay due homage to their genius, and give to their memory all that man can give to the illustrious dead, sepulchral distinction, is generally the task of an impartial and grateful posterity. Upon this occasion however it was neither envy nor indifference, but friendship alone that deprived the Italian poet of the honors due to his merit. Immediately after his death, the fathers of the convent of St. Onofrio, and many persons of distinction, particularly the celebrated Manso, the friend and panegyrist of Milton, pressed forward with generous emulation to execute the honorable work: but the Cardinal Cinthio Medici, the patron of the poet in his latter days, considered the erection of a becoming monument as a duty and an honor peculiarly appropriated to himself, and though he found himself obliged to defer the discharge of the friendly office year after year, yet he never could be induced to allow any other person to fulfil it in his stead. Death however deprived him of the honor of erecting a tomb to Tasso; and to the Cardinal Bevilacqua alone, is the public indebted for the present monument, rather decent than magnificent, with a short inscription. Every English traveller who feels the sublimity of Milton, and knows how much the British bard owes to the Tuscan poet, will hasten to the church of St. Onofrio, and at the tomb of Torquato Tasso, hail the muse that inspired their rival strains.

Che di caduchi allori
Non circonda la fronte in Helicona;
Ma su ne Cielo infra i beati chori
Ha di stelle immortali aurea corona!

S. Sebastiano, a church erected by Constantine in memory

BASILICA of S^t SEBASTIAN.

NB. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.



References.

A *Altar*

B *Chancel*

C *Chapel, & entrance into the Cemetery of Callixtus, or the Catacombs.*

D *Vestibule*

London: Published by J. Mawman, March 1, 1813.

of the celebrated martyr whose name it bears, has a handsome portico and contains some good pictures and paintings. It is however more remarkable for being the principal entrance into the catacombs which lie in its neighbourhood. The catacombs are subterranean streets or galleries, from four to eight feet in height, from two to five in breadth, extending to an immense and almost unknown length, and branching out into various walks. The confusion occasioned by the intersection of these galleries resembles that of a labyrinth, and renders it difficult, and without great precaution, dangerous to penetrate far into their recesses. The catacombs were originally excavated, in order to find that earth or sand called at present *puzzolana*, and supposed to form the best and most lasting cement. They followed the direction of the vein of sand, and were abandoned when that was exhausted, and oftentimes totally forgotten. Such lone, unfrequented caverns afforded a most commodious retreat to the christians, during the persecutions of the three first centuries. In them therefore they held their assemblies, celebrated the holy mysteries, and deposited the remains of their martyred brethren. For the latter purpose they employed niches in the sides of the wall, placed there the body with a vial filled with the blood of the martyr, or perhaps some of the instruments of his execution, and closed up the mouth of the niche with thin bricks or tiles. Sometimes the name was inscribed with a word or two importing the belief and hopes of the deceased; at other times a cross or the initials of the titles of our Saviour interwoven, were the only marks employed to certify that the body enclosed belonged to a christian. Several bodies have been found without any inscription, mark or indication of name or profession. Such may have belonged to pagans, as it is highly probable that these cavities were used as burial places,

before as well as during the age of persecutions. It is impossible to range over these vast repositories of the dead, these walks of horror and desolation, without sentiments of awe, veneration, and almost of terror. We seemed on entering to descend into the regions of the departed, wrapped up in the impenetrable gloom of the grave.

> —— Marcentes intus tenebræ, pallensque sub antris,
> Longa nocte situs———————— quo
> Non metuunt emittere manes.

Independent of these imaginary terrors, the damp air and fetid exhalations warn the curious traveller to abridge his stay and hasten to the precincts of day.

The church of *Madonna del Sole* is the ancient temple of Vesta, stripped of its whole entablature, curtailed of its full height by the raising of the ground which covers the lower part of the pillars, and disfigured by a most preposterous and ugly roof. The cell and pillars of white marble remain, but the latter are almost lost in a wall drawn from column to column, and filling up the whole intermediate space. It is much to be lamented that when this edifice was fitted up for a church, it was not restored to its original form and beauty, which might have been done with less expence and difficulty, than were necessary to erect the wall and raise the roof which I have just censured. It is indeed highly probable that the materials requisite for such a restoration, that is, the fragments of the frieze, architrave, and cornice, might be found round the bases of the pillars, as they may form part of the mass of ruins which has raised the present so much above the level of the ancient pavement. But this singular want of taste appears, if possible, more conspicuous in two other instances.

The temple of Fortuna Virilis,* now the church of *Santa Maria Egiziaca*, is one of the few monuments that still remain of the era of the Roman republic. It is of the Ionic order and its proportions and form are justly admired. Its portico was originally supported by four pillars, and its sides adorned with twice as many half columns. It was converted into a church in the ninth century and long retained a considerable share of its primitive beauty. When it was reduced to its present degraded state I cannot precisely determine, but I believe about the middle of the seventeenth century. It is said to have been, when repaired, in a ruinous state: but if that were the case, yet it was less difficult to preserve than to alter its principal features. The latter however has been done. The wall that separated the *Cella* from the Vestibula, was removed and rebuilt between the pillars of the portico, and windows were opened between the half columns on one of the sides. By these means a small space was added and more light was given to the interior, but the proportions and beauty not a little impaired.

S. Lorenzo in Miranda. The name of this church, placed as it is in the Forum, and situated amidst a most wonderful display of Roman grandeur, is alone a sufficient recommendation to the attention of the traveller; but this recommendation acquires double weight when we learn that it stands on the ruins of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Of the temple, the portico excepting the pediment and part of the walls, remain. The order is Corinthian; and the whole might have been restored without difficulty to its

* There are doubts as to the real appellation of this temple, but all agree in its antiquity.

original form. But instead of following this process, almost forced upon the architect by the state of the ruin, he has erected a frontispiece behind the pillars of proportions, size, and order totally different; of two stories, so contrived, that the cornice of the first does not reach even the capitals of the pillars before it, while the second rises far above them, and exhibits on high, as if in triumph over good taste, its barbarous twisted pediment. Such instances of ignorance or stupidity, such preposterous and mis-shapen edifices, would surprize us even at Constantinople, where almost every monument of ancient magnificence has long since perished, and every recollection of ancient taste is obliterated; but in Rome, where so many superb models still present themselves to our consideration, where all the arts and particularly architecture, are honored and cultivated with so much success, we behold them with astonishment and almost with horror. But neither censure, nor experience, nor disappointment can deter vain and inconsiderate architects from fruitless attempts to improve upon the works of the ancients, or cure them of their partiality to capricious combinations that have hithterto invariably terminated in deformity. Torriani, for he I believe was the *mason* who built the modern part of the church of *St. Lorenzo in Miranda*, probably imagined that his new frontispiece, with its two contracted stories, its petty pilasters, and its grotesque entablature, would fix the attention of the public at once, and totally eclipse the simple majesty of the colonnade before it. Vain hopes! The stately portico of Antoninus still attracts every eye, and challenges universal admiration; while the modern addition is condemned as often as noticed, and ranked among the monuments of a tasteless and semi-barbarous age.

It is not my intention at present to describe the churches with-

out the walls, and of several within, which bear the names or are supposed to be formed of the ruins of ancient temples, I shall say but little, as they do not exhibit the least vestige of antiquity. Such is *Ara Cæli*, on the Capitoline hill, supposed by many authors to occupy the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus: such also is *Santa Maria sopra Minerva*, reported to have been formerly the temple of that goddess; neither of which have a particular claim, unless their titles be considered as such, to our attention.* We shall now, therefore, proceed to the greater churches, under which appellation I include the Pantheon and the Seven Patriarchal Basilicæ, so called, because they are the cathedrals of the sovereign pontiff, who officiates in them on certain festivals, and reserves the high altar entirely to himself. These seven churches are, *St. Laurence* (without the walls), *St. Sebastian*, *Santa Croce*, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, or the *Basilica Liberiana*, *St. Paul* (without the walls), *St. John Lateran* or the *Basilica Lateranensis*, *St. Peter* or the *Basilica Vaticana*. These temples, though not of equal, are all of great antiquity, and if we except St. Sebastian, of great magnificence. But to begin with the Pantheon.

The square of the Pantheon, or *Piazza della Rotonda* is adorned with a fountain and an obelisk, and terminated by the portico of Agrippa. This noble colonnade consists of a

* The traveller should visit the churches that belong to particular nations and orders, and are considered as their respective mother churches; because not only the French, Spaniards, Germans, but the Greeks, Armenians, Cophts or Egyptians, and even the East Indians and Chinese have their colleges and churches. The same may be said of all the religious orders. Several interesting particularities that indicate the character of these nations and bodies, may be observed in their respective establishments.

double range of Corinthian pillars of red granite. Between the middle columns, which are a little farther removed from each other than the rest, a passage opens to the brazen portals which, as they unfold, expose to view a circular hall of immense extent, crowned with a lofty dome, and lighted solely from above. It is paved and lined with marble. Its cornice of white marble is supported by sixteen columns and as many pilasters of *Giallo antico:* in the circumference there are eight niches, and between these niches are eight altars adorned each with two pillars of less size, but the same materials. The niches were anciently occupied by statues of the great deities; the intermediate altars served as pedestals for the inferior powers. The proportions of this temple are admirable for the effect intended to be produced, its height being equal to its diameter, and its dome not an oval, but an exact hemisphere. Such is the Pantheon, the most noble and perfect specimen of Roman art and magnificence that time has spared, or the ancients could have wished to transmit to posterity. It has served in fact as a lesson and a model to succeeding generations, and to it Constantinople is indebted for Santa Sophia, and to it Rome or rather the Universe owes the unrivalled dome of the Vatican. I need not inform my reader that the body of the Pantheon is supposed by many antiquaries to be of republican architecture, and of course more ancient than the portico which, as its inscription imports, was erected by Agrippa about thirty years before the Christian era. But whether the temple was built at the same time, or perhaps one hundred years before its portico, is a matter of little consequence, as it is on the whole the most ancient edifice that now remains in a state of full and almost perfect preservation. It has, it is true, undergone various changes from pillage and reparations, but these changes have been confined entirely to the decorations. It was first altered

by Domitian and afterwards repaired by Severus. The pillars, pilasters, and marble lining remain nearly as they were placed by the latter. It was plundered of part of its bronze ornaments, among which some authors rank its brazen doors, by Genseric, the Vandal monarch of Africa, and afterwards more completely stripped of all its metal decorations by Constantine, the grandson of Heraclius, in the seventh century. This semi-barbarian Emperor is represented by indignant antiquaries as the greatest scourge that ever visited Rome, and is said to have committed more excesses, and done more mischief to the city during a short stay of seven days, than the Goths or Vandals during their repeated hostile approaches or long established dominion.

It was converted into a church by Pope Boniface IV. about the year 609, and has since that period attracted the attention and enjoyed the patronage of various pontiffs. But, though much has been done for the support and embellishment of this edifice, yet much is still wanting in order to restore to it all its glory. The pavement should be repaired, the marble lining of the attic replaced, and above all, the pannels of the dome gilt or edged with bronze. The want of some such decoration gives it a white, naked appearance, very opposite to the mellow tints of the various marbles that cast so rich a glow over the lower part. Yet, let not the traveller complain, if even in this magnificent monument he shall find that his expectations surpass the reality, and that his fancy has thrown around the Pantheon an imaginary splendor. He must not expect to find in it the freshness of youth. Years pass not in vain over man or his works; they may sometimes spare proportion and symmetry, but beauty and grace, whether in the marble portico or the human form, soon yield

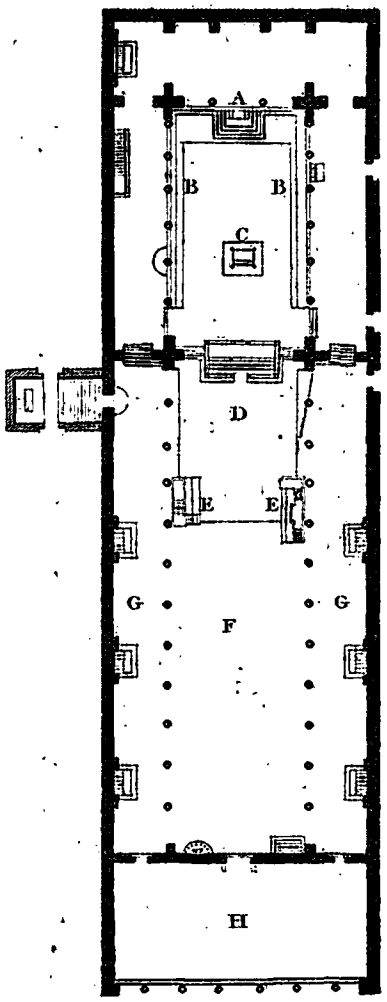
to their touch and vanish. Twenty ages have now rolled over the Pantheon, and if they have not crushed its dome in their passage, they have at least imprinted their traces in sullen grandeur on its walls; they have left to it all its primeval proportions, but they have gradually stript it of its ornaments, its leaves of acanthus and its glossy colors. Perhaps these marks of antiquity and this venerable tint which time alone can shed over edifices, rather increase than diminish its majesty by adding to its justly admired form that which no architect can bestow, the charms of recollection, and the united interest of age and disaster.

Though the Pantheon probably owes its preservation to the circumstance of its having been converted into a church, yet I know not whether it be altogether well calculated for that purpose. A circular hall, if consecrated to the offices of religion, requires that the altar should be in the centre, a position which it cannot occupy in the Pantheon, owing to the aperture perpendicularly over it. In fact a round temple is not, even when arranged to the best advantage, nearly so suitable or commodious for a christian assembly as the Basilica, with its corresponding aisles, raised chancel, and semicircular termination.* Leaving therefore to the Pantheon its principal character of a temple, I would set it apart as a mausoleum, sacred to the memory and remains of persons peculiarly distinguished by great talents and splendid public virtues; of that class in short whom Virgil places in Elysium and ranks among demigods and heroes. In the centre might arise, on a lofty pedestal of steps, an altar of black marble, destined solely for the service of the

* See ground plots of the principal Basilicæ converted into churches, at the end of this volume.

BASILICA of S^t LAWRENCE

N.B The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.



References

A *Bishop's Throne*
B B *Seats of the Presbyters*
C *Altar over the Tomb of S^t Lawrence*
D *The Choir*
E E *Ambones or Pulpits*
F *The Nave*
G *Ailes*
H *The Vestibule*

London: Published by J. Mawman, March 1, 1817.

dead, supporting a cross of alabaster, half veiled in brazen drapery. At the corners of the altar four antique candelabra might pour a stream of solemn light on the funereal scene around. The monuments might occupy the niches, line the wall, and, when numerous, rise in circles around the centre. However, as the number of distinguished personages who deserve the honor of a public funeral is small, a length of time would elapse, perhaps many centuries, before the niches would be filled, or the pavement encumbered with sarcophagi. The arrangement here described is only an extension of that which has actually taken place, as the Pantheon contains at present the tombs or rather the busts of several distinguished characters, among which are the celebrated antiquary Winckelman, Metastasio, Mengs, Poussin, Hannibal, Carraci, and Raffaello himself. Two musicians also, Corelli and Sacchini, have been admitted to the honors of the Pantheon.*

On the *Via Tiburtina*, at a small distance from the gate once of the same name, now more frequently called *Porta di S. Lorenzo*, stands the Basilica of that martyr, erected over his tomb by Constantine. Though frequently repaired and altered since, yet its original form and most of its original decorations still remain. A portico, as is usual in all the ancient Basilicæ, leads to its entrance; is supported and divided by four-and-twenty pillars of granite; the choir occupies the upper part of the nave in the ancient manner, as in St. Clements. The ambones or two pulpits stand on either side of the entrance to the choir, close to the pillars; they are very large and all

* The dedication of this church on the first of November, in the year 830, gave occasion to the institution of the festival of All Saints.

inlaid with marble. From the choir a flight of steps leads to the sanctuary, paved with mosaic and adorned by a double story, each of twelve pillars of rich marble and Corinthian form. Of the lower range of pillars part only appears above, as it descends through an open space left for that purpose, far below the pavement. Four other columns adorn the wall that runs some feet behind the sanctuary, as four more of porphyry support the canopy over the altar. The seats of the sanctuary are of marble, as is the chair of the pontiff, a very ancient episcopal throne. Under the altar is *the Confession* or tomb of St. Laurence, where his body reposes, as is related, with that of St. Stephen, the first martyr; it is beautifully inlaid and incrusted with the most precious marble.

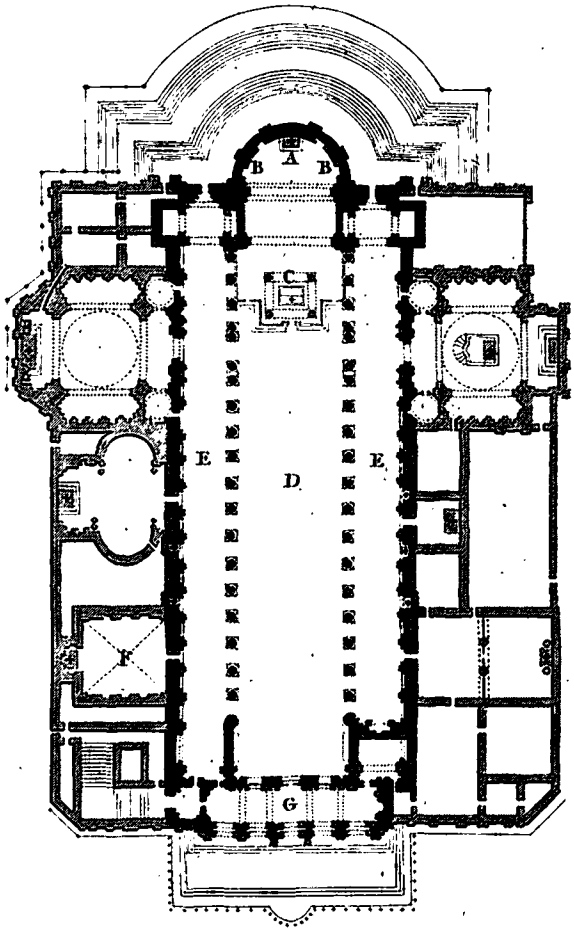
This church, though unfrequented on account of its situation, is yet rendered highly interesting by its antiquity, its form, and its materials, and by a certain lonely majesty which seems to brood over it, and fills the mind with awe and reverence. Prudentius has described the martyrdom of St. Laurence in a long hymn, in which among many negligencies there are several beauties; and the celebrated Vida has treated the same subject with the devotion of a saint, and the enthusiasm of a poet. Several of his images, sentiments and allusions as well as his language throughout, are truly classical, and while I recommend the two hymns of this author to the perusal of the reader, I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of inserting one passage from the first, not only on account of its exquisite beauty, but on account of its connection with the scenery of Rome, and the ground which we are now treading.

In it the saint, when sensible or rather certain of his approaching fate, is represented as hanging occasionally over the

BASILICA LIBERIANA,

OR STA MARIA MAGGIORE.

N.B. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.



References

A *Bishop's Throne*
B *Seats of the Clergy*
C *The Altar*
D *The Nave*
E *The Ailes*
F *The Baptistry*
G *Vestibule*

London: Published by J. Mawman, March 1, 1813.

Tiber, and turning with melancholy recollection towards his native land and the haunt of his youth.

Si quando tamen in ripâ subsistit amæni
Tybridis, aspectans auras, cœlique profunda,
Solis ad occasum versus, Non te amplius, inquit,
Aspiciam, dives regnis,* Hispania opimis,
Nec vos, O patriæ fluvii, carique parentes,
Qui spem forte mei reditûs agitatis inanem.
Tuque, O Tybri! vale! colles salvete Latini!
Quos colui heroum tumuli, sacrataque busta!

In another passage the last sensations and feelings of the martyr are described in a style highly animated and affecting.* The concluding verses of the same hymn express at once the piety and the patriotism of its author.†

From the *Porta Tiburtina*, a long and straight street or rather road, leads almost in a direct line to the *Basilica Liberiana*,‡ or church of Santa Maria Maggiore, which derives its former appellation from Pope Liberius, in whose time it was erected; its latter, from its size and magnificence, as being the first that bears the appellation of the Blessed Virgin. It is said to have been founded about the year 350, and has undergone many repairs and alterations since that period. It is one of the noblest churches in the world, and well deserves an epithet of distinction. It stands by itself on the highest swell of the

* St. Laurence was a native of Spain. † V. 245.

‡ In the portico of this church there is a large antique sarcophagus, on which is sculptured an ancient marriage; on another which stands behind the sanctuary is a vintage. They are both admired for the beauty of the workmanship. The fields round *St. Lorenzo* were called anciently the Campus Veranus.

Esquiline hill, in the midst of two great squares, which terminate two streets of near two miles in length. To these squares, the Basilica presents two fronts of modern architecture and different decorations. The principal front consists of a double colonnade, one over the other, the lower Ionic, the upper Corinthian;* before it, on a lofty pedestal rises a Corinthian pillar, supporting a brazen image of the Blessed Virgin. On the other side, a bold semicircular front adorned with pilasters and crowned with two domes, fills the eye and raises the expectation. Before it, on a pedestal of more than twenty feet in height, stands an Egyptian obelisk, of a single piece of granite of sixty, terminating in a cross of bronze. These accompaniments on each side, give the Basilica an air of unusual grandeur, and it must be allowed that the interior is by no means unworthy of this external magnificence.

The principal entrance is, as usual in all the ancient churches, through a portico; this portico is supported by eight pillars of granite, and adorned with corresponding marble pilasters. The traveller on his entrance is instantly struck with the two magnificent colonnades that line the nave and separate it from the aisles. They are supported each by more than twenty pillars, of which eighteen on each side are of white marble. The order is Ionic with its regular entablature, the elevation of the pillars is thirty feet, the length of the colonnade about two hundred and fifty. The sanctuary forms a semicircle behind the altar. The altar is a large slab of marble, covering an ancient sarco-

* This front, notwithstanding the noble pillars of granite that support it, is justly censured for want of simplicity.

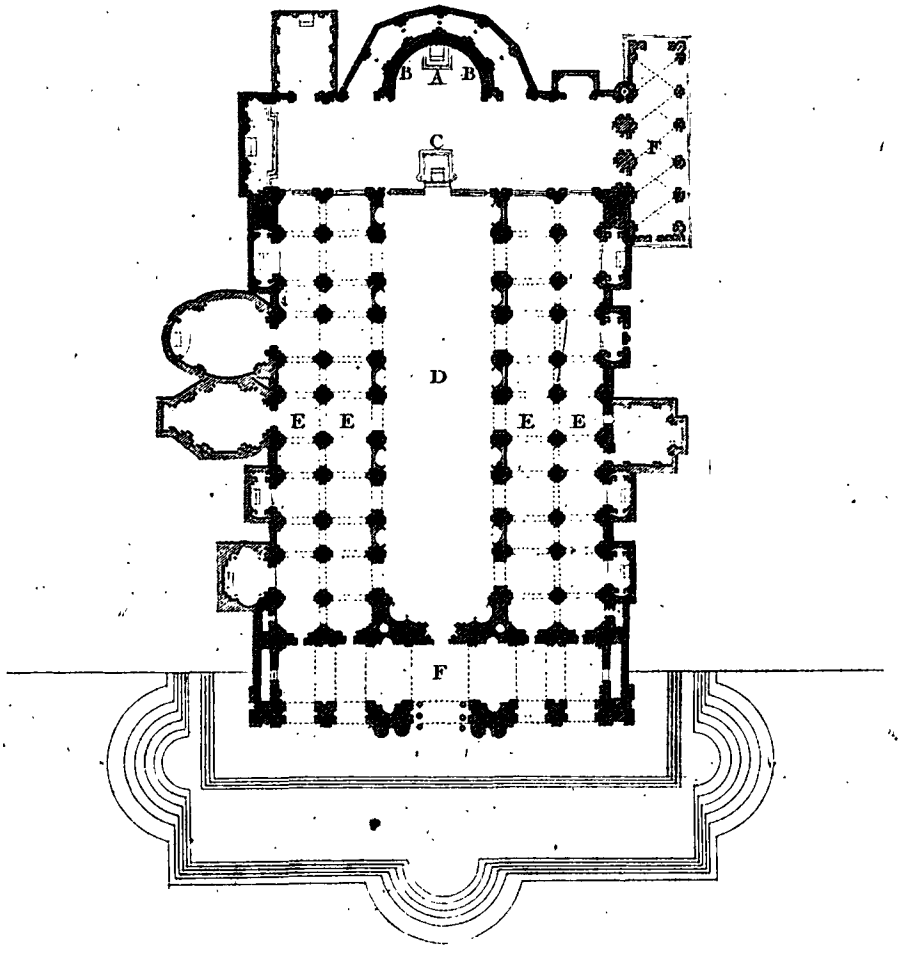
phagus of porphyry, in which the body of the founder formerly reposed. It is overshadowed by a canopy of bronze, supported by four lofty Corinthian pillars of porphyry This canopy, thought perhaps of too great a magnitude for its situation, as it nearly touches the roof, is the most beautiful and best proportioned ornament of the kind which I ever beheld. The side walls supported by the pillars, are divided by pilasters, between which are alternately windows and mosaics; the pavement is variegated, and the ceiling divided into square pannels, doubly gilt and rich in the extreme. There is no transept, but instead of it two noble chapels open on either side. The one on the right as you advance from the great entrance towards the altar, was built by Sixtus Quintus, and contains his tomb. It would be considered as rich and beautiful, were it not infinitely surpassed in both these respects by the opposite chapel belonging to the Borghese family, erected by Paul V. Both these chapels are adorned with domes and decorated with nearly the same architectural ornaments. But in the latter, the spectator is astonished at the profusion with which not bronze and marble only, but lapis lazuli, jasper, and the more precious stones are employed on all sides, so that the walls seem to blaze around, and almost dazzle the eyes with their lustre. He may perhaps feel himself inclined to wish that those splendid materials had been employed with more economy, and conceive that a judicious arrangement might have produced a better effect with less prodigality. These two chapels, whatever their magnificence or peculiar beauty may be, have prejudiced the external appearance of the church, and occasioned the only material deformity which even the eye of a critic can discover. I mean the break occasioned by the arcades formed on both sides, to serve as entrances to these two oratories. The colonnade, so beautiful

even in its present state, would have been matchless were it not interrupted by these misplaced arches, which after all do not produce the effect intended by giving a grand entrance into these chapels, as the view is obstructed by the arch of the aisles, and by the intervention of the brazen portals. But be the defects what they may, I know not whether any architectural exhibition surpasses or even equals the *Basilica Liberiana.* The simplicity of the plan, the correctness of the execution, the richness of the materials and the decorations of the parts, the length of the colonnades and the elevation of the canopy, form altogether one of the noblest and most pleasing exhibitions that the eye can behold. As we advance along the ample nave, we are rather pleased than astonished with the scenery around us; we easily familiarize ourselves with the calm grandeur of the place, and at the end retire with an impression, not of awe, but delight and tranquillity.

From the *Basilica Liberiana,* a long and wide street leads to the *Basilica Lateranansis,* or of St. John. This church is the regular cathedral of the bishop of Rome, and as such assumes the priority of all others, and the pompous title of the Parent and Mother of all Churches, "Ecclesiarum Urbis et Orbis Mater et Caput." It was founded by Constantine, but burnt, ruined, rebuilt, and frequently since repaired. Its magnitude corresponds with its rank and antiquity, and the richness of its decorations are equal to both. The Basilica, like that of Santa Maria Maggiore, has two porticos. That which presents itself to the traveller coming from the latter church, consists of a double gallery one above the other, adorned with pilasters; the lower range Doric, the higher Corinthian. On the square before this portico rises a noble obelisk, the most elevated of its kind.

BASILICA LATERANENSIS,
or ST JOHN LATERAN.

N.B. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times



References

A *Bishop's Throne*
BB *Seats of the Presbyters*
C *Altar*
D *Nave*
EE *Ailes*
F *Vestibule*

London: Published by J. Mawman, March 1, 1813.

From its pedestal bursts an abundant stream, that supplies all the neighbouring streets with water. The principal portico faces the south; it consists of four lofty columns and six pilasters. The order is composite; the attic is adorned with a balustrade, and that balustrade with statues. A double order is introduced in the intervals and behind this frontispiece, to support the gallery destined to receive the pontiff, when he gives his solemn benediction; though it is formed of very beautiful pillars, yet it breaks the symmetry and weakens the effect of the whole. Other defects have been observed in this front, and the height of the pedestals, the heavy attic with its balustrade, and the colossal statues that encumber it, have been frequently and justly criticised. Yet with all these defects it presents a very noble and majestic appearance.

The vestibulum is a long and lofty gallery. It is paved and adorned with various marbles. Five doors open from it into the church, the body of which is divided into a nave and two aisles, on each side. The nave is intersected by a transept, and terminated as is usual by a semicircular sanctuary. There are no rails nor partitions; all is open, and a few steps form the only division between the clergy and the people: thus the size and proportions of this noble hall appear to the best advantage. Its decorations are rich in the extreme, and scattered with profusion, but unfortunately with little taste. The nave was renewed or repaired by Borromini, and is disfigured by endless breaks and curves, as well as overloaded with cumbersome masses.

The church was anciently supported by more than three hundred antique pillars, and had the same plan of decoration

been adopted in its reparation, as was afterwards employed at *Santa Maria Maggiore*, it would probably have exhibited the grandest display of pillared scenery ever beheld. But the architect it seems had an antipathy to pillars; he walled them up in the buttresses, and adorned the buttresses with groups of pilasters: he raised the windows, and in order to crown them with pediments, broke the architrave and frieze, and even removed the cornice: he made niches for statues and topped them with crowns and pediments of every contorted form; in short, he has broken every straight line in the edifice, and filled it with semi-circles, spirals and triangles. The roof formed of wood, though adorned with gilding in profusion, yet from too many and dissimilar compartments appears heavy and confused. The altar is small and covered with a Gothic sort of tower, said to be very rich, but certainly very ugly. The statues of the twelve apostles that occupy the niches on each side of the nave, with their graceful pillars of *Verde antico* are much admired. There are several columns also that merit particular attention; among these we may rank the antique bronze fluted pillars that support the canopy over the altar in the chapel of the *Santissimo Sacramento*. Some suppose that these pillars belonged to the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; others fancy that they were brought from the temple of Jerusalem: be these conjectures as they may, the columns are extremely beautiful.

The various chapels of this church deserve attention, either for their form or their embellishments; but the Corsini chapel is entitled to particular consideration, and may be regarded as one of the most perfect buildings of the kind existing. Inferior perhaps in size, and more so in splendor to the

Borghese chapel, it has more simplicity in its form and more purity in its decoration. This chapel is in the form of a Greek Cross. The entrance occupies the lower, the altar the upper part: a superb mausoleum terminates each end of the transept: the rail that separates the chapel from the aisle of the church is of gilt brass: the pavement is the finest marble; the walls are incrusted with alabaster and jasper, and adorned with basso relievos; six pillars adorn the recesses, the two on each side of the altar are *Verde antico;* the four others are porphyry, their bases and capitals are burnished bronze. The picture over the altar is a mosaic, the original by Guido. The tombs with their statues are much admired, particularly that of Clement XII. the Corsini pontiff, whose body reposes in a large and finely proportioned antique sarcophagus of porphyry.* Four corresponding niches are occupied by as many statues, representing the Cardinal virtues, and over each niche is an appropriate *basso relievo.* The dome that canopies this chapel, in itself airy and well lighted, receives an additional lustre from its golden pannels, and sheds a soft but rich glow on the marble scenery beneath it. In the whole, though the Corsini chapel has not escaped criticism, yet it struck me as the most beautiful edifice of the kind; splendid without gaudiness, the valuable materials that form its pavement, line its walls and adorn its vaults, are so disposed as to mix together their varied hues into soft and delicate tints; while the size and symmetry of its form

* This sarcophagus was taken from the portico of the Pantheon, and is supposed by some antiquaries to have contained the ashes of Agrippa.

enable the eye to contain it with ease, and contemplate its unity, its proportions, and its ornaments without effort.*

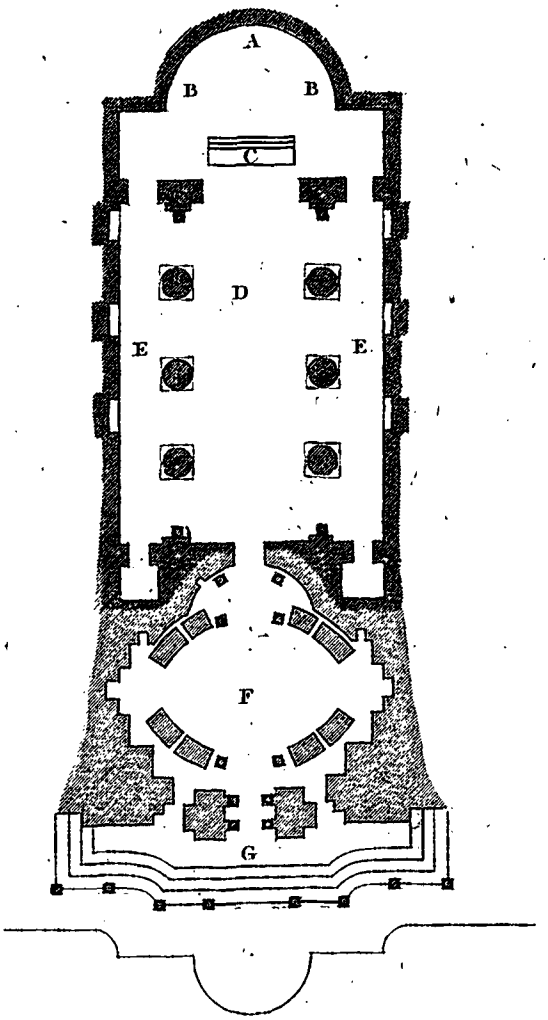
The Baptistery of St. John Lateran, which according to the custom of the early ages still observed in almost all the cathedrals of Italy, though near, is yet detached from the church, is called *S. Giovanni in Fonte*, and is the most ancient of the kind in the Christian world. It was erected by Constantine, and is at the same time a monument of the magnificence of that Emperor and the bad taste of the age. A small portico leads into an octagonal edifice, in the centre of which there is a large bason about three feet deep, lined and paved with marble. This bason is of the same form as the building itself, and at its corners stand eight beautiful pillars, which support eight others of white marble, and these latter bear an attic crowned with a dome. These pillars, with their entablature, were probably taken from various buildings, as they differ in order, size, and proportion. The attic is painted in fresco, as is the gallery around the pillars below; the former represents several Gospel histories, the latter some of the principal events of the reign of Constantine. The modern font, a large vase of green basaltes, stands in the centre of the bason, raised on some steps of marble. Anciently the bason itself was the font into which the Catechumen descended by the four steps which still remain for that purpose. There are two chapels; one on each side of

* This edifice might be recommended as an excellent model for a domestic or college chapel, or a mausoleum. Some critics have ventured to censure its architecture as too tame, and deficient in boldness and relievo. Its size is not, I believe, susceptible of more; the defect, if it exist, is scarcely perceptible.

BASILICA SANCT CRUCIS in JERUSALEM,

CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS

NB. the faint Lines mark the additions of later times



References.

A *Bishops Throne*
BB *Seats of the Clergy*
C *Altar*
D *Nave*
EE *Ailes*
F *Vestibule*
G *Portico*

London: Published by J. Mawman, March 1, 1813.

the Baptistery, formerly destined for the instruction and accommodation of the catechumens. In this chapel only, and only upon the eves of Easter and Pentecost, was public baptism administered anciently in Rome; many magnificent ceremonies, which occupied the whole night, accompanied this solemnity, and rendered it more delightful to the fervent christians of that period than the most brilliant exhibitions of the day.

The view from the steps of the principal portico of St. John Lateran is extensive and interesting. It presents a grove before; on one side the venerable walls of the city; the lofty arches of an aqueduct on the other; the church of Santa Croce in front, and beyond it the desolate Campagna bounded by the Alban Mount tinged with blue and purple, and checkered with woods, towns and villages.

A wide and strait road leads through the solitary grove which I have just mentioned, to the *Basilica di Santa Croce, in Gierusalemme*, another patriarchal church erected by Constantine on the ruins of a temple of Venus and Cupid destroyed by his orders. This church derives its name from some pieces of the holy cross, and a quantity of earth taken from Mount Calvary, and deposited in it by St. Helena, Constantine's mother. It is remarkable only for its antique shape, and the eight noble columns of granite that support its nave. Its front is modern, of rich materials, but of very indifferent architecture. The semicircular vault of the sanctuary is adorned with paintings in fresco, which, though very defective in the essential parts, yet charm the eye by the beauty of some of the figures and the exquisite freshness of the coloring. The lonely situation of this antique Basilica, amidst groves, gardens and vineyards, and the

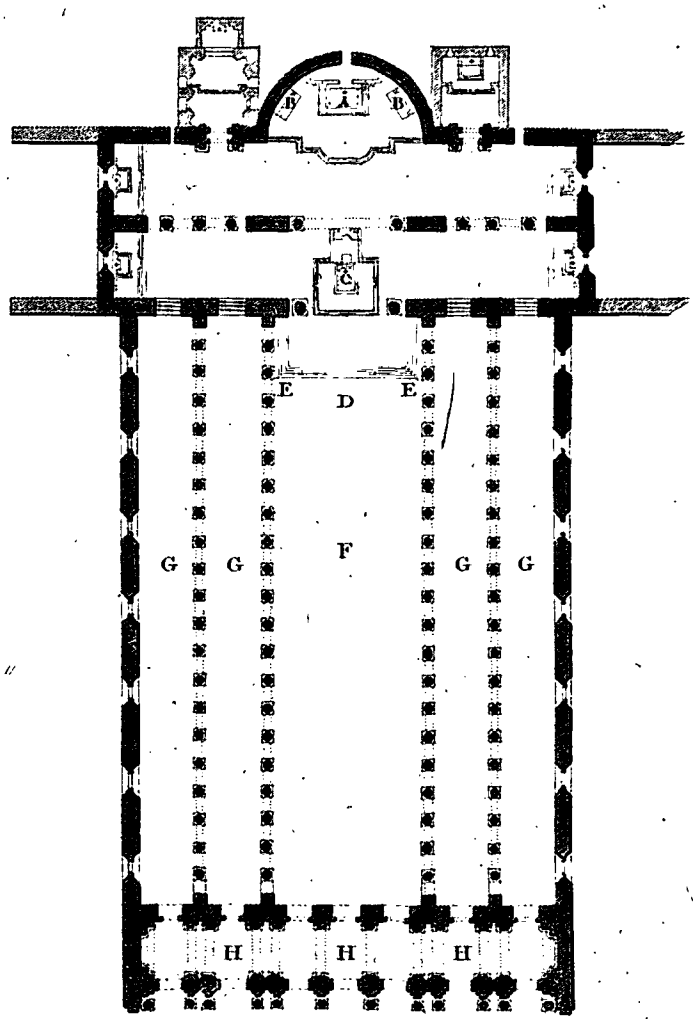
number of mouldering monuments and tottering arches that surround it, give it a solemn and affecting appearance.

The patriarchal Basilica of St. Paul, called *S. Paolo fuori delle Mura*, at some distance from the *Porta Ostiensis*, is one of the grandest temples erected by the first Christian Emperor. It was finished by Theodosius and his son Honorius, and afterwards when shattered by earthquakes and time, it was repaired first by Leo III. and again after a long interval by Sixtus Quintus. Such was the respect which the public entertained for this church, and so great the crowds that flocked to it, that the Emperors above-mentioned thought it necessary (if we may believe Procopius) to build a portico from the gate to the Basilica, a distance of near a mile. The magnificence of this portico seems to have equalled the most celebrated works of the ancient Romans, as it was supported by marble pillars and covered with gilt copper. But whatsoever may have been its former glory, it has long since yielded to the depredations of age or barbarism, and sunk into dust without leaving even a trace to ascertain its former existence. The road is now unfrequented, and the church itself with the adjoining abbey, belonging to the Benedictine monks, almost abandoned during the summer months on account of the real or imaginary unwholesomeness of the air.

The exterior of this edifice, like that of the Pantheon, being of ancient brick, looks dismal and ruinous. The portico is supported by twelve pillars, and forms a gallery or vestibulum lofty and spacious. The principal door is of bronze; the nave and double aisles are supported by four ranges of Corinthian pillars, amounting in all to the number of eighty. Of these columns, four-and-twenty of that beautiful marble called pavo-

BASILICA of St PAUL.

N.B. The faint Lines mark the additions of later times.



References

A *Bishop's Throne*
B B *Seats of the Clergy*
C *The Altar over the Tomb of St Paul*
D *The place of the Choir*
E E *Places of the Ambones, or Pulpits*
F *The Nave*
G G G G *Double Aisles*
H H H *Vestibule*
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London: Published by J. Murman, March 1, 1813.

nazzo, (because white tinged with a delicate purple) and the most exquisite workmanship and proportions, were taken from the tomb of Adrian *(Castel S. Angelo.)* The transept or rather the walls and arches of the sanctuary rest upon ten other columns, and thirty more are employed in the decoration of the tomb of the Apostle and of the altars. These pillars are in general of porphyry, and the four that support the central arches are of vast magnitude. Two flights of marble steps lead from the nave to the sanctuary: the pavement of this latter part is of fine marble; that of the former of shattered fragments of ancient tombs marked with inscriptions. The altar stands under a canopy terminated by an awkward Gothic pyramid; the circumference of the sanctuary is adorned with some very ancient mosaics. The walls of the nave and center rest on arches carried from pillar to pillar; those of the nave are high and covered with faded paintings. The length of the church is about three hundred feet, its breadth about one hundred and fifty, and from its magnitude, proportions and materials, undoubtedly furnishes all the means requisite if properly managed, of rendering it one of the most noble, and perhaps one of the most beautiful churches in the universe. As it is, it presents a very exact copy of its ancient state, for it seems to have suffered considerable damage almost as soon as finished from the wars, alarms and devastations that commenced in the reign of Honorius, and continued during several successive centuries. Although many popes, and particularly Sixtus Quintus and Benedict XIV. have repaired or ornamented this venerable fabric, yet it still retains an unfinished, forlorn and almost ruinous appearance. The pavement is, as has been observed above, made up of broken remnants, the ancient pictures that adorned the walls are nearly effaced by damp vapors; the beams and rafters of the

roof form the only covering of the body of the church, and the whole Basilica, excepting the sanctuary, presents the aspect of a neglected and melancholy monument. The Benedictine monks are, in all countries where the Order exists but particularly in Italy, both rich and public spirited, and it is a subject of surprise, scandal and just reproach, that while so many superb edifices have been erected by them in different towns and countries, one of the most ancient and celebrated temples in the Christian world should even in the Capital itself, and under the eye of the pontiff, be allowed to moulder away and sink almost unnoticed into ruin. The expences requisite for the reparation and embellishment of such an edifice would be great without doubt, but to an opulent and religious society, money when employed for such a purpose cannot be an object of consideration, especially as the work might be carried on gradually and with all due regard to economy.*

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* The roof is much admired for its mechanism and revered for its antiquity; but however curious or venerable it may be in these respects, it forms, as all mere carpentry must form, a very dull and unappropriate ceiling to a marble temple. The beams were originally lined with gold, and indeed the whole edifice most splendidly decorated as we are assured by Prudentius who visited it in its first glory.

Regia pompa loci est, princeps bonus has sacravit arces
Lusitque magnis ambitum talentis.
Bracteolas trabibus sublevit, ut omnis aurulenta
Lux esset intus, ceu jubar sub ortu.
Subdidit et Parias fulvis laquearibus columnas,
Distinguit illic quas quaternus ordo:
Tum Camyros hyalo insigni varie cucurrit arcus,
Sic prata vernis floribus renident.

Passio Beat. Apost.

The arches from pillar to pillar introduced by the bad taste of the age of Diocletian, might be covered as in Santa Maria Maggiore by a regular entablature, and as in all the other Basilicæ, the floor flagged and the walls lined with marble. The paintings might then be restored with perfect security, and the work of reparation finished by removing the present Gothic obelisk that encumbers the tomb of the Apostle, and employing the beautiful columns that now seem to groan under its weight, in supporting a light and well-proportioned canopy. I have already said that *S. Paolo* might be made one of the most beautiful churches in the universe, and the changes here pointed out would, I think, accomplish that object, and give it all the splendor of which it is susceptible. In fact, it already exhibits the noblest collection of pillars now known, and if these were set off to advantage by an appropriate cornice and corresponding decorations around, its colonnades would form a scene inferior in extent indeed, but I conceive equal if not superior in regular architectural beauty even to the magnificent arcades of the Vatican.

CHAP. XV.

THE BASILICA VATICANA, OR ST. PETER'S.

TO the Vatican we shall now turn and close our account of Roman churches, by a faint and imperfect description of some of the glories of this unrivalled fabric, the boast of modern skill and trophy of the united arts of painting, sculpture and architecture. The Basilica of St. Peter was the first and noblest religious edifice erected by Constantine. It stood on part of the circus of Nero, and was supposed to occupy a spot consecrated by the blood of numberless martyrs exposed or slaughtered in that place of public amusement by order of the tyrant. But its principal and exclusive advantage was the possession of the body of St. Peter, a circumstance which raised it in credit and consideration above the *Basilica Lateranensis*, dignified its threshold with the honorable appellation of the *Limina Apostolorum*, and secured to it the first place in the affection and reverence of the Christian world. Not only monks and bishops but princes and emperors visited its sanctuary with devotion, and even kissed as they approached, the marble steps that led to its portal. Nor was this reverence confined to the orthodox

monarchs who sat on the throne of the founder; it extended to barbarians and more than once converted a cruel invader into a suppliant votary. The Vandal Genseric whose heart seldom felt emotions of mercy, while he plundered every house and temple with unrelenting fury, spared the treasures deposited under the roof of the Vatican Basilica, and even allowed the plate of the churches to be carried in solemn pomp to its inviolable altars. Totila, who in a moment of vengeance had sworn that he would bury the glory and memory of Rome in its ashes, listened to the admonitions of the pontiff, and resigned his fury at the tomb of the Apostles.

Every age as it passed over the Vatican seemed to add to its holiness and its dignity; and the coronation of an Emperor or the installation of a Pope, the deposition of the remains of a prince or the enshrinement of the reliques of a saint, appeared as so many tributes paid to its supereminence, and gave it so many new claims to the veneration of the Christian world. At length however, after eleven centuries of glory, the walls of the ancient Basilica began to give way, and symptoms of approaching ruin were become so visible about the year 1450, that Nicolas V. conceived the project of taking down the old church and erecting in its stead a new and more extensive structure. However, though the work was begun, yet it was carried on with feebleness and uncertainty during more than half a century, till Julius II. ascended the papal throne and resumed the great undertaking with that spirit and decision which distinguished all the measures of his active pontificate. Great princes generally find or create the talents requisite for their purposes, and Julius discovered in Bramante an architect

capable of comprehending and executing his grandest conceptions. A plan was presented and approved. The walls of the ancient Basilica were taken down, and on the eighteenth of April 1508, the foundation stone of one of the vast pillars that support the dome was laid by Julius with all the pomp and ceremony that became such an interesting occurrence. From that period the work, though carried on with ardor and perseverance yet continued during the space of one hundred years to occupy the attention and absorb the income of eighteen pontiffs. I might have augmented this number by the addition of the names of Urban VIII. Alexander VII. and their successors down to Benedict XIII. who all contributed to the erection, embellishment and completion of the superb colonnade that opens before the church, and adds so much to its majesty. The popes who have since followed have not been entirely inactive, but have endeavoured each according to his ability to acquire a share in the glory and duration of this edifice by some decoration or improvement. In fine, the late Pius VI. built the sacristy, and by this necessary appendage, which had till then been wanting, may be considered as having accomplished the grand undertaking, and given the Basilica Vaticana its full perfection.

On the whole it would not be exaggeration to assert, that nearly three hundred years elapsed and five and thirty pontiffs reigned from the period of the commencement, to that of the termination of this stupendous fabric. The most celebrated architects of modern times had an opportunity of displaying their talents and immortalizing their names in the prosecution of the work, and Bramante, Raffaello, San Gallo, Michael Angelo, Vignola,

Carlo Maderno and Bernini, not to speak of others of less reputation, labored successively in its promotion or consummation. To calculate the expense with any great precision would be difficult, but from the best information that has been collected on the subject we may venture to state, that however enormous the sum may appear, the expenditure must have amounted to at least twelve millions sterling; and when we consider that the marbles, bronze, and other valuable materials employed in its decoration are not only not plentiful, but scarcely known out of Rome, we may add that it would require three times as much to raise a similar edifice in any other capital. From the latter observation, we may infer that if a convulsion of nature, or what is still more to be dreaded, an explosion of human malignity should shatter or destroy this admirable fabric, many ages must elapse and numberless generations pass away before means could be collected or talents found to restore it, or to erect another of equal magnificence. What then will be the astonishment or rather the horror of my reader, when I inform him that this unrivalled temple, the triumph and master-piece of modern skill, the noblest specimen of the genius and the powers of man, was during the late French invasion made an object of rapacious speculation, and doomed to eventual but certain ruin. Yet such is the fact. When the exhausted income of the state and the plunder of all the public establishments were found unequal to the avarice of the generals, and the increasing wants of the soldiers, the French committee turned its attention to St. Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice, as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside. The interior orna-

ments might perhaps have been removed without any essential or irreparable damage to the body of the fabric, but to strip it of its external covering was to expose it to the injuries of the weather, and to devote it to certain destruction: especially as the papal government when restored had not the means of repairing the mischief. But Providence interposed and the hand of the Omnipotent was extended to protect his temple. Before the work of sacrilege and barbarism could be commenced, the French army alarmed by the approach of the allies retired with precipitation, and St. Peter's stands! After this historical detail we may proceed on our way to the Vatican.

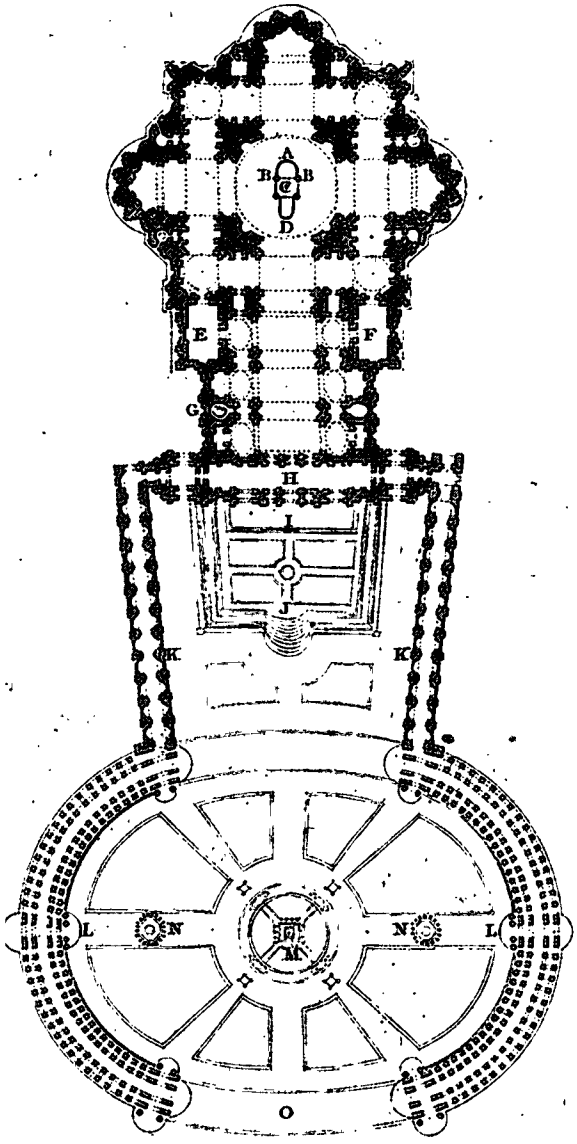
From the bridge and *Castel de St. Angelo*, a wide street conducts in a direct line to a square, and that square presents at once the court or portico and part of the Basilica.* When the spectator approaches the entrance of this court, he views four ranges of lofty pillars, *sweeping* off to the right and left in a bold semicircle. In the centre of the area formed by this immense colonnade† an Egyptian obelisk of one solid piece of granite ascends to the height of one hundred and thirty feet;

* The late pope had some thoughts of widening this street and giving it throughout an expansion equal to the entrance of the portico, so that the colonnade, fountains, obelisk and church would thus burst at once upon the eye of the spectator, when he turned from the bridge. Though the approach to St. Peter's is already sufficiently noble, yet this alteration would without doubt have added much to its magnificence. The invasion of the French and the consequent distressing events, suspended the execution of this and many similar plans of improvement.

† This colonnade with its entablature, balustrade and statues, is seventy feet in height.

BASILICA VATICANA,

OR St PETER'S



References

A *Bishop's Throne & temporary Choir*
B *Seats of the Cardinals*
C *The Altar*
D *Descent to the Tomb of St Peter*
E *Chapel of the Choir, or of the Chapter of St Peter's.*
F *Chapel of the Holy Sacrament*
G *Baptistry*
H *Portico*
I *Second flight of Marble Steps*
J *First Dt*
K *Gallery*
L *Colonnade*
M *Obelisk*
N *Fountains*
O *Grand Entrance*

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two perpetual fountains, one on each side, play in the air, and fall in sheets round the immense basons of porphyry that receive them. Before him, raised on three successive flights of marble steps extending four hundred feet in length, and towering to the elevation of one hundred and eighty, he beholds the majestic front of the Basilica itself. This front is supported by a single row of Corinthian pillars and pilasters, and adorned with an attic, a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues. Far behind and above it rises the matchless Dome, the justly celebrated *wonder of Rome* and *of the world.* The colonnade of coupled pillars that surround and strengthen its vast base, the graceful attic that surmounts this colonnade, the bold and expansive swell of the dome itself, and the pyramid seated on a cluster of columns and bearing the ball and cross to the skies, all perfect in their kind form the most magnificent and singular exhibition that the human eye perhaps ever contemplated. Two less cupolas, one on each side, partake of the state and add not a little to the majesty of the principal dome.

The interior corresponds perfectly with the grandeur of the exterior, and fully answers the expectations, however great, which such an approach must naturally have raised.* Five lofty portals open into the portico or vestibulum, a gallery

* Ad Basilicæ Vaticanæ vestibulum subsistimus; neque, audemus tam divinæ fabricæ majestatem rudi calamo violare. Sunt enim nonnulla, quæ nullo melius modo, quam stupore et silentio laudantur, *says the learned Mabillon: Iter Italicum.*

"I saw St. Peter's," says Gray, "and was struck dumb with astonishment."

in dimensions and decorations equal to the most spacious cathedrals. In fact it is four hundred feet in length, seventy in height and fifty in breadth, paved with variegated marble, covered with a gilt vault adorned with pillars, pilasters, mosaic and basso relievos, and terminated at both ends by equestrian statues, one of Constantine, the other of Charlemagne. A fountain at each extremity supplies a stream sufficient to keep a reservoir always full, in order to carry off every unseemly object, and perpetually refresh and purify the air and pavement. Opposite the five portals of the vestibule are the five doors of the church; three are adorned with pillars of the finest marble; that in the middle has valves of bronze. As you enter you behold the most extensive hall ever constructed by human art, expanded in magnificent perspective before you; advancing up the nave you are delighted with the beauty of the variegated marble under your feet, and the splendor of the golden vault over your head. The lofty Corinthian pilasters with their bold entablature, the intermediate niches with their statues, the arches that communicate with the isles, and the graceful figures that recline on the curves of those arches charm your eye in succession as you pass along. But how great your astonishment when you reach the foot of the altar and standing in the centre of the church, contemplate the four superb vistas that open around you; and then raise your eyes to the dome, at the prodigious elevation of four hundred feet, extended like a firmament over your head, and presenting in glowing mosaic the companies of the just, the choirs of celestial spirits, and the whole hierarchy of heaven arrayed in the presence of the Eternal, whose "throne high raised above all height" crowns the awful scene.

When you have feasted your eye with the grandeur of this unparalleled exhibition in the whole, you will turn to the parts, the ornaments and the furniture, which you will find perfectly corresponding with the magnificent form of the temple itself. Around the dome rise four other cupolas, small indeed when compared to its stupendous magnitude, but of great boldness when considered separately: six more, three on either side, cover the different divisions of the isles, and six more of greater dimensions canopy as many chapels, or to speak more properly as many churches. All these inferior cupolas are like the grand dome itself, lined with beautiful mosaics. In fact, many of the master-pieces of painting which formerly graced this edifice, have been removed and replaced by mosaics which retain all the tints and beauties of the originals impressed on a more solid and durable substance. The aisles and altars are adorned with numberless antique pillars, that border the church all around and form a secondary and subservient order. The variegated walls are in many places ornamented with festoons, wreaths, angels, tiaras, crosses, and medallions representing the effigies of different pontiffs. These decorations are of the most beautiful and rarest species of marble, and often of excellent workmanship. Various monuments rise in different parts of the church, but in their size and accompaniments so much attention has been paid to general as well as local effect, that they appear rather as parts of the original plan than posterior additions. Some of these are much admired for their groupes and exquisite sculpture, and form very conspicuous features in the ornamental part of this superb temple.

The high altar stands under the dome, and thus as it is the

most important so it becomes the most striking object. In order to add to its relief and give it all its majesty, according to the ancient custom still retained in the patriarchal churches at Rome, and in most of the cathedrals in Italy, a lofty canopy rises above it and forms an intermediate break or repose for the eye between it and the immensity of the dome above. The form, materials and magnitude of this noble decoration are equally astonishing. Below the steps of the altar and of course some distance from it, at the corners on four massive pedestals, rise four twisted pillars fifty feet in height, and support an entablature which bears the canopy itself topped with a cross. The whole soars to the elevation of one hundred and thirty-two feet from the pavement, and excepting the pedestals is of Corinthian brass! the most lofty and massive work of that or of any other metal now known in the universe. But this brazen edifice, for so it may be called, notwithstanding its magnitude, is so disposed as not to obstruct the view by concealing the chancel and veiling the *Cathedral* or *Chair* of St. Peter. This ornament is also of bronze, and consists of a group of four gigantic figures, representing the four principal Doctors of the Greek and Latin churches, supporting the patriarchal chair of St. Peter. The chair is a lofty throne elevated to the height of seventy feet from the pavement; a circular window tinged with yellow throws from above a mild splendor around it, so that the whole not unfitly represents the pre-eminence of the apostolic See, and is acknowledged to form a most becoming and majestic termination to the first of Christian temples. When I have added that every part and every ornament is kept in the most perfect repair, that the most exact neatness and cleanliness is observable on all sides, and that the windows are so managed as to throw over the

whole a light, clear and distinct, yet soft and gentle, I shall leave the reader to imagine what an impression the contemplation of an edifice so glorious must make on the mind of a youthful or enthusiastic traveller.

Under the high altar of St. Peter's is the tomb of that apostle, formerly called the Confession of St. Peter, an appellation which it has communicated to the altar and its canopy. The descent to it is before, that is to the west of the altar, where a large open space leaves room for a double flight of steps and an area before two brass folding doors that admit into a vault, whose grated floor is perpendicular over the tomb. The rails that surround this space above are adorned with one hundred and twelve bronze cornucopiæ, which serve as supporters to as many silver lamps that burn perpetually in honor of the Apostle. The staircase with its balustrade, the pavement of the little area and the walls around are all lined with alabaster, *lapis lazuli, verde antico* and other kinds of the most beautiful marble. The pavement of the area is upon a level with the *Sacre grotte*, though the regular entrance into those subterraneous recesses is under one of the great pillars that support the dome.

The *Sacre grotte* are the remains of the ancient church built by Constantine, the pavement of which was respected and preserved with all possible care during the demolition of the old and the construction of the new Basilica. They consist of several long winding galleries extending in various directions under the present building. They are venerable for their antiquity and contents, and if Addison never visited

Westminster abbey, or trod its gloomy cloisters without strong impressions of religious awe, I may be pardoned when I acknowledge that I felt myself penetrated with holy terror, while conducted by a priest in his surplice with a lighted torch in his hand, I ranged through these dormitories of the dead, lined with the urns of emperors and pontiffs, and almost paved with the remains of saints and martyrs. The intrepid Otho, the turbulent Alexander, and the polished Christina, lie mouldering near the hallowed ashes of the apostles Peter and Paul, of the holy pontiffs Linus, Silvester and Adrian. The low vault closes over their porphyry tombs, and silence and darkness brood uninterrupted around them. My awe increased as I approached the monument of the apostles themselves. Others may behold the mausoleum of an emperor or a consul, a poet or an orator, with enthusiasm; for my part, I contemplated the sepulchre of these christian heroes with heart-felt veneration. What, if a bold achievement, an useful invention, a well-fought battle or a well-told tale can entitle a man to the admiration of posterity, and shed a blaze of glory over his remains, surely, the courage, the constancy, the cruel sufferings, the triumphant death of these holy champions, must excite our admiration and our gratitude, ennoble the spot where their relics repose, and sanctify the very dust that imbibed their sacred blood. They enlightened the world by their doctrine, they reformed it by their example, they devoted their lives to the propagation of truth, and they sealed their testimony with their blood. They are therefore the patriots of the world at large, the common benefactors of mankind, and in the truest and noblest sense, heroes and conquerors. How natural then for a christian not only to cherish their names

but to extend his grateful veneration to their ashes and their monuments.

Superba sordent Cæsares cadavera
Queis urbs litabat impii cultûs ferax:
Apostolorum gloriatur ossibus
Fixamque adorat collibus suis crucem.
Nunc, O cruore purpurata nobili
Novisque felix Roma conditoribus
Horum tropæis aucta quanto verius
Regina fulges orbe toto civitas!! *Brev. Par.*

The vestry or sacristy of St. Peter's is a most magnificent edifice, connected with the church by a long gallery and adorned with numberless pillars, statues, paintings and mosaics. It is in reality a large and spacious church, covered with a dome in the centre, and surrounded with various chapels, recesses and apartments adapted to the devotion and accommodation of the pontiff, the dean of St. Peter's, and the members of its chapter. It was erected by the orders of the late Pope Pius VI. at an immense expense, and though in many respects liable to criticism in point of taste, yet is on the whole entitled to admiration.

From the lower part of the Basilica we pass to the roof by a well lighted staircase, winding round with an ascent so gentle that beasts of burthen go up without inconvenience. When you reach the platform of the roof you are astonished with the number of cupolas and domes and pinnacles that rise around you, with the galleries that spread on all sides, and the many apartments and staircases that appear in every quarter. Crowds of workmen are to be seen passing and repassing in every

direction, and the whole has rather the form of a town than that of the roof of an edifice. Here the traveller has an opportunity of examining closely and minutely the wonderful construction of the dome, and discovering the amazing skill and precision with which every part has been planned and executed. The vast square platform of stone on which it reposes as on the unshaken basis of a rock; the lofty colonnade that rises on this platform, and by its re-action and resistance counteracts as a continued buttress, the horizontal pressure of the double dome which it surrounds; that double dome itself all of solid stone, of such prodigious swell and circumference; the lantern which like a lofty temple sits on its towering summit; these are objects which must excite the astonishment of every spectator, but can be perfectly understood and properly described by none but by a skilful architect thoroughly acquainted with the difficulties and the resources of his art.* The access to every part and the ascent even to the inside of the ball, is perfectly safe and even commodious. Those who wish to reach the cross on the outside, as some bold adventurers are said to have done, are exposed to considerable

* The dome of St. Paul's is not calculated to give a just idea of that of St. Peter's. The inner dome of the former is of brick, and in shape not very unlike the conical form of a glass house; the dome to which the edifice owes all its external grandeur is a mere wooden roof raised over the other at a considerable distance, and covered with copper which conceals the poverty of its materials. Both the domes of the latter are of stone, they run up a considerable way together, and when they separate merely leave room enough for a narrow staircase between them, so that the traveller as he ascends touches both the domes with his elbows. They unite again at the top and conjointly support the weight of the lantern.

danger without attaining any advantage to justify their rashness.*

After having thus examined the upper parts, the interior and the subterraneous apartments of this edifice, the traveller will range round the outside and take a view of the external walls and termination. A large open space surrounds it, and affords room enough even for perspective. The order of the portico with its attic is carried in pilasters round the outside of the church, and gives it all the greatness and majesty that result from unbroken unity. The only defect is the clusters of half or quarter pilasters, with their imperfect capitals and angular entablature crowded together in the corners. There are architects I know who consider these groupes as ornamental or at least as necessary, and of course as not incurring the appellation of defects. But, without discussing the principles of the art, they certainly offer too many angles, and consequently too many breaks to the sight, and may justly be termed, if not defects, at least deformities.

I have thus presented a general picture of this celebrated edifice, and dwelt with complacency on i unrivalled beauties.

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* Some of the midshipmen of the Medusa frigate performed this feat with their usual spirit and agility. But this is not surprising in young tars.

> "Prodiga gens ultro lucis animæque capaces
> Mortis!"

Mr. *de la Lande* talks of a French lady who some years before scrambled up the inclined ladder, mounted the ball and leaned on the cross, and did all this "*avec une souplesse et une grace inconcevable.*" I hope no English lady will ever affect such *inconceivable grace.*

I may now be allowed to examine it with the eye of a critic and venture to point out those parts which may be deemed liable to censure, or at least capable of improvement. To begin with the colonnade. Every spectator of taste while he contemplates and admires this most extensive and magnificent scene of pillars, regrets that Bernini, influenced without doubt by the love of novelty, so fatal to the beauty of edifices and the reputation of architects, instead of a simple and perfect order, should have employed a composite of his own invention. Surely the pure Doric of the Parthenon, the Ionic of the temple of Fortuna Virilis, and the Corinthian of the Pantheon might have been adopted with more propriety and effect, than a fanciful combination of irregular Doric pillars and an Ionic entablature. To this defect Bernini has added another, by introducing too many pilasters, or to speak more properly massive piles, that break the line unnecessarily and increase the apparent weight without augmenting the solidity of the building.

The front of St. Peter's has been censured as having more of the appearance of a palace than of a church; it is pierced with so many windows, divided into so many parts, and supported by so many half pillars and pilasters. This deformity which is common to all the patriarchal churches in Rome, is in a great degree owing to the necessity which architects are under of providing a gallery for the ceremony of papal benediction, and thus dividing the intercolumniation into arches and apartments. What a pity that such an extensive and magnificent front should be sacrificed to such an insignificant motive; especially as the ceremony in question might be performed with equal if not more effect from the grand entrance of the church itself. It is indeed much to be lamented that the original designs of

Bramante and Michael Angelo were not executed, and the portico of St. Peter's built, on the plan of that of the Pantheon; a plan that united simplicity with grandeur and would have given to the Vatican beauty and majesty unblemished and unparalleled. But it is the fate of great architects to be counteracted by ignorant employers, and not unfrequently obliged to sacrifice their sublime conceptions to the bad taste, the prejudice or the obstinacy of their contemporaries. The architect of St. Paul's shared the fate of that of St. Peter's, and had the mortification to see his bold and masterly designs tamed and disfigured by dulness and parsimony. The inscription on the frieze ought I think to be corrected as below the dignity and destination of such a temple, erected by the common father of all christians, in their name and at their expense. Thus instead of "*In honorem principis Apostolorum Paulus Borghesius Romanus,*" it should read, "*Deo optimo maximo in honorem principis Apostolorum Ecclesia Catholica;*" an inscription more worthy a temple which may justly be considered as the common property of the christian world.

In traversing the nave one is tempted to wish, notwithstanding the beauty of the arcades, that pillars had been employed in their stead, a support more graceful as well as more majestic. In fact, what a superb colonnade would two such long and lofty rows of pillars have formed? how much above all modern magnificence? and even how superior to the proudest monument that remains of ancient grandeur?

It has been justly observed, that no statues ought to have been admitted into St. Peter's but such as represent the most distinguished benefactors of the christian church, whose services have

been generally felt, and whose names are held in universal veneration; such as the apostles, the principal martyrs, the doctors of the first ages, and the most celebrated bishops. The forms of these ancient worthies, these, "our fathers and masters in the faith," so well entitled to the most honorable places in every christian temple, might have occupied the niches of the nave and the transept with much dignity, and would have been contemplated by every spectator of feeling and religion with interest and reverence. But though these holy personages are not excluded, yet many a conspicuous niche is occupied by a saint of dubious origin or obscure name, whose existence may be questioned by many, and is unknown to most, and whose virtues at the best had but a local and temporary, that is a very confined and very transient, influence. Thus of the four most remarkable niches in the whole church, of those which are formed in the vast piles that support the dome and which of course face the altar, two are filled by two saints whose very names exist only in a legendary tale, I mean St. Veronica and St. Longinus; and a third is appropriated to St. Helen, the mother of Constantine the Great, who, though a princess of great virtue and eminent piety, might stand with more propriety in the porch near the statue of her son.

As for the founders of religious orders, such as St. Dominic, St. Francis, St. Ignatius, St. Bruno, &c. my different readers will entertain very different opinions, according as they may approve or disapprove of such institutions. Some will think them worthy of the highest honor they can enjoy upon earth, a statue in the Vatican; others will conceive that they might be stationed without disrespect in the porch or colonnade; and without pretending to derogate from the merit of these extraordinary per-

sonages I am inclined to favour this opinion. In reality, the statues of men of tried and acknowledged virtue and learning might guard the approaches and grace the porticos of the august temple; but the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs alone should be admitted into the interior; they should line the sanctuary, and form an awful assembly round the throne of the victim Lamb. Statues so placed might edify the enlightened catholic, and could not displease the sensible protestant. The doves, tiaras, medallions, &c. with which the sides of the arcades are incrusted, have been censured by many as ornaments too insignificant for the magnitude, and too gaudy for the solemnity of the place. I know not whether this criticism may not be well founded; yet they give a variety and richness to the picture, so that the eye excuses while the judgment points out the defect.

The pictures, or rather the mosaics which have been substituted in the place of the original pictures, may be objected to on the same ground as the statues, as many of them represent persons and events totally unconnected with the sacred records, and sometimes not to be met with even in the annals of authentic history. The candid and judicious Erasmus would have the subjects of all the pictures exhibited in churches taken exclusively from the holy scriptures, while the histories of saints, when authentic, he thinks might furnish decorations for porticos, halls, and cloisters. It is a pity that this opinion, so conformable to good taste and sound piety, has not been adopted and followed as a general rule in the embellishment of churches, as it would have banished from the sacred place many useless, some absurd, and a few profane representations. I do not pretend to hint that any of the mosaics above alluded to merit such severe

epithets, but the christian when he enters St. Peter's, *the most magnificent edifice ever devoted to the purposes of religion*, may justly expect to find delineated on its walls the whole history of his faith from the opening to the closing of the inspired volumes; to see pourtrayed in succession, as he advances, the mysterious transactions, the figures, the predictions, the allusions of the Old with the corresponding events, the realities, the accomplishments, the coincidences of the New Testament; to discover the threats and promises, the discourses and parables, of his divine master embodied in living colors before him, and thus as he casts his eyes around to contemplate in this noble temple a faithful transcript of the Holy Book, speaking to his eyes in the most brilliant and impressive characters, combining and displaying in one glorious prospect before him the past and the future, the dispensations and the designs of Providence, in short, all that is grand and terrible, and all that is mild and engaging in his religion. These or similar expectations will not certainly be entirely disappointed, as the mosaic decorations of the numberless cupolas and chapels are in general selected and applied with wonderful judgment and felicity, but I regret that such excellent choice and arrangement do not prevail throughout the whole fabric, that an intermixture of representations, if not fabulous at least controvertible, should break the succession of scripture events; and while they add nothing to the incomparable beauty of the edifice take much away from the purity and correctness of its decorations. Such are the defects, real or imaginary, which critical observers have discovered in this wonderful pile, defects which confined to ornamental or accessary parts leave the grandeur and magnificence of the whole undiminished, and only prove that the proudest works of man are stamped with his characteristic imperfection.

To conclude—In magnitude, elevation, opulence, and beauty, the church of St. Peter has no rival, and bears no comparison: in neatness, cleanliness, and convenience, so necessary to the advantageous display of magnificence, if any where equalled, it can no where be surpassed. It is cool in summer, and in winter dry and warm: its portals are ever open, and every visitant whether attracted by devotion or curiosity may range over it at leisure, and without being molested or even noticed, either contemplate its beauties or pour out his prayers before its altars. Thus the Basilica Vaticana unites the perfection of art with the *beauty of holiness*, and may justly claim the affection and reverence of the traveller, both as the temple of taste and the sanctuary of religion.

OBSERVATIONS.

The only church which has been compared with St. Peter's is St. Paul's in London. If the latter be, as in many respects it is, the second church in the world, yet it is far inferior to the former, and cannot without absurdity be put upon a parallel with it, as the impartial traveller who has examined both will readily acknowledge. In fact, the size, proportions, and materials of the two edifices when put in opposition, shew at one view how ill-founded such a comparison must be.

ST. PETER'S.		ST. PAUL'S.
Length . . .	700 feet	500 feet.
Transept . . .	500	250
Height . . .	440	340
Breadth of the nave	90	60
Height of the nave	154	120

The Portland stone of which St. Paul's is built though in

itself of a very beautiful color, is yet inferior in appearance to the Travertino of St. Peter's, especially as the latter retains its rich yellow glow uninjured, while the delicate white of the former is in most parts of the cathedral turned into a sooty black. The cold dark stone walls, the naked vaults, the faded paintings of the dome of St. Paul's chill the spectator, and almost extinguish all sense of beauty and all emotions of admiration. The marble linings, the gilded arches, the splendid mosaics that emblazon St. Peter's naturally dilate the mind, and awaken sentiments of wonder and delight.

The fronts of both these churches are disfigured by too many divisions, which by breaking one large mass into many small parts destroy all *greatness of manner*, and impair in no small degree the general grandeur and effect. Which of the two fronts is most deficient in this respect it is difficult to determine; on the defects of the Vatican I have expatiated above; those of St. Paul's are the double gallery, the coupled pillars, and the composite cornice. The colonnade that surrounds the dome of St. Paul's, though liable in its form, proportions, capitals, &c. to much criticism, is yet the noblest ornament of the edifice, and considered by many as superior in appearance to the coupled columns that occupy a similar situation in St. Peter's. It happens however unfortunately, that the decoration which contributes so much to the majesty of the exterior should take away from the beauty of the interior, and by masking the windows deprive the dome of the light requisite to shew off its concavity to advantage. Yet, be the defects of St. Paul's even greater and more numerous than I have stated, it is on the whole a most extensive and stately edifice: it fixes the eye of the spectator as he passes by, and challenges his admiration: and even

as next to the Vatican, though *longo proximum intervallo*, it claims superiority over all transalpine churches, and furnishes a just subject of national pride and exultation. I take this opportunity of expressing the public indignation at the manner in which this cathedral is kept, the dirt collected on the pavement and on the statues, the penurious spirit, that while it leaves the decoration of the dome to rot and peel off through damp and negligence, stations guards at the doors to tax the curiosity of strangers.

The church of *St. Genevieve* at Paris was expected to surpass St. Paul's and rival St. Peter's, as the best French architects were employed, and many years were consumed in forming the plan and preparing the materials. But the expectations of the Parisian public had been raised too high, and were totally disappointed, when this edifice which was to have eclipsed the most splendid fabrics of modern times, and put French architecture upon a level with that of Greece and Rome, was cleared of the scaffolding and exhibited to public view. Some of the defects attributed to the two great churches above-mentioned have been avoided, particularly in the portico which is built upon the model of that of the Pantheon, but very different from it in effect, as it wants boldness, mass and elevation. The inside is in the shape of a Greek cross crowned with a dome in the centre. This figure is by many deemed the most perfect, because it expands better to to the eye, and enables the spectator to take in its different parts at one view. However, this advantage is wanting in *St. Genevieve* owing to the protrusion of the walls that support the dome, which protrusion, by detaching the parts from the centre, breaks the unity of design, and gives the nave, choir, and

transept, the appearance of so many great halls opening into a common area, rather than that of the component members of one great edifice. Besides, there are too many subdivisions, especially over the cornice, where apparently to support the great vault numberless little arches arise in forms so airy and unsubstantial as almost to border on arabesque. To these and other minute defects which we pass over we must add one of a much more important description, that is want of solidity; a defect so extensively felt in the year 1802, as to excite serious apprehensions and suspend, at least for a time, the works necessary for completing the building. When the traveller peruses the inscription that still remains on the frieze, *Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnoissante*, and recollects that the *country* here meant was the bloody faction of the jacobins, and the *Great men* alluded to were the villains who prepared, or the fiends who accomplished the revolution, *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*, *Mirabeau* and *Marat*, he will not regret that a church thus profaned and turned into a Pandæmonium should tumble to the ground, and crush in its fall the impure carcases that are still allowed to putrefy in its vaults.

After all, in materials, in boldness of conception and in skill of execution, the cathedral of Florence is perhaps the edifice that borders nearest upon St. Peter's. It is also cased with marble, of the same form, and covered with a lofty dome of solid stone, and of such admirable construction, as to have furnished, if we may believe some authors, the idea and model of that of the Vatican. It was indeed finished long before the latter was begun, and was justly considered during the fifteenth century as the noblest edifice of the kind in the world. But in beauty, in

symmetry, and in graceful architecture, it is far inferior not to St. Peter's only, but to numberless churches in Italy, and particularly in Rome, Venice and Padua.

Santa Sophia of Constantinople may be considered as forming a link between ancient and modern architecture. It is true that in pure and correct taste, the boast of the eastern capital has little in common with either, yet it was erected by a Roman Emperor, and may be considered as the last effort of the art exerted under the influence of Roman greatness.* Justinian, the founder of this church is said to have been so proud of his work, that he thanked God in the exultation of his heart, for having enabled him to raise a temple more magnificent than that of Solomon, and for transcending in splendor all the fanes of the Gentile divinities.* This celebrated edifice although stripped of its christian ornaments and degraded into a Turkish Mosque, still retains its original form and essential architectural features. The elevation of the dome is one hundred and eighty feet, the length of the church is two hundred and sixty nine, and its breadth two hundred and forty-three. These dimensions bear no proportion, I will not say to the Vatican, but to several other churches. The materials and ornaments seem indeed to have been splendid, but the want of taste in their application and arrangement, must have considerably diminished their effect. Before we leave Constantinople, whither we have been transported by our subject, we may be allowed to express a wish and even a hope, that the present generation may behold the cross restored to its ancient pre-eminence, the savage superstition of Mahomet

* Gibbon xl.

banished from the verge of Christendom, and *Santa Sophia* restored to the pure worship of the Eternal Wisdom to whom it was originally dedicated.

The temple of Jerusalem as rebuilt by Herod, was without doubt one of the noblest edifices which the world has ever beheld. The Romans themselves, though accustomed to the wonders of the imperial city, viewed it with astonishment, and Titus resolved to exempt its stately fabric from the general sentence of devastation. But man cannot save when God devotes to ruin; and Titus and Julian were the reluctant instruments employed by Providence, in fulfilling to the letter that dreadful prediction, *a stone shall not be left upon a stone.*

Although the account given by Josephus* be obscure, and evidently influenced by the national and professional feelings of the writer, yet we may learn from it a sufficient number of circumstances to ascertain, not indeed the precise form but the general grandeur of the edifice. According to this author, the platform on which it stood was a square of a stadium, or about six hundred and twenty feet in every direction; this platform was raised on immense substructions enclosing Mount Moria on all sides; the court which surrounded the temple was adorned with a triple portico, each portico six hundred and twenty feet long, thirty feet wide, and fifty high, excepting the middle portico, which with the same length had double the breadth and elevation of the other two; in fine, the front of the temple itself resembled a magnificent palace. From this

* Ant. Jud. lib. xv. cap. 11.—De Bello Judaico, lib. v. cap. 5.

statement we may conclude, that the substruction and colonnades were the principal and most striking features of this fabric. The former were of great elevation* as they rose from the bottom of the valley, and of prodigious solidity, as they were formed of blocks of stone sixty feet long, nine thick, and ten broad †. The latter were supported by one hundred and sixty-two pillars, forty-five feet in height, between four and five in diameter, fluted Corinthian, and each of one single block of white marble. Of the rich furniture of the temple, of its gates, some of which were bronze, and some covered with plates of gold and of its ornaments in general, I make no mention, as its architectural beauty and magnitude are the only objects of my present observations. Now the whole extent of the platform on which the temple stood, with all its surrounding porticos, is scarcely equal to the space covered by the church of St. Peter's itself, and inferior to the circular part alone of the portico before it, which is seven hundred and seventy feet in its greatest, and six hundred in its least diameter. It is supported by two hundred and eighty pillars, forty-five feet high, and with its entablature and statues it rises to the elevation of seventy. Thus in extent, height, and number of columns it surpasses the Jewish portico, which enclosed the temple and all its edifices. Now if we consider that this colonnade is a part only of the portico of St. Peter's, and if we add to it the galleries that connect it with the

* Four hundred and fifty feet.

† To these astonishing masses allusion seems to be made in the two first verses of the thirteenth chapter of St. Mark. "And as he was going out of the temple, one of his disciples said unto him, Master, look what stones and what buildings! And Jesus answering said; Beholdest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left stone upon stone that shall not be destroyed."

church, and enclose a space of three hundred and thirty feet by three hundred and eighty, and if to this vast field of architectural grandeur we superadd the fountains and the pyramids, we shall find that the appendages to the temple of Jerusalem must yield in greatness to those of the Roman Basilica. As to the front of the temple itself, and its similitude to that of a palace; in this respect St. Peter's unfortunately resembles it too much; but in extent it far exceeds it, as the former was scarcely one hundred and sixty feet in length, while the latter is four hundred*.

Among *pagan* temples not one can be put in competition with the Vatican for grandeur and magnitude. The two most famous were the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and that of Jupiter Capitolinus. Pliny the Elder has given us the dimensions of the former†. According to him it was four hundred and twenty-five feet in length and two hundred and twenty in breadth; it was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, sixty feet high, the elevation of the edifice to the top of the pediment was of course eighty feet. The number of columns, without doubt of the richest materials, as each was the present of a king, and also disposed in the best order, must have produced a very noble effect, but this edifice was in all its dimensions far inferior to the Roman Basilica.

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* The learned reader will perceive that in the elevation of the pillars, I have followed not perhaps the very words of Josephus, which are evidently incorrect, but the regular proportion of the Corinthian order, which was a constant and almost invariable standard, at least in the reign of Herod, when it was the prevailing and favorite order.

† Lib. xxxvi. cap. 14.

The temple of Jupiter Capitolinus was nearly a square of two hundred feet, with a triple row of pillars in front, that is, towards the Forum, and a double row on the sides. Here again, notwithstanding the splendor of such an assemblage of columns rising on such a site, the dimensions will admit of no comparison*. In fact, every edifice, whether in existence or on record only, of whatsoever denomination, falls far short, in some respect or other, of the Basilica Vaticana, the grand temple of the Christian church; to render which as worthy as possible of its high destination human ingenuity seems to have strained its powers, and art to have exhausted its resources.

* The temple of Olympic Jupiter, at Agrigentum, the ruins of which still remain, was certainly on a gigantic scale but inferior in dimensions to the temple of Ephesus, and consequently not comparable to the Vatican. *(See Swinburne on this temple.)*—I quote this traveller with pleasure, because my own observations enable me to bear testimony to his accuracy.

CHAP. XVI.

ORIGINAL FORM OF CHURCHES—PONTIFICAL SERVICE—PAPAL BENEDICTION—CEREMONIES IN THE HOLY WEEK—OBSERVATIONS.

THE *Basilicæ* which I have described, excepting St. Peter's, are the most ancient now existing, and erected as they were in the earliest ages of christianity, give us a clear and precise idea of the notions of the Christians of that period with regard to the form and arrangement of churches. In the first place, as not one of these churches bears any resemblance to a cross, we may conclude that Mr. Gibbon was mistaken, when he attributed to the first christians a partiality to that figure in the construction of their oratories, and an unwillingness to convert pagan temples into churches, because not erected in that form. Many temples from their narrow limits were, as I have already remarked, totally incapable of holding a christian congregation. Several of greater magnitude were actually converted into churches, and are to this day used as such; and if Constantine could in prudence, at a time when the Roman senate was still pagan, have offered the splendid seat of pagan worship to the

bishop of Rome, the offer would have been readily accepted, and the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, though *not in the form of a cross*, would like the Pantheon have been sanctified by Christian rites, and might probably still remain a noble monument of ancient magnificence. It is difficult to determine at what precise period the figure of the cross was introduced, but it seems to have been about the end of the fifth century, as the church of St. Sophia, erected in the sixth, is in that form; but, whenever introduced, its adoption need not be regretted, as it very happily combines variety with unity, and beauty with convenience.

We cannot pass the same encomium upon those partitions, called screens, which divide the chancel from the nave, and by concealing the most ornamented part of the church from the view, and veiling the principal object, the altar, break the perspective, deprive the edifice of a proper termination, and apparently reduce its dimensions to half its real magnitude. When and why these screens were introduced it may be difficult to determine, but as they are only found in Saxon and Gothic churches we may suppose that they are coeval with those buildings, and were from the beginning considered as constituent parts of them. Their utility is not very perceptible. Some suppose them necessary in northern climates, in order to shelter the congregation from the cold winds that penetrate and chill the open parts of such vast edifices as cathedrals; but this reason, which may appear satisfactory when confined to countries in which the congregation is seldom so numerous as to fill the choir of a cathedral, is totally inapplicable to places where service is attended by the populace, and where the congregations are regularly sufficient to crowd every part of the church, not excepting even the aisles and transepts. I am therefore inclined to suspect, that the propensity of the

northern nations to mystic allusions, and perhaps a wish to increase the reverence due to the altar, by removing it to a greater distance from the laity, might have suggested the idea of a screen to the architects of the middle ages. There is, it must be admitted, something very impressive in the distant view of a Gothic altar, seen from the arched entrance of the choir, through a long and double line of clergy in surplice, faintly lighted by the beams that drop from the painted windows above, or by the lamps and tapers that gleam around, encircled by ministering priests, and half lost in clouds of incense; there is, I say, something in such solemn scenery that seizes the imagination, and excites emotions of awe and religious melancholy. But although these dispositions are good and suitable to the place and occasion, yet the means employed to produce them, the dim perspective, and the artificial gloom border upon theatrical illusion, and seem better adapted to the sullen superstition of the Druids than to the plain and majestic forms of Christian worship. How different the effects of arrangement in a Roman *Basilica*, where, in a semicircle behind the altar the bishop and his clergy form a venerable tribunal, the people before, ranged according to sex and age, exhibit an orderly multitude, and the altar itself in the middle displays in full light the sacred volume and the emblems of redemption? An assembly thus combining simplicity, order and dignity, naturally elevates the soul, and inspires sentiments not of terror but of admiration, not of fictitious but of real solid devotion. It recals to mind the glorious vision of the Revelations*, and almost brings before our eyes *the elders sitting clothed in white, the lamps burning before the throne, the*

* Chap. IV. V. VII.

lamb standing as if slain, and the multitudes which no man could number.

How far the altar ought to be ornamented is a question which has been debated with much warmth since the reformation. The Latins, Greeks, and even the Lutherans are accustomed to adorn it with more or less splendor or gaudiness, according to their taste and opulence. The church of England, when not overawed by the clamors of the sectaries that assail her on all sides, is inclined to favor this practice; while the calvinistic school of Geneva, hostile to every thing that delights the eye or flatters the feelings of a polished mind, have either cast the table of the Lord out of the church, or stripped it of all its decent accompaniments, and abandoned it in a corner to dust and cobwebs. But whatever a man's opinion may be upon this subject, he must be very morose indeed if he find much to blame in the Roman altars; I mean those of the Basilicæ; which unencumbered with tabernacles, reliquaries, statues or flower-pots, support a cross and six candlesticks; furniture which is sufficient without doubt for all the purposes of solemnity, and yet may be endured even by a puritan. The other ornaments, or rather superfluities which are too often observed to load the altars of catholic churches, owe their introduction to the fond devotion of nuns or nun-like friars, and may be tolerated in their conventual oratories, as the toys and playthings of that harmless race, but never allowed to disfigure the simplicity of parochial churches and cathedrals.

After having thus given a general account of St. Peter's, and endeavoured to sketch out its extent and beauty, I may be expected to describe the magnificent ceremonies of which it is the theatre, and picture to the reader the *pomp and cir-*

cumstance of public worship, grand in all cathedrals, but peculiarly majestic in this first and noblest of christian temples. In fact, the same unwearied attention which has regulated the most minute details of the architecture and decorations, extends itself to every part of divine service, and takes in even all the minutiæ of ritual observance. The ancient Romans loved parade and public shews, and introduced processions, rich habits, and stately ceremonies into all the branches of public administration, whether civil, military, or religious. This taste so natural and so useful, because calculated, while it feasts the eye and the imagination, to cover the nakedness and littleness of man, and clothe the individual with the dignity and grandeur of the aggregate body, was infused into christianity as soon as christianity became the religion of the empire, and with it has been transmitted unaltered to the moderns. When therefore a traveller enters a Roman church he must consider himself as transported back to ancient times, and expect to hear the language, and see the habits, and the stately manners of the Romans of the four first centuries. Some may, perhaps, find fault with the ceremonies, and others feel some surprize at the dresses, but not to speak of the claim which their antiquity has to veneration, they both possess a grace and dignity that not unfrequently command the respect and admiration even of the most indifferent.

The daily service of St. Peter's is performed in a large and noble chapel, that might perhaps, without impropriety, be dignified with the appellation of a church, by a choir consisting of an arch-priest, thirty-eight prebendaries, fifty minor canons or chaplains, besides clerks, choristers and beadles. The grand altar under the dome is reserved for the use of the pontiff, who

on such occasions is always attended by the college of cardinals with their chaplains, the prelates attached to the court, and the papal choir or musicians, who form what is called the pontiff's chapel, or *capella papale.* As there is no regular chancel in St. Peter's, a temporary one is fitted up for such occasions behind the altar, of a semicircular form covered with purple and adorned with rich drapery. In the middle raised on several steps stands the pontifical chair. The seats of the cardinals and prelates form a curve on each side. I must here observe, that the seat of the bishop in the ancient and patriarchal churches at Rome is raised very little above those of the clergy. That the bishops sometimes sat on a more elevated chair even at a very early period is clear from a canon of the fourth council of Carthage*, which expressly orders that bishops in the church and in the assemblies of the clergy should enjoy that distinction; but that it was not a general custom is equally evident from the practice of St. Martin, and the offence which the introduction of it into Gaul gave to Sulpicius Severus. "In ecclesia," says this historian, speaking of St. Martin, "nemo unquam illum sedere conspexit; sicut quemdam nuper (testor Dominum) non sine meo pudore vidi, sublimi solio quasi regio tribunali, celsa sede residentem†." However, in spite of the example of St. Martin and the censure of his disciple, the episcopal chair still continued to rise till it acquired the name, the elevation and more than the usual splendor of a throne. It does not indeed seem to have reached its full magnificence till the middle of the last century, when it appears to have arrived

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* An. 390. † De Virt. B. Martini Dial. II.

at its achmè, not in Rome, as the reader may naturally imagine, but in the cathedral of Durham, where the lord bishop sits enthroned in far more than papal eminence, and looks down upon the choir, the congregation, the altar, and the pulpit.

When the pope celebrates divine service, as on Easter Sunday, Christmas Day, Whit Sunday, St. Peter and St. Paul, &c. the great or middle doors of the church are thrown open at ten, and the procession, formed of all the persons mentioned above, preceded by a beadle carrying the papal cross, and two others bearing lighted torches, enters and advances slowly in two long lines between two ranks of soldiers up the nave. This majestic procession is closed by the pontiff himself, seated in a chair of state supported by twenty valets, half concealed in the drapery that falls in loose folds from the throne; he is crowned with his tiara, and bestows his benediction on the crowds that kneel on all sides as he is borne along. When arrived at the foot of the altar he descends, resigns his tiara, kneels, and assuming the common mitre seats himself in the episcopal chair on the right side of the altar, and joins in the psalms and prayers that precede the solemn service. Towards the conclusion of these preparatory devotions his immediate attendants form a circle around him, clothe him in his pontifical robes, and place the tiara on his head: after which, accompanied by two deacons and two sub-deacons, he advances to the foot of the altar, and bowing reverently makes the usual confession. He then proceeds in great pomp through the chancel and ascends the pontifical throne, while the choir sing the *Introitus* or psalm of entrance, the *Kyrie Eleison* and *Gloria in excelsis*, when the pontiff lays aside his tiara and after having saluted

the congregation in the usual form, *the Lord be with you*, reads the collect in an elevated tone of voice, with a degree of inflection just sufficient to distinguish it from an ordinary lecture. The epistle is then read, first in Latin then in Greek; and after it some select verses from the psalms, intermingled with Alleluias, are sung to elevate the mind and prepare it for the gospel. The pontiff then rises, gives his benediction to the two deacons that kneel at his feet with the book of the gospels, and resigning his tiara, stands while the gospel is sung in Latin and in Greek; after which he commences the Nicene creed which is continued in music by the choir. When the creed and the psalm that follows it are over, he descends from his throne, and approaching the altar with the same attendants and the same pomp as in the commencement of the service, he receives and offers up the usual oblations, fumes the altar with frankincense from a golden censer, and then washes his hands; a ceremony implying purity of mind and body. He then turns to the people, and in an humble and affectionate address begs their prayers; and shortly after commences that sublime form of adoration and praise called the preface, because it is an introduction to the most solemn part of the liturgy, and chaunts it in a tone supposed to be borrowed from the ancient tragic declamation and very noble and impressive. The last words, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of armies," &c. are uttered in a posture of profound adoration; and sung by the choir in notes of deep and solemn intonation. All music then ceases, all sounds are hushed, and an awful silence reigns around, while in a low tone the pontiff recites that most ancient and venerable invocation which precedes, accompanies and follows the consecration, and concludes with great propriety in the Lord's Prayer, chaunted with a few emphatical inflections.

Shortly after the conclusion of this prayer, the pontiff salutes the people in the ancient form, "May the peace of the Lord be always with you," and returns to his throne, while the choir sing thrice the devout address to the Saviour, taken from the gospel, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us." When he is seated, the two deacons bring the holy sacrament, which he first reveres humbly on his knees, and then receives in a sitting posture*: the anthem after communion is sung, a collect follows, and the deacon dismisses the assembly.

The pope then offers up his devotions on his knees at the foot of the altar, and borne along in the same state as when he entered, passes down the nave of the church, and ascends by the Scala Regia to the grand gallery in the middle of the front of St. Peter's. His immediate attendants surround his person, the rest of the procession draws up on each side. The immense area and colonnade before the church are lined with troops and crowded with thousands of spectators. All eyes are fixed on the gallery, the chaunt of the choir is heard at a distance, the blaze of numberless torches plays round the columns and the pontiff appears elevated on his chair of state under the middle arch. Instantly the whole multitude below

* This is the only instance that exists, I believe, in the whole catholic church of receiving the holy sacrament *sitting;* it is a remnant of the primitive custom, but as that custom was suppressed at a very early period, perhaps even in the apostolic age itself, I see no reason for retaining it in one solitary occasion. Benedict XIII. could never be prevailed upon to conform to it, but always remained standing at the altar, according to the usual practice.

fall on their knees, the canons from St. Angelo give a general discharge, while rising slowly from his throne, he lifts his hands to heaven, stretches forth his arm, and thrice gives his benediction to the crowd, to the city and to all mankind; a solemn pause follows, another discharge is heard, the crowd rises, and the pomp gradually disappears. This ceremony is without doubt very grand, and considered by most travellers as a noble and becoming conclusion to the majestic service that precedes it. In fact every thing concurs to render it interesting; the venerable character of the pontiff himself, the first bishop of the christian church, issuing from the sanctuary of the noblest temple in the universe, bearing the holiness of the mysteries, which he has just participated, imprinted on his countenance, offering up his supplication in behalf of his flock, his subjects, his brethren, his fellow creatures, to the Father of all, through the Saviour and Mediator of all. Surely such a scene is both edifying and impressive.

The chaunt or music used by the papal choir, and indeed in most catholic cathedrals and abbey churches is, excepting in some instances, ancient. Gregory the Great, whom I mentioned above, collected it into a body and gave it the form in which it now appears, though not the author of it. The chaunt of the psalms is simple and affecting, composed of Lydian, Phrygian, and other Greek and Roman tunes, without many notes, but with a sufficient inflection to render them soft and plaintive or bold and animating. St. Augustin, who was a good judge of music, represents himself as melted into tears by the psalms as then sung in the church of Milan under the direction of St. Ambrose, and seems to apprehend that the emotions produced by such harmonious airs might be too tender for the vigorous and manly

spirit of christian devotion*. As the transition from song to ordinary reading is flat and insipid, it cannot but take off much of the effect of the lecture; and moreover, as the common tone of voice is inadequate to the purposes of divine service in a large church, the ancients introduced a few modulations into the prayers and lectures just sufficient to raise and support the voice, to extend its reach and soften its cadences. These were taken from the different species of Roman declamations, and vary in number and solemnity according to the importance and nature of the lecture. In the lessons and epistles, the interrogations, exclamations, and periods only are marked by a corresponding rise or fall: the gospel has its variations more numerous and more dignified: the preface is rich in full melodious and solemn swells, borrowed, as it is supposed, from the stately accents of Roman tragedy. The psalms, or, to use an expression more appropriate, the anthems, that commence the service, precede the gospel, usher in the offertory and follow the communion, together with the *Gloria in excelsis* and creed, were set to more complicated and more laboured notes, but yet with all due regard to the sanctity of the place, the import of the words, and the capacity of the hearers who were accustomed to join the song and accompany the choir.

This ancient music, which has long been known by the name of the Gregorian chaunt, so well adapted to the gravity of divine service, has been much disfigured in the process of time by the bad taste of the middle and the false refinements of the latter ages. The first encumbered it with an endless succession of dull, unmeaning notes, *dragging their slow length along*, and burthen-

*Confess. lib. ix. cap. 6, 7. lib. x. cap. 33.

ing the ear with a dead weight of sound; the other infected it with the melting airs, the labored execution, the effeminate graces of the orchestra, useless, to say the least, even in the theatre, but profane and almost sacrilegious in the church. Some care seems to have been taken to avoid these defects in the papal choir. The general style and spirit of the ancient and primitive music have been retained, and some modern compositions of known and acknowledged merit, introduced on stated days and in certain circumstances. Of musical instruments, the organ only is admitted into St. Peter's, or rather into the papal chapel, and even that not always: voices only are employed in general, and as those voices are numerous, perfect in their kind, and in thorough unison with each other, and as the singers themselves are concealed from view, the effect is enchanting, and brings to mind *The celestial voices in full harmonic number joined*, that sometimes reached the ears of our first parents in Paradise, and *lifted their thoughts to heaven.*

Of all the Roman ceremonies the pontifical service at St. Peter's is, without doubt, the most majestic, and if we add to it the procession on Corpus Christi, in which the pope bears the holy sacrament in solemn pomp along the colonnade, then hung according to the ancient fashion with tapestry and graced with garlands, we shall have mentioned the two most splendid exhibitions perhaps to be seen in the Universe. But besides these there are others, particularly during the last week of Lent, which cannot fail to excite attention and interest. The procession with psalms; and the affecting chaunt of the Passion on Sunday; the evening service called *Tenebræ* in the Sixtine Chapel on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday; the morning service on the two latter days, particularly the *Mandatum*, so

called from the first word of the anthem sung while the pope washes the feet of thirteen pilgrims, &c. are all rites which it is difficult to behold without edification and perhaps emotion.

I must not pass over the well known exhibition that takes place in St. Peter's on the night of Good Friday, when the hundred lamps that burn over the tomb of the apostle are extinguished, and a stupendous cross of light appears suspended from the dome, between the altar and the nave, shedding over the whole edifice a soft lustre delightful to the eye and highly favorable to picturesque representations. This exhibition is supposed to have originated in the sublime imagination of Michael Angelo, and he who beholds it will acknowledge that it is not unworthy of the inventor. The magnitude of the cross hanging as if self-supported, and like a vast meteor *streaming in the air*; the blaze that it pours forth; the mixture of light and shade cast on the pillars, arches, statues and altars; the crowd of spectators placed in all the different attitudes of curiosity, wonder and devotion; the processions with their banners and crosses gliding successively in silence along the nave and kneeling around the altar; the penitents of all nations and dresses collected in groupes near the confessionals of their respective languages; a cardinal occasionally advancing through the crowd, and as he kneels humbly bending his head to the pavement; in fine, the pontiff himself, without pomp or pageantry, prostrate before the altar, offering up his adorations in silence, form a scene singularly striking by a happy mixture of tranquillity and animation, darkness and light, simplicity and majesty.

All these ceremonies of the Roman church are set off by every concomitant circumstance that can contribute to their

splendor or magnificence. As indeed no people are better acquainted with the mode of conducting and managing public exhibitions than the Romans, they are performed with the utmost precision and dignity, with every attention to the effects of perspective, and to all the graces of drapery. Every person knows his place and the part he has to act in the solemnity: the dresses are adapted to the situation as well as rank of the wearers, who, whether they be sitting, standing or moving, contrive that they should fall into easy and majestic folds. The persons themselves are the pope, the cardinals, the chief magistrates of the city, the principal officers of state, and various prelates, presidents, and judges of the principal tribunals, all men either of high birth or great talents, and venerable for their age, their virtues, or their dignity. The theatres moreover, (if such an expression may be applied to such an object) in which these sacred pomps are exhibited, are either the vast and lofty halls of the Vatican palace, adorned with all the wonders of painting; or else the church of St. Peter, whose immense area, while it affords ample room for the ceremony itself, can contain countless multitudes of spectators without press or disorder. If therefore, as Warburton observes, "it be difficult to attend at a high mass performed by a good choir in any great church without sentiments of awe, if not of devotion," it is not surprising that the same sacred service performed by such persons, with such accompaniments, and amid such scenes of grandeur and holiness, should impress the same sentiments with double force and effect.

These pompous offices at the Vatican only take place on the great festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, to which we may add St. Peter's day, and perhaps one or two more occasional solemnities. On the other Sundays, and during the far

greater part of the year, the altar stands a grand but neglected object, and the dome rises in silent majesty, unaccustomed to re-echo *with the voice of exultation and the notes of praise.* The service of the cathedral is performed in a distant chapel, and private masses, it is true, are said at the different altars around, but the great body of the church seems deserted by its ministers, and like Sion of old, to complain that *none cometh to the solemnity.* It may, perhaps, be a matter of just surprise to every thinking observer, that in the three noblest cathedrals in the universe, the service of the church should be performed, not in the regular choir, but in a side chapel, and that the pope should prefer the secrecy of his own oratory to the grand and majestic scenery of such noble temples. The pious Christian, as he ranges over these glorious fabrics, longs to see the genuine forms of the primitive church revived, and the spacious area filled with a crowded but orderly congregation; the men on the right, the women on the left, the youth drawn up on each side of the altar; the choir in double rows before it, with a pulpit for the readers on each side; behind it, the pontiff surrounded by his clergy, performing himself every Sunday the solemn duties of his station, presiding in person over the assembly, instructing his flock, like the Leos and the Gregorys of ancient times, with his own voice, and with his own hands administering to them the *bread of life* and the *cup of salvation.* Such was a christian congregation during the early ages, and such the regularity of ancient times. How grand would such an assembly now be in a temple like the Vatican! How awful, and how affecting such a spectacle! How like an assembly of the blessed, and how conformable to the sublime description of the Revelations!—Barbarism, ignorance, and indifference have long since disturbed this admirable order, and in most places nearly erased its recol-

lection; but the Roman pontiff, and he only, possesses influence sufficient to restore it, and to spread it over the Christian world. If in reviving this part of primitive discipline he would also exercise the power which the Council of Trent has entrusted to him, and admit, as I have hinted above, the laity to the cup, (so solemn and impressive a part of the sacred rite,) and at the same time communicate to every nation the comfort of singing the praises of God in their own language, he would render to the church of Christ a most important and ever memorable service*.

I would not be understood as meaning by this latter observation to censure the use of ancient idioms in the liturgy, or recommend *in toto* the introduction of modern dialects. The two great ancient languages which contain not only the principles and models of science and literature, but what is still more valuable, the very title-deeds and proofs of divine revelation, owe their existence to the liturgies of the Greek and Latin churches, and however widely diffused they may appear to be at present, it is difficult to say whether in the course of countless ages perhaps still to come, they may not again be indebted to the same means for their continuation. A deadly blow is now actually aimed at them by the pride or the policy of the French government; and extensive as the influence of that government is, it may succeed in its barbaric attempt, unless counteracted by the still more extensive and almost universal influence of the Catholic church. It is not my intention to interfere with the controversial part of this question, "*Dii meliora piis*," but I own I should be sorry to see the divine dialect of Plato, and of St. Paul, the full, the

* Conc. Trid. Sess. XXII.

majestic tone of Cicero and St. Leo entirely banished from the altars, and replaced by the meaner sounds of Romaic, or even the more musical accents of Italian*. Nothing can be more delightful to the ear, and if I may judge from my own feelings, more impressive than the Latin service when chaunted in a full choir, supported, not by the organ only, but by the united voices of a crowded congregation, raised from every corner and re-echoed from every vault of an immense cathedral. With all the respect, therefore, due to the prescriptive pre-eminence of the two sacred dialects, hallowed by the writings of the Apostles, Fathers, and primitive martyrs, I may venture to recommend the use of modern languages at certain parts of the service, and the introduction of lectures and hymns adapted to the particular objects of the liturgy, when the officiating priest is occupied in silent adoration, and the ordinary chaunt of the choir is suspended. Such is, in fact, the practice all over catholic Germany, and throughout the vast extent of the Austrian dominions, where, if the traveller enters into any parochial church during service, he finds it filled with a numerous congregation all joining in chorus with a zeal and ardor truly edifying. I was peculiarly struck with the good effects of this custom in the churches of Bohemia, where the people are remarkable for a just and musical ear, and sing with admirable precision; but still more so in the cathedral of Vienna, where the voices of some thousands chaunting in full unison the celebrated hymn, "Holy, holy, holy," cannot fail to elevate the mind, and inflame the coldest heart with devotion. This practice, sanctioned by the authority

* If, as a well known proverb says, Spanish is from its gravity well adapted to prayer, how much better is the dignity of Latin calculated for that solemn duty?

of so considerable a portion of the catholic church, has many good effects, as it contributes to the comfort and edification of the people, who always delight in hymns and spiritual songs; amuses the ear with melody and attaches the hearers to the holy sentiments and doctrines which it conveys, and may thus act as a preservative from the infidelity of the times, not only by securing their assent, but by engaging their affections, on the side of religion. In fine, it tends to consecrate all languages to the praise of the Father Almighty, and to the propagation of the gospel of his adorable Son. "Nihil sublimius," says Leo the Great, in an ancient preface for Whit-Sunday, "collatum Ecclesiæ tuæ exordiis, quam ut evangelii tui præconia linguis omnium, credentium ora loquerentur, . . . et vocum varietas edificationi Ecclesiasticæ non difficultatem faceret, sed augeret potius unitatem."

Before I close this chapter, I think it necessary to make a few additional remarks for the information of my readers in general, little accustomed to the scenes described, and perhaps totally unacquainted with many of the subjects alluded to. To such the following particulars may not be unacceptable. The Mass is the communion service, or consecration and administration of the holy sacrament. High mass is the same service, accompanied by all the ceremonies which custom and authority have annexed to its celebration. These ceremonies are in general very ancient, and may be traced as far back as the third century. The language is that which prevailed at the period of the introduction of christianity; the dresses are nearly of the same era. The surplice, called in Latin *alba*, was probably borrowed from the linen *ephod* worn by the Levites in their functions under the old law. The other vestments are Roman. The *Stola*, called originally *Orarium* or *Sudarium*, was a long stripe of

linen worn round the neck by persons of distinction, and particularly magistrates or public speakers; it was intended, as its primitive name imports, for the same purposes as a handkerchief. The *Manipulus* or *Mappula* was a handkerchief to replace the Stola, when the latter in process of time had become an ornament only. The upper vestment, called *Casibulum* or *Planeta*, was originally a garment of a circular form, with an opening in the centre for the head, so that, when put on, it hung down to the ground on all sides, and entirely covered the body. It was raised when the action of the arms was necessary, and sometimes tied up with ribbands and tassels; it is peculiarly appropriated to the bishop or priest who officiates at the altar, and is used at mass only. On other occasions, the bishop or priest who presides wears the *Cope*, the ancient *Toga*, bordered on each side by the *Latus Clavus*. This robe is the ordinary dress of the Pope in church, and on occasions of ceremony. The *Dalmatica* and *Tunica* are the distinctive dresses of the deacon and subdeacon. These garments, which naturally derive grace and beauty from their form and drapery, are ennobled by their antiquity, and sanctified by their appropriation to the altar. They combine decency and majesty, they distinguish the public man from the individual, and like the robes of kings and magistrates garnish the exercise of office, and teach the minister to respect himself, and both the minister and the people to reverence the sacred charge of public function.

The use of torches and of incense is supposed to have been introduced into the church in the fourth century; it originated in the east, but soon became general: it was founded on figurative reasons. The former were borne before the Book of the Gospels, and reminded the faithful of the light diffused over the

universe by the promulgation of the sacred volume, and of *that true light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world**. The latter had been expressly commanded in the Old Law, and was considered in the New as a fit accompaniment to *be offered with the prayers of the saints upon the golden altar before the throne*†.

The most solemn part of the service is recited in a low tone, audible only to those who surround the altar, a circumstance which surprizes protestants, and has frequently been censured with severity. However, this custom is almost coeval with the liturgy itself, and seems to have commenced almost immediately after the apostolic age. It was in all probability a measure of precaution. One of the most sacred rites of christianity, that of Baptism, had been exposed to public ridicule on the stage, and to prevent the recurrence of a similar profanation, in a more awful institution, it was thought prudent to confine the knowledge of the Eucharistic prayer to the clerical order. When a custom is once established reasons are never wanting to justify its continuance, and the secrecy which the fear of profanation rendered necessary in times of persecution was continued from motives of respect in the days of Christian prosperity. Every person acquainted with ecclesiastical antiquity knows with what extreme delicacy the Fathers of the fourth century speak of the mysteries, and of course will not wonder that the Roman church, which glories in its adherence to antiquity, should continue the same practice. Besides, it is considered as more conformable to the nature of the mysterious institution, and more favorable to

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* St. John, i. † Rev. viii.

the indulgence of devotion, both in the priest and congregation, than the most emphatic and solemn recitation. Impressed with this idea, the Greeks have from time immemorial drawn curtains, and in later ages raised a screen before the altar, that conceals the priest from public view, and environs him as the High Priest of old when he entered the Holy of Holies, with the awful solitude of the sanctuary*.

To conclude—The rites which I have described are pure and holy; they inspire sentiments of order and decency; they detach the mind from the ordinary pursuits of life, and by raising it above its ordinary level, qualify it to appear with due humility and recollection before the *Throne of the Lamb*,—the *Mercy Seat* of Jehovah!

* The laity at present lose nothing by this silence, as they have the form of consecration, and indeed the whole service translated in their prayer-books.

CHAP. XVII.

VILLAS---THE TIBER---THE MAUSOLEUM OF CECILIA METELLA---EGERIAN GROTTO AND FOUNTAIN---CHURCH OF ST. CONSTANTIA---MONS SACER.

THE various villas that encircle Modern Rome form one of its characteristic beauties, as well as one of the principal features of its resemblance to the ancient city, which seems to have been environed with gardens, and almost studded with groves and shady retirements. Thus, Julius Cæsar had a spacious garden on the banks of the Tiber, at the foot of the Janiculum, which he bequeathed to the Roman people: Mæcenas enclosed and converted into a pleasure ground, a considerable part of the Esquiline Hill, which before had been the common burial place of the lower classes, and the resort of thieves and vagabonds; an alteration which Horace mentions with complacency in his eighth satire. To these we may add the *Horti Luculliani* and *Serviliani*, incidentally mentioned by Tacitus, and particularly the celebrated retreat of the historian Sallust, adorned with so much magnificence and luxury that it became the favorite resort of successive Emperors. This garden occupied, it seems, the extre-

mities of the Viminal and Pincian Hill, and enclosed in its vast precincts, a palace, a temple and a circus. The palace was consumed by fire on the fatal night when Alaric entered the city; the temple of singular beauty, sacred to Venus *(Veneri Felici Sacrum)* was discovered about the middle of the sixteenth century, and destroyed for the sale of the materials: of the circus little remains but masses of walls that merely indicate its site, while statues and marbles found occasionally continue to furnish proofs of its magnificence.

The gardens of Lucullus are supposed to have bordered on those of Sallust, and with several other delicious retreats, which covered the summit and brow of the Pincian Mount, gave it its ancient appellation of *Collis Hortulorum.* To the intermingled graces of town and country that adorned these fashionable mansions of the rich and luxurious Romans, Horace alludes when, addressing Fuseus Aristus, he says,

Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas—

as, in the verse immediately following,

Laudaturque domus longos quæ prospicit agros. *Hor. Ep.* 1. 10.

he evidently hints at the extensive views which might be enjoyed from the lofty apartments, erected expressly for the purpose of commanding a wide range of country.

The villas of Modern Rome often occupy the same ground, share some portion of the splendor, and enjoy all the picturesque advantages of the gardens of the ancient city. In point of perspective beauty Rome has, indeed, at all times possessed peculiar felicities. It covers a considerable extent of country, encloses several hills within its ramparts, and affords a great va-

riety of views, sometimes confined to its interior and sometimes extending to the surrounding country and the distant mountains. It is true that the ancient Roman might contemplate from his garden, towering in near or distant perspective, one or more of those stupendous edifices which adorned the city, and attracted the admiration of the universe; but I know not whether in the melancholy spectacle of the same majestic edifices now scattered on the ground overgrown with cypresses, the modern villa does not exhibit a sight more awful and more affecting. If the traveller wishes to be convinced of the truth of this remark, let him from the terrace of the Villa Borghese fix his eyes on the dome of St. Peter's expanded in all its splendor and all its perfection before him, and then let him ascend the Palatine Mount, and from the cypress groves of the Villa Farnesiana look down upon the shattered mass of the Coliseum spread beneath him in broken pomp, half covered with weeds and brambles.

O champs de l'Italie, O campagnes de Rome
Ou dans tout son orgueil git le neant de l'homme!
C'est la que des aspects fameux par de grands noms,
Pleins de grands souvenirs, et de hautes lecons,
Vous offrent ces objets, tresors des paysages
Voyez de toutes parts comment le cours des ages
Dispersant, dechirant de precieux lambeaux,
Jetant temple sur temple, et tombeaux sur tombeaux
De Rome etale au loin la ruine immortelle;
Ces portiques, ces arcs, ou la pierre fidele
Garde du peuple roi les exploits eclatants:
Leur masse indestructible a fatigué le temps.
Des fleuves suspendus ici mugissoit l'onde;
Sous ces portes passoient les depouilles du monde;
Par tout confusement dans la poussiere epars,
Les thermes, les palais, les tombeaux des Cesars!

Abbe de Lille, Jardin. Chant. IV.

No villa presents a greater number of the *local felicities, immortal ruins, divine remains, big with grand recollections and awful instruction*, so well described in these verses as the *Orti Farnesi*. The gardens cover the greater part of the Palatine Mount, and spread over the vast substructions and scattered vestiges of the imperial palace. They front the Capitol, command the Forum, and look down upon the neighbouring Coliseum, thus exhibiting in different points of view, and successively, the noblest remains of Roman magnificence now existing. They were formerly cultivated with care, and adorned with a great variety of antique vases, busts, and statues; but having unfortunately fallen by inheritance to the royal family of Naples, the ancient ornaments have been transported to that capital, and the place, notwithstanding its exquisite beauties, has been almost entirely neglected.

The *Villa Spada* or *Brunati* (for these villas change their names with their proprietors) occupies, on a much smaller scale, a part of the Palatine Hill and imperial palace, and enjoys some of the advantages of the *Orti Farnesiani*. The ruins of the palace cover the greater part of it, and on one side look down on the valley that separates the Palatine from the Aventine Mount; from a gallery, formed in a recess still remaining, the Emperor might behold the games of the *Circus Maximus*, which occupied the greater part of that valley.

On the summit of *Mount Celius* stands the *Villa Matthei*, once famous for the beauty and number of its antiques, and though, like the *Orti Farnesi*, forsaken and neglected, still interesting for its groves, its verdure, its prospects, and its solitudes.

Villa Negroni, once the favorite retreat of Sixtus Quintus,

encloses an immense space of ground on the Esquiline and Viminal Hills, covered with superb groves, and opening upon various beautiful prospects. It contains two handsome and spacious buildings. Its numerous antiquities have been removed. The celebrated *Agger Tarquinii* or rampart raised by Tarquinius Priscus intersects this garden, and claims the attention due to its age and origin.

The *Villa Aldobrandini* is small and ill-furnished, but celebrated for one remarkable object the *Nozze Aldobrandine*, an ancient painting, which represents, as every reader knows, the nuptial ceremony in graceful figures, easy drapery, and charming groupes.

The *Villa Ludovizi* is a part only of the gardens of Sallust, and as it stands on the summit of the Pincian Hill it necessarily commands some very beautiful prospects. Its extensive and delicious walks are shaded with ilex, cypress, and bay, of the noblest growth and most luxuriant foliage, and the whole is enclosed in a great degree by the venerable walls of the city. The elevated Casino or summer-house in the centre affords from its battlements an extensive view of the Campagna, and the mountains that form its boundaries, particularly of those of Albano and Sabina. On a ceiling in this Casino is the Aurora of Guercino, much admired by all connoisseurs, and by those of the French school preferred to that of Guido. It certainly has more contrast, and more bustle; but what can equal the grace, the freshness, the celestial glory of that matchless performance, which combines in one splendid vision all the beautiful features and accompaniments ascribed to the Morning by the poets;

Homer and Virgil seem to have presided over the work, and Ovid and Tasso given the picture its finishing touches.

The *Strada Pinciana* separates this villa from the gardens of the Villa Medici, once the residence of the cardinal of that family, and from its lofty situation, superb collection of statues, pillars, and marbles, as well as from the beauty of its gardens, well entitled to the attention and favor of those patrons of the arts. But it has the misfortune to belong now to a sovereign; its antiquities have therefore been transported to his capital, Florence; its noble apartments are neglected, and its gardens alone remain the resort and the delight of every serious traveller.

The *Orti Barberini* rises to the south of the court of St. Peter's, and while it commands from its terrace a full view of one side of the colonnade, it presents to the eye of those who are coming towards the Vatican a beautiful back ground for the other side, and spreads its pines and cypresses in such a manner as to form in appearance a pendent garden hanging over the pillars and shading the statues.

The gardens belonging to the Corsini palace have acquired some celebrity from the meetings of the Academy of the Quirini. A similar circumstance throws a still greater lustre over the *Bosco Parrhasio*, a rural theatre where the Arcadians meet to hear and examine the poetical effusions of their associates. The Arcadian Academy is known to be one of the principal literary societies in Rome, instituted towards the end of the seventeenth century for the promotion of classical knowledge, and composed of some of the first scholars in that Ca-

pital and indeed in all Europe*. One of its principal objects was to correct the bad taste then prevalent, and turn the attention of youth from the glare, conceit, and over refinements of false, to the ease, and unaffected graces of true wit. They took their name from a people celebrated for the simplicity of their manners; and as the love of rural scenery is inseparable from true taste, they chose a grove for the place of their assembly and gave it the name of Parrhasian. The *Bosco Parrhasio* is situated on the side of the Janiculum.

All these gardens and villas, hitherto mentioned, are within the ancient walls of the city, and may be considered as constituent parts of it, contributing much to its beauty, its coolness, and its magnificence: but besides these, many others lie in the suburbs and neighbourhood, and give the immediate environs of Rome an uncommon share of amenity and interest. To begin by the *Porta S. Pancrasio*, that nearest the Janiculum, anciently the Porta Aurelia; proceeding along the Via Aurelia about a mile from the gate we arrive at the *Villa Pamfili or Belrespiro*. This country seat, which now belongs to the Prince Doria, is supposed to occupy the same ground as the gardens of the Emperor Galba, and is remarkable for its edifices, its waters, its woods, its antiquities of every description, its great extent, and its general magnificence. It is moreover well supported both with regard to the house, the ornamental buildings, and the gardens. The disposition and arrangement of the plantations, as well as the form and destination of the water, are stiff and formal, according to the obsolete mode of French gardening†;

* The French have degraded this academy by the absurd appellation of the *arcades*, which some English translators have *wisely* converted into *arches*.

† I might with greater propriety have said *Italian* gardening, as the French, in

yet the growth and luxuriancy of the one, and the extent and profusion of the other, almost hide the defect and catch and delight the eye, in spite of unnatural art and misplaced symmetry.

One of the most conspicuous objects in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome is the *Monte Mario*, anciently Clivus Cinnæ, a bold eminence lying about a mile north-west from the *Porta Angelica*, clothed with vineyards and crowned with groves of cypress and poplar. On its summit rises the *Villa Mellini*, remarkable for the noble view that lies expanded under its terrace. The Tiber intersecting the city and winding through rich meadows, and watering among others, the *Prata Quintia* and *Prata Mutia*, fields still bearing in their names the trophies of Roman virtue and Roman heroism. The *Pons Milvius* with its tower, and the plains consecrated by the victory of Constantine; the Vatican palace with its courts and gardens; the Basilica of St. Peter with its portico, its obelisk, and its fountains; the *Campus Martius* covered with the churches, squares and palaces of the modern city; the seven hills strewed with the ruins of the ancient; the walls with their towers and galleries; the desert Campagna, Mount Soracte rising apparently in the centre; and the semicircular sweep of mountains tinged with blue or purple, now bright with the sun, now dark in the shade, and generally gleaming with snow. Such is the varied and magnificent scene spread before the traveller, while reposing on the shaded terrace of the Villa Mellini.

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this respect as in most others, only copied the Italians. The latter again imitated their ancestors.—*See Pliny's well-known Description of his Laurentin and Tuscan villas. Lib.* II. *Ep.* 17. V. *Ep.* 6.

The same prospect may be enjoyed, but with less advantage, from the *Villa Madama*, which lies further on the side of the hill towards *Ponte Milvio*. In the gardens of this villa is a rural theatre, formed by the natural winding of a little dell, and shaded by a whole forest of beautiful evergreens. In the golden days of the Medici (for this villa was erected, and its gardens laid out, by a cardinal of that family), this sylvan scene was crowded by the polished Romans of the times, assembled to listen to the compositions of rival poets, and decide the priority of contesting orators. After this literary exhibition the spectators were regaled in lofty halls, planned by *Raffaello* and painted by *Giulio Romano*, with all the delicacies of the orchard, and all the charms of music and conversation. But these days are now no more; the Medicean line is extinct; and ancient fame and surviving beauty, and the architecture of *Raffaello* and the pencil of *Giulio* plead in vain in behalf of this superb villa. It belongs to the King of Naples, and is, as it has long been, entirely neglected.

On the opposite side of the city, a little way from the *Porta Salara*, stands the *Villa Albani*, till lately one of the best supported and best furnished seats in the neighbourhood of Rome, or indeed in Europe. The palace is magnificent, and was adorned as were the gardens with a considerable and chosen collection of antiquities, to the number nearly, it is said, of eight hundred. To these may be added two hundred and sixty pillars of granite, porphyry, and marble, which supported and adorned the villa and the galleries, a species of grandeur that exists only in Rome and its vicinity. But the Alban villa has been stript of all its ornaments. The cardinal Albani, its proprietor, had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the French, by the zeal and

activity with which he opposed the intrigues of their agents previous to the invasion of the ecclesiastical states, and was punished on their entrance into the city by the pillage and devastation of his palaces and gardens.

We shall now proceed to the *Villa Borghese*, or *Villa Pinciana*, (so called from the proximity of the *Porta Pinciana*, now shut up,) which, from the space it occupies, (supposed to be about four miles in circumference,) its noble vistas, frequent fountains, ornamental buildings, superb palace, and almost innumerable antiquities, is justly considered as the first of the Roman villas, and worthy of being put into competition with the splendid retreats of Sallust or of Lucullus. It stands upon a continuation of the Pincian Hill, at a little distance from the walls of the city, about half a mile from the Porta Flaminia or *del Popolo*. It covers the brow of the hill, and from the terrace has a noble view of the city, and of the Vatican. The gardens are laid out with some regard both for the new and for the old system; for though symmetry prevails in general, and long alleys appear intersecting each other, lined with statues and refreshed by cascades, yet here and there a winding path allures you into a wilderness formed of plants, abandoned to their native luxuriancy, and watered by streamlets murmuring through their own artless channels. The ornamental buildings are, as usually happens to such edifices, deficient in correctness and purity of architecture. The temple of Diana is encumbered with too many ornaments. The Ionic temple in the little island is indeed graceful, but rather too narrow for its elevation, a defect increased by the statues placed upon the pediment. One of these ornamental buildings contains a considerable collection of statues, &c. found on the site of *Gabii* (for

ruins there are none), the territory of which now belongs to this family. The Casino or palace itself is of great extent, but though erected on the plans and under the inspection of the principal architects of the age, and though built of the finest stone, yet it neither astonishes nor pleases. The reason of this failure of effect is evident; the ornaments are so numerous and the parts so subdivided, as to distract the eye and to leave no room for any one predominant impression. The basso relievos, and statues, scattered with such prodigality over the exterior of this Casino, are sufficient, if disposed with judgment and effect, to adorn the three largest palaces in Europe. The interior consists of several large saloons and apartments, and a gallery, all of which, particularly the latter, are lined and inlaid with the richest marbles, and supported by the noblest pillars, intermingled with bronze and gilding, and adorned with the best specimens of ancient art in sculpture and in painting. Such indeed is the value of this collection, and such the splendor of the apartments in which it is displayed, that no sovereign in Europe can boast of so rich a gallery or of a residence so truly imperial. This villa with its valuable collection and furniture escaped undamaged during the French invasion, owing to the apparent partiality which one of the princes of the family is supposed to have manifested towards the republican system.*

Its gardens are always open to the public, who, in a Latin inscription by no means inelegant, are welcomed or rather invited to the free enjoyment of all the beauties of the place, and

* This prince has since married a sister of Bonaparte, and made over to him his unparalleled collection; he has in return, obtained his contempt.

at the same time intreated to spare the shrubs and flowers, and respect the more valuable ornaments, the urns, statues and marbles. The Romans accordingly profit by the invitation, and resort in crowds to the Villa Borghese, particularly on Sundays, when the walks present a very lively and varied scene, composed of persons of all descriptions and ranks, moving in all directions through the groves and alleys, or reposing in groupes in the temples or near the fountains. This liberal mode of indulging the public in free access to palaces and gardens, and thus sharing with them, in some degree, the advantages and pleasures of luxury, a mode so common in Italy, merits much praise, and may be recommended as an example that deserves to be imitated by the proprietors of parks and pleasure grounds, particularly in the neighbourhood of great towns and cities.

The reader will perceive that, out of the many villas that adorn Rome and its vicinity, I have selected a few only, as fully sufficient to give him a satisfactory idea of the nature and decorations of these celebrated suburban retirements. In fact, howsoever they may differ in extent and magnificence, their principal features are nearly the same; the same with regard to artificial ornaments as well as natural graces. Some ancient remains are to be found in all, and several in most, and they are all adorned with the same evergreens, and present upon a greater or less scale the same Italian and ancient scenery. They are in general, it is true, much neglected, but for that reason the more rural. The plants now abandoned to their native forms cover the walks with a luxuriant shade, break the long straight vistas by their *fantastic* branches, and turn the alleys and quincunxes into *devious* paths and *tangled* thickets. They furnish a delightful variety of rides and walks; and, as they are interspersed

throughout the ancient city and round its suburbs, they give the traveller, fatigued with his researches, or oppressed with the summer heats, a frequent opportunity of reposing himself on the margin of a fountain under the classical shade of the ilex, the pine, and the poplar.

> **Qua pinus ingens, albaque populus**
> **Umbram hospitalem consociare amant**
> **Ramis, et obliquo laborat**
> **Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.**
>
> *Hor.*

From the villas we pass by a very natural transition to the grand or beautiful objects that lie in the neighbourhood of the city, and within the compass of a walk from its gates. To specify all these objects would be an undertaking too extensive for the bounds of the present work; I shall therefore confine myself to a few only, and point out to the reader such excursions as appear most interesting.

The banks of the Tiber cannot fail to attract the frequent steps of the classic traveller; the Tiber, *Deo gratissimus amnis*, a river more distinguished in the history of mankind than the Nile or the Thames, the Rhine or the Danube. Hence some travellers measuring its mass of waters by its bulk of fame, and finding its appearance inferior to their preconceptions, have represented it as a mere rill, a petty and insignificant streamlet. However, though far inferior in breadth to all the great rivers, yet, as it is generally from a few miles above Rome to the sea about three hundred feet wide upon an average, it cannot with justice be considered as a contemptible rill. Above and a little below the city it runs through groves and gardens, and waters the villas and suburban retreats of the richer

Romans; but beyond Ponte Molle it rolls through a long tract of fertile plains and grassy hills, all, however, naked, uncultivated and deserted. Yet these very banks, now all silence and solitude, were once, like those of the Thames, covered with life, activity, and rural beauty, lined with villages, and not unfrequently decorated with palaces. "Pluribus prope solus," says Pliny, "quam ceteri in omnibus terris amnes, accolitur, aspicitur que villis."* Such was the glory of the Tiber, not only in the golden days of Augustus and Trajan, but even in the iron age of Valentinian and Honorius, after Italy had long been the seat of civil war, and more than once the theatre of barbarian fury and Gothic devastation.† Below the city, when it has passed the Villa Malliana, once the seat of Leo and the Latin muses, it falls again into a wilderness, and

> ——— through the desert plain
> Winds its waste stores, and sullen sweeps along.
>
> *Thomson's Liberty*, p. I.

The traveller may commence his next excursion from the Capitol, and crossing part of the Forum, turn towards the Palatine Mount. On his left, he will notice the solid wall of the Rostra, the temple of Romulus raised on the spot where the twin brothers were exposed, and a spring, called by some antiquaries the fountain of Juturna, bursting from a deep cleft in the rock: on his right he will observe the Cloaca Maxima with its

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* Lib. III. 5.

† "The Gaul," says Claudian, "may erect new mansions on the banks of the Rhine."

> ——— et sævum gentibus amnem
> *Tibridis in morem* domibus prævelet amœnis.
>
> *De Laud. Stilich.* II.

solid arches, a stupendous work of Tarquinius Priscus. He will next pass under the arch of Janus, cross a corner of the Forum Boarium, and turning to the left advance along the Palatine on one side, and the Circus Maximus on the other. He then enters the street that leads with a gentle sweep between the Clivus Scauri and Mount Celius on the left, and on the right the Thermæ Antonini and Mount Aventine, to the Porta Capena. As he proceeds on the Via Appia he will pass the ancient Basilica of St. Sebastian, and shortly after come to the circus of Caracalla.

This circus, about two miles from the gates of Rome, presents such remnants of its ancient walls as enable us to form a clear notion of the different parts and arrangements of a circus. A considerable portion of the exterior, and in many places the vault that supported the seats, remain. The foundation of the two obelisks that terminated the spina (a sort of separation that ran lengthways through the circus) and formed the goals, still exists. Near the principal goal on one side, behind the benches, stands a sort of tower where the judges sat. One of the extremities supported a gallery which contained a band of musicians, and is flanked by two towers, whence the signal for starting was given. Its length is one thousand six hundred and two feet, its breadth two hundred and sixty: the length of the spina is nine hundred and twenty-two. The distance from the carcer or end whence they started to the first meta or goal was five hundred and fifty feet. There were seven ranges of seats, which contained about twenty-seven thousand spectators. As jostling and every exertion of skill, strength or cunning were allowed, the chariots were occasionally overturned, and as the drivers had the reins tied round their bodies, several melancholy accidents took

place. To remove the bodies of charioteers bruised or killed in such exertions, a large gate was open in the side of the circus near the first meta, where such accidents were likeliest to take place on account of the narrowness of the space; and this precaution was necessary, as the ancients deemed it a most portentous omen to go through a gate defiled by the passage of a dead body. On the end opposite the *carcer* was a triumphal arch or grand gate, through which the victorious charioteer drove amidst the shouts and acclamations of the spectators. There were originally four sets of drivers, named from the colors which they wore, *Albati*, *Russati*, *Prasini*, and *Veneti*. To these four Domitian added two more, *Aurei* and *Purpurei**. Each color drove five rounds with fresh horses. There are stables, therefore, close to the circus; and in the centre of these stables a circular fabric of at least seventy-two feet diameter, with an open space around, enclosed by a high wall. This building was probably a riding school, and is supposed to have been crowned with a temple. Indeed, such is the solidity of the walls and vault that they seem calculated to support a higher edifice than the mere roof; and such, at the same time, was the magnificence of the Romans, that they seldom left a public edifice without a becoming termination: besides, some very beautiful blocks of marble, forming part of a Corinthian cornice with other fragments found on the spot, authorize this conjecture, and give it a great degree of probability.

A little beyond the circus of Caracalla, and in full view from it, rises the mausoleum of Cecilia Metella, a beautiful circular edifice, built by Crassus in honor of that Roman matron his wife,

* Suet. Domit. 7.

and daughter to Quintus Metellus Creticus. It is of considerable height and great thickness: in the centre is a hollow space, reaching from the pavement to the top of the building. * In this concavity was deposited the body in a marble sarcophagus, which in the time of Paul III. was removed to the court of the Farnesian palace. The solidity and simplicity of this monument are worthy of the republican era in which it was erected, and have enabled it to resist and survive the lapse and incidents of two thousand years.

At the lawless period when the Roman nobles defied the feeble authority of the Popes, and the shadowy privileges of the people, and passed their days in perpetual warfare with each other, the family of the Gaietani turned this sepulchre into a fortress, and erected the battlements that still disfigure its summit. A celebrated antiquary attributes to the architectural formation of this edifice, the singular effect of re-echoing clearly and distinctly such words as were uttered within a certain distance of its circumference, so that at the funeral of Metella the cries and lamentations of the attendants were repeated so often, and in such soft and plaintive accents, that the spirits of the dead, and even the infernal divinities themselves, seemed to partake the general sorrow, and to murmur back the sighs and groans of the mourners. As this invention, if not real, is at least poetical, and does some credit to the author, it is but fair to present it to the reader in his own words. "Quodque in eo maxime mirandum est, artificio tam singulari composita est ea moles, ut Echo loquentium voces septies et octies distincte et articulate referat; ut in exequiis et funere quod Creticus uxori solemniter celebrabat, ejulatus plorantium multiplicaretur in immensum, non secus ac si Dii Manes et omnes infero-

rum animæ fatum Cæciliæ illius commiserati ex imo terræ continuis plangerent ploratibus, suumque dolorem testarentur communem, quem lacrymis viventium conjunctum esse vellent*."— Contiguous to this mausoleum rise the remains of ramparts, houses, and churches erected in the middle ages, and presenting in their actual state a melancholy scene of utter desolation.

The traveller on his return may traverse the circus of Caracalla, now a luxuriant meadow, pass under its time-worn gate, and crossing the road, descend into a pleasant dell where he will find a grotto and a fountain with a few trees scattered around them. The grotto is covered with a solid arch and lined with walls. The niches on both sides were probably occupied in ancient times by the divinities of the place; over the fountain a statue rather disfigured by time appears in a reclining posture. Various evergreen shrubs hang over the fountain, play around the statue, and wind and flourish through the grotto and over its entrance. The statue represents the Nymph Egeria, and the grotto, the fountain and the grove that once shaded it were consecrated by Numa, to the same nymph and to the muses. "Lucus erat," says Livius, "quem medium ex opaco specu fons perenni rigabat aquâ, quo quia se persæpe Numa sine arbitris, velut ad congressum deæ, inferebat, Camœnis eum lucum sacravit; quod earum ibi consilia cum conjuge sua Egeria essent." † A streamlet, pure, limpid and wholesome flows from the fountain and waters the little valley. Juvenal complains of the marble ornaments and artificial decorations of this fountain, and wishes that it had been abandoned to

* Boissard. † I. 21.

its ancient simplicity, to its grassy margin and its native rock.* His wishes are now nearly accomplished; the vault indeed remains, but the marble lining, the pillars, the statues have disappeared and probably lie buried under the mud that covers the pavement of the grotto. The mendicant crowd that frequented the grove in that poet's days are also vanished, and the solitude of the place is as deep and undisturbed as when it was the nightly resort of the Roman legislator.

> Conjuge qui felix nymphâ ducibusque Camænis
> Sacrificos docuit ritus; gentemque feroci
> Assuetam bello, pacis traduxit ad artes. *Ovid Met.*

On the brow of the hill that borders the Egerian valley on the south stands the little church of St. Urban, formerly a temple of Bacchus, or, as it is with more appearance of truth, denominated by others, the temple of the Muses, looking down upon the valley and groves sacred to these goddesses. As the portico was taken in to enlarge the cella and adapt it better for the purposes of a church, the four marble pillars of fluted Corinthian are now incased in the wall. A little further on is a brick temple, small indeed but well proportioned and adorned with pilasters and a regular cornice of the same materials. Antiquarians differ with regard to its appellation. Some sup-

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> In vallem Egeriæ descendimus et speluncas
> Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
> Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
> Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum? *Juv.* III.

The metamorphosis of Egeria into a fountain, so prettily related by Ovid, took place in the vale of Aricia.

> Nam conjux urbe relicta
> Vallis Aricinæ densis latet abdita sylvis

pose it to be sacred to the God Rediculus, who prompted Hannibal, when encamped there, to return and withdraw from the city. But as Hannibal was encamped, not on this but on the opposite side of the city, beyond the Anio and three miles from the Porta Collina, and as Livy makes no mention of any such temple, this opinion seems to be ill-grounded. Others suppose it to be the temple erected to Fortuna Muliebris on the retreat of Coriolanus. Such a temple was indeed erected and perhaps on this spot, though Coriolanus was not encamped here, but three or four miles further from the city at the Tossæ Cluiliæ. At all events, a temple erected by public authority, even in that age of simplicity, would probably have been built not of brick, but of stone, so that after all it may possibly have been one of the many sepulchres which bordered the Via Latina, and almost covered the space between it and the Via Appia*. The traveller then turns again towards the Via Appia, recrosses the river Almo, *(lubricus Almo)*, and re-enters by the Porta Capena.

Upon another day the traveller may go out by the Porta Nomentana, (now Pia,) and proceeding about a mile, visit the church of St. Agnes, remarkable for its antiquity, (it having been erected by Constantine,) for the double row of marble pillars, one above the other, that support its roof, and for the porphyry and alabaster columns which adorn its altar and its tabernacle. Its form is the same as that of other churches of the same era.

Near this edifice stands the church of St. Constantia, for-

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* Experior quid concedatur in illos
Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis atque Latinâ. *Juv. Sat.* 1.
Cui per mediam nolis occurrere noctem
Clivosæ veheris dum per monumenta Latinæ. *Sat.* v.

merly her mausoleum, and supposed to have been at a still earlier period, a temple of Bacchus. It is of a circular form, supported by a row of coupled columns and crowned with a dome. Behind the pillars runs a gallery, the vaulted roof of which is incrusted with ancient mosaics, representing little genii playing with clusters of grapes, amidst the winding tendrils of the vine. The tomb of the saint, (who was the daughter of Constantine), a vast porphyry vase, ornamented with various figures, once stood in a large niche directly opposite the door, but as the body had been deposited many years ago under the altar, the sarcophagus was transported to the museum of the Vatican.

About two miles farther, the traveller will find the Ponte Lamentano, anciently Pons Nomentanus, a bridge over the Anio, and a little beyond it, he may ascend the Mons Sacer, twice dignified by the retreat, and temperate but determined resistance, of an oppressed and generous people. This hill although of no great elevation is steep and in the form of a rampart,* towards the river, and runs along decreasing as it advances towards the *Ponte Salaro*. It is now a lonely eminence, covered with luxuriant grass, but destitute of shade, ornament, or memorial. Yet few places seem better entitled to distinction, as few incidents are recorded in history more honorable to the Roman people than the transactions which took place on the *Mons Sacer*, where they displayed in such a conspicuous manner the three grand virtues that constitute the Roman character—firmness, moderation and magnanimity.

* This form it probably owes to the occasion;

Vallo, fossâque communitis castris. *Liv. lib.* II. 32.

About two miles northward of the Pons Nomentanus is the Pons Salarius, *Ponte Salaro*, remarkable for the well known combat between Manlius Torquatus and the gigantic Gaul, as also for the neighbouring encampment of Hannibal, when he approached the city, and by threatening Rome itself hoped to terrify the Consuls and induce them to raise the siege of Capua. The traveller may then return by the Via Salaria and re-enter the city by the gate of the same name.

Besides these walks, as it is not my intention to specify all, it will be sufficient to observe that every gate possesses its attractions, presenting on the roads and paths which it opens to the steps of the traveller, its views of rural beauty or its remains of ancient grandeur; its churches sanctified by the memory of the good, its fields consecrated by the struggles of the brave, and its sepulchres ennobled by the ashes of the great. Wheresoever he directs his observation he finds himself surrounded by the wonders of modern art, and the monuments of ancient splendor; so that his eye is gratified by noble exhibitions, and his mind elevated by grand and awful recollections. A certain inexpressible solemnity peculiar to the place reigns all around: the genius of Rome and the spirits of the illustrious dead seem to hover over the ruins, to guard the walls, and to superintend the destinies of the Eternal City.

CHAP. XVIII.

TIBUR—HORACE'S VILLA.

AFTER having past five delightful weeks in a first and rapid survey of the ancient ruins and modern magnificence of Rome, we turned our attention to the neighbouring country, and hastened to visit some of the classical retreats of the Sabine and Alban mountains. Accordingly on Thursday the thirteenth of May, we made an excursion to *Tivoli*, the ancient Tibur, proceeding along the Via Tiburtina, again visited the ancient patriarchal Basilica of St. Laurence, about one mile from the gate. This is not the only church that bears the title of St. Laurence, as there are three others at least in Rome that enjoy it also; but it is the most ancient, and at the same time has the honor of possessing the martyr's remains. As I approached his shrine with reverence I recollected the beautiful lines of Vida.

Adveniet lustris mundo labentibus ætas,
Quum domus Æneæ præstans Romana propago
Insonti juveni flammis extrema sequuto
Centum aras, centum magnis penetralia templis
Eriget et tumulo divinum imponet honorem.

About two miles further on, we passed the *Ponte Mamolo*, over the Anio or *Teverone*. This bridge is said to have been built by Mammea, mother of Alexander Severus. The *Campagna*, extending thence to the mountains of Sabina, is rather flat, but fertile and covered either with rich grass or promising corn. Woods surrounding distant villas or farms appeared here and there covering the summits of little hills.

About eight miles from the above-mentioned bridge we crossed the little green streamlet, called from its strong sulphureous exhalations the *Solfatara*. The lake or pool from which it rises is about a short mile from the road, somewhat less than a mile in circumference, and near two hundred feet deep. Its waters are of an iron grey, and its surface frequently spotted with a bituminous matter, which mixing with weeds and vegetable substances gradually coagulates, and forms what may be called a floating island. There were ten or twelve of these little green masses when we visited the lake, and being carried by the wind to the side, they remained united and motionless till we separated and set some of them afloat. As they continually increase in number, so they gradually diminish the surface of the lake, and will probably in time cover it over entirely. It was formerly much larger than it is at present, and used occasionally to overflow the neighbouring plains; to prevent this inconvenience the little canal which intersects the road was cut by the orders of the Cardinal *d'Este*, to give an outlet to the increasing waters and carry them to the Anio. This lake was in high repute among the ancients, and much frequented on account of the oracle of Faunus, whose temple stood on its bank surrounded by a sacred grove. Hence Virgil, who consecrates the usages established in his time by referring them to remote

antiquity, or by ascribing their origin to the interference of the gods, represents Latinus as consulting the oracle of Faunus on this spot, and receiving during the night a mysterious answer. The sulphureous exhalations of the lake, the celebrity of the temple, and the singular method of consulting the oracle, are all finely described in these lines.

> At rex sollicitus monstris, oracula Fauni
> Fatidici genitoris adit, lucosque sub altâ
> Consulit Albuneâ, nemorum quæ maxuma sacro
> Fonte sonat sævumque exhalat opaca mephitim.
> Hinc Italæ gentes, omnisque Ænotria tellus,
> In dubiis responsa petunt. Huc dona sacerdos
> Quum tulit, et cæsarum ovium sub nocte silenti
> Pellibus incubuit stratis, somnosque petivit;
> Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris,
> Et varias audit voces, fruiturque Deorum
> Colloquio, atque imis Acheronta adfatur Avernis.
>
> *Æneid.* VII. 81.

At present the oracle is forgotten, the sacred grove whence the voices issued has been long rooted up, and the very situation of the temple itself is a matter of mere conjecture. Bituminous exhalations indeed still impregnate the air to a considerable distance, and the lake exists though its extent is much diminished. In fact, the surface of the surrounding fields is an incrustation gradually formed over the water, and the hollow sound which it yields to the tread of horses evidently betrays the existence of an abyss beneath. The *Ponte Lugano*, a bridge over the Anio, presents itself about a mile and a half farther on. This bridge is said to have taken its name from the Lucanians, who were here defeated by the Romans; it is remarkable for a tomb of the Plautian family, a round tower built of large blocks of Tibur-

tine stone, resembling the sepulchre of Cecilia Metella, both in its original form and its subsequent appropriation. It was employed as a military station during the middle ages, and surmounted by a battlement; a circumstance barbarous in point of taste, yet not to be regretted at present, as it preserved the remains of these two monuments.

About two miles farther, a road turns off to the villa of Adrian. This imperial residence stood on a hill, with the extensive vale of Latium on one side, and a little deep glade called *Tempe* on the other. It commanded a delightful view of the Sabine mountains with Tibur here, and there a prospect of the Alban hills with their towers and forests; behind, the vale lost itself in distant mountains; in front appeared Rome itself, extended over its seven hills, and reflecting from all its palaces the beams of an evening sun. The sides of the hill are every where rather steep, and the rock itself aided a little by art forms an excellent barrier, enclosing a long narrow space of at least seven miles in circumference. As we are assured by an ancient author, that Adrian, after having travelled over the whole empire, determined to collect around him on this spot the most remarkable edifices that lay dispersed over the Roman world, the reader will no longer wonder at the number of buildings constituting this villa, nor feel any unusual astonishment in perusing a catalogue embracing the following objects: the imperial palace; quarters for the legionary soldiers, cavalry and infantry, and others for the invalids; three theatres; a naumachia; a hippodrome; temples of Apollo and the Muses, of Diana, of Venus, of Serapis; halls and habitations for the different sects of philosophers; a library; a Pœcile, resembling that at

Athens; and porticos almost without number, together with various edifices, the names and objects of which are now undiscoverable. Statues, columns, and marbles of the rarest kinds, have been, and are continually, discovered when excavations are made amidst the ruins of these amazing fabrics; while briars and brambles fill their halls and stuccoed apartments, and a mixed confusion of orchards and gardens, forest and fruit trees, vineyards and corn waving over them, present a strange and melancholy contrast.

Returning to the road, we began and continued for some time to ascend the high hill on which Tivoli stands, passing through groves of olives till we reached the summit, when after having examined the noble site of the house of the Jesuits, and the Villa *de Santa Croce*, we entered *Tivoli*. This town, the Tibur of the ancients, boasts of high antiquity and what is much better, still possesses a considerable population, amounting, it is said, to ten thousand inhabitants. The town itself is not handsome, though it contains some very fine houses and stands in a delightful situation, sheltered on one side by *Monte Catili*, and a semicircular range of Sabine mountains, and commanding on the other an extensive view over the *Campagna*, bounded by the sea, Rome, Mount Soracte and the pyramidal hills of Monticelli, and Monte Rotonda the ancient Eretum. But the pride and ornament of Tivoli are still as anciently the fall and meanderings of the Anio, now *Teverone*. This river, having meandered from its source through the vales of Sabina, glides gently through *Tivoli* till coming to the brink of a rock it precipitates itself in one mass down the steep, and then boiling for an instant in its narrow channel rushes headlong through a chasm in the rock into the caverns below.

The first fall may be seen from the windows of the inn or from the temple; but appears to the greatest advantage from the bridge thrown over the narrow channel a little below it. From this bridge also you may look down into the shattered rock, and observe far beneath the writhings and agitation of the stream, struggling through its rocky prison. To view the second fall or descent into the cavern, we went down through a garden by a winding path into the narrow dell, through which the river flows after the cascade, and placing ourselves in front of the cavern beheld the Anio in two immense sheets tumbling through two different apertures, shaking the mountain in its fall, and filling all the cavities around with spray and uproar. Though the rock rises to the height of two hundred feet in a narrow semicircular form, clothed on one side with shrubs and foliage, yet a sufficient light breaks upon the cavern to shew its pendent rocks, agitated waters and craggy borders. Such is the residence of the Naiad, such the *Domus Albuneæ resonantis*, the *pendentia pumice tecta*.

About an hundred paces from the grotto, a natural bridge, formed by the water working through the rock, enables the spectator to pass the river, and take another view of the cascade, less distinct with regard to the cavern but more enlarged, as it includes a greater portion of the superincumbent rock in front, with the shagged banks on both sides. The rock immediately above and on the left is perpendicular and crowned with houses, while from an aperture in its side at a considerable height gushes a rill, too small to add either by its sound or size to the magnificence of the scenery.

The bank on the opposite side is steep and shaggy, but

leaves room for little gardens and vineyards. On its summit stands the celebrated temple commonly called of the Sybil, though by many antiquaries supposed to belong to Vesta. This beautiful pile is so well known that it is almost unnecessary to inform the reader that it is circular (as all the temples of Vesta), of the Corinthian order, built in the reign of Augustus, and admired not for its size but its proportions and situation. It stands in the back court of the inn, exposed to the weather without any roof or covering, but its own solidity seems to be a sufficient protection. Of its eighteen pillars ten only remain with their entablature. An English nobleman, well known in Italy for his numberless purchases, is reported to have offered a considerable sum to the innkeeper on whose property it stands, for this ruin, with an intention of transporting it to England, to be re-erected in his park. The proposal, it is said, was accepted, but fortunately, before the work of devastation was begun, a prohibition was issued by government, grounded upon a declaration that ruins are public property, and of course not to be defaced or removed without express permission, which as it tended to strip the country of the monuments of its ancient glory, and consequently of its most valuable ornaments, the government could not and would not give. This attempt to transplant the temple of Vesta from Italy to England may perhaps do honor to the late Lord Bristol's patriotism or to his magnificence, but it cannot be considered as an indication of either taste or judgment.

The temple of Tivoli derives, it is true, much intrinsic merit from its size and proportions, but it is not architectural merit alone which gives it its principal interest. Placed on the verge of a rocky bank, it is suspended over the *præceps Anio*, and the

echoing abode of the Naiads, it has beheld Augustus and Mecenas, Virgil and Horace, repose under its columns, has survived the empire and even the language of its founders; and after eighteen hundred years of storms, tempests, revolutions, and barbarism, it still exhibits its fair proportioned form to the eye of the traveller, and claims at once his applause and his veneration.

Near the temple of Vesta stand the remains of another temple, supposed to be that of the Sybil, consisting of four pillars, and now forming a part of the wall of the parish church of St. George. Besides these scarce any other vestige remains of ancient Tibur, though considering its antiquity, its population, and its salubrity, it must have possessed a considerable share of magnificence. But if its artificial ornaments have perished, and if its temples and its villas have long since crumbled into dust, the unalterable graces which nature has conferred upon it still remain, and its orchards, its gardens, and its cool recesses bloom and flourish in unfading beauty. If Horace, who so often and so fondly celebrates the charms of Tibur, were to revive, he would still find the *grove*, the *irriguous garden*, the *ever-varying rill*, the *genial soil*, in short, all the well known features of his beloved retreat. To enjoy this delicious scenery to advantage, the traveller must cross the bridge and follow the road which runs at the foot of the classic Monte Catillo, and winds along the banks of the Anio, rolling after its fall through the valley in a deep dell. As he advances, he will have on his left the steep banks covered with trees, shrubs, and gardens; and on his right, the bold but varying swells of the hills, shaded with groves of olives. These sunny declivities were anciently interspersed with splendid villas, the favorite abodes of the most luxurious and most refined Romans. They are now replaced by two solitary convents, lifting each

its white tower above the dark green mass of olives. Their site, often conjectural or traditionary, is sometimes marked by some scanty vestiges of ruin, and now and then by the more probable resemblance of a name. Thus several subterraneous apartments and galleries near St. Antonio are supposed to be the remains of the seat of Vopiscus, celebrated by Statius. That of Propertius

> Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres
> Et cadit in patulos lympha Aniena lacus

is supposed to have stood on the site of the other convent *St. Angelo*, while the villa of Quintilius Varus, or rather its foundations, still retain the kindred appellation of Quintiliolo. But the house of Vopiscus, as must appear evident to any reader who thinks proper to consult the poet alluded to, must have been in the dell, and have actually hung over the river, as it occupied both the banks and saw its surrounding shades reflected from the surface of the water.*

The fond attachment of Horace to Tibur, united to the testimony of Suetonius, has induced many antiquaries to imagine, that at some period or other of his life he possessed a little villa in its neighbourhood, and tradition accordingly ennobles a few

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* ——————— Nemora alta citatis
Incubuere vadis, fallax responsat imago
Frondibus, et longas eadem fugit unda per umbras
. . . . . .
Littus utrumque domi: nec te mitissimus amnis
Dividit, alternas servant prætoria ripas,
Non externa sibi, fluviumve obstare queruntur.
Statius Syl. 1. 3.

scattered fragments of walls and arches with the interesting appellation of Horace's villa. The site is indeed worthy the poet, where, defended by a semicircular range of wooded mountains from every cold blustering wind, he might look down on the playful windings of the *Anio* below, discover numerous rills gleaming through the thickets as they glided down the opposite bank, enjoy a full view of the splendid mansion of his friend Mæcenas rising directly before him, and catch a distant perspective of *Aurea Roma*, of the golden towers of the Capitol soaring majestic on its distant mount. But whatever the poet's wishes might be, it is not probable that his moderate income would permit him to enjoy such a luxurious residence in a place so much frequented, and consequently so very expensive; and indeed the very manner in which those wishes are expressed seems to imply but slight hopes of ever being able to realize them. "*Tibur, &c. sit—utinam*—Unde *si*—Parcæ prohibent *iniquæ*." If Horace actually possessed a villa there, the wish was unnecessary, as the event lay in his own power. The authority of Suetonius seems indeed positive, but it is possible that the same place may be alluded to under the double appellation of his Sabine or Tiburtine seat*. Horace, it is true, often represents himself as *meditating* his compositions while he wandered along the plains and through the groves of Tibur;

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* That villas in the vicinity of Tibur sometimes took their name from the town, and sometimes from the territory, is evident from Catullus.

O Funde noster, seu Sabine, seu Tibur
Nam te esse Tiburtem autumant quibus non est
Cordi Catullum lædere; at quibus cordi est
Quovis Sabinum pignore esse contendunt.

Circâ nemus, uvidique
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus
Carmina fingo.

But as he was probably a frequent companion of Mæcenas in his excursions to his villa at *Tibur*, he may in those lines allude to his solitary rambles and poetical reveries. Catullus, a Roman knight, had fortune sufficient to indulge himself in such an expensive residence, and accordingly speaks with much complacency of his Tiburtine retreat, which, on account of its proximity to the town, he calls *suburbana*. Munatius Plancus also possessed a villa at Tibur, apparently of great beauty. To this the poet alludes in that ode* where, in enlarging on the charms of the place, he recommends indirectly and with much delicacy to his friend, who in a moment of disgrace and despondency was meditating a voluntary exile, his delightful seat at Tibur, as a retirement far preferable to Rhodes and Mitylene, in those times much frequented by disaffected or banished Romans.

But to abandon these aerial charms, spread indeed like flitting shades over every grove and every meadow, but perceptible only to the eye of classic imagination, let us turn to the visible beauties that line our walk and appear in new forms at every turning. As the traveller, following the bend of the hill, comes to the side of the road opposite to the town, he catches first a side glimpse, and shortly after a full view of the Cascatelli, or lesser cascades, inferior in mass and grandeur, but equal in beauty to the great fall in the town. They are formed by a branch of the *Anio*, turned off from the main body of the river, before it reaches the precipice, for the uses of the inhabitants, and after

* Carm. Lib. 1. Od. 7.

it has crossed the town bursting from a wood on the summit of the hill, and then tumbling from its brow in one great and several lesser streams, first down one and then another declivity, through thickets and brambles, spangled with dew drops or lighted up with a rainbow. The elevation and mass of these cascades, the colors and broken masses of the rocks down which they tumble, the shrubs, plants and brambles that hang over the channel and sometimes bathe themselves in the current, the river below fretting through a narrow pass under a natural arch covered at the top with olives, the vines that wave around it, the bold bendings and easy sweeps of the surrounding mountains, and the towers of the town rising on the top of the hill beyond the cascade, with the ruins of Mæcenas's villa on its shelving side a little farther on, form one of the most delicious pictures for softness and beauty, wildness and animation, that can be imagined. The traveller is usually conducted by his guide to a sort of natural stage, formed by the rock projecting boldly over the river, just opposite the cascade. Here he may seat himself on the grass under the shade of a tufted olive-tree, enjoy at leisure the delightful sight, nor wonder that Horace, when surrounded by such scenery, should feel the full influence of inspiration.

——— Quæ Tibur aquæ fertile præfluunt
Et spissæ nemorum comæ
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem. IV *Od.* 3.

However, a side view is considered as the best, because it augments the apparent mass of waters, and this we enjoyed as we continued our walk along the road; while before us the opening valley exhibited a distant perspective over the *Campagna* to the seven hills and the towers of Rome, and the Mediterranean

closing or rather bordering the picture with a gleam of purple. We passed *Quintiliolo*, and the pond once probably the receptacle of those favorite fish which, as Cicero sarcastically observes, seem to have occupied so much of the time and thoughts of their indolent proprietors. At the foot of the hill in a meadow, called *Campo Limpido*, near the road, springs a fountain which some travellers have thought proper to dignify with the appellation of *Bandusia*; but though its source be abundant, its waters pure, and its appearance picturesque, yet it is far remote from the classical fountain of that denomination. After having passed the bridge and ascended part of the declivity towards the town, we entered a field in order to visit a circular edifice of brick with a vaulted roof, resembling, though of a smaller size, the temple of Minerva Medica, supposed by some to be the Fanum Tussis, by others a sepulchre; the situation seems more appropriate to the latter, the form better calculated for the former. It has several niches for statues, is of excellent proportions, and though stripped long since of all its ornaments, is yet in good preservation.*

Mecænas's villa stands at the extremity of the town on the brow of the hill, and hangs over several streamlets which fall down the steep. It commands a noble view of the Anio and its vale beneath, the hills of *Albano* and *Monticelli*, the *Campagna*, and Rome itself rising on the borders of the horizon. It still presents several traces of its former magnificence, such as a triple row of arches, seventeen below and fourteen above, form-

* Some antiquaries are of opinion, that it was a bath; but its situation on a declivity and at a distance from the town seems unfavorable to such a destination.

ing a suite of apartments spacious enough for all the purposes of private luxury. The active Cardinal Ruffo during the reign of the late pontiff turned it into a foundery, after having stripped the walls and roof of the ivy, and effaced the venerable marks of ruin which the hand of time had shed over them. A branch of the river pours through the arched gallery and vaulted cellars, and shaking the edifice as it passes along rushes in several sheets down the declivity. The ancient magnificence of this villa is probably equalled by that of the modern Villa Estense, erected by a Cardinal of that name in the sixteenth century, in a lofty situation, surrounded with terraces, water-falls, groves of cedars, cypresses, and orange trees, and adorned with statues, vases and marbles. The gardens are laid out in the old style, and not conformable to our ideas of rural beauty, and the whole is in a most lamentable state of decay. Very different was its condition when described by Strada, who lays the scene of two of his Prolusions in its gardens. There are in the town or immediate neighbourhood of Tivoli, other villas of great extent and some magnificence, enjoying in proportion similar advantages of situation and prospect, and perhaps no spot in the universe affords more of either; but unfortunately the modern Romans, like the Italians and the continental nations in general, are not partial to country residence. They may enjoy the description, or commend the representation of rural scenes and occupations in books and pictures, but they feel not the beauties of nature, and cannot relish the calm, the solitary charms of a country life. Hence the delicious retreats of Tibur, and the rival beauties of the Alban Mount, scenes that delighted the philosopher and enchanted the poet in ancient days, are now beheld with indifference, and perhaps honored once a year, during the *Villeggiatura*, with a short, and impatient visit.

Englishmen who are generally educated in the country, and are attached by all the ties of custom and inclination to rural scenery, may appreciate the beauties of Tibur, and do justice to the description of the poet. While they behold the hills, the woods, the streams,

> Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda
> Mobilibus pomaria rivis. 1 *Od.* 6.

which so often inspired the Roman Lyrist; they may conceive his enthusiasm, and did not a better sentiment suppress the wish, might like him exclaim,

> Tibur Argeo positum colono,
> Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ
> Sit modus lasso maris et viarum
> Militiæque.

May 15th. We rose about three in the morning, and although the weather appeared rather lowering, mounted at four, and forming a party of nine proceeded on our road towards the Sabine mountains, to visit Horace's villa.

The Via Valeria is, without doubt, the shortest road to *Vico Varo*, but we took one which, though very bad and somewhat longer, gave us an opportunity of seeing more of the country. Winding along the hills we saw the river meandering beneath us through a beautiful dell, and forming a variety of pleasing scenes, especially near a spot where the ruins of two aqueducts throw their arches over the road, and form a sort of frame for the towers of Tivoli, and its neighbouring mountains, about a mile and a half distant. An artist who was in company with

us took a sketch on the spot, and has since made a very fine drawing of it. The aqueducts frequently re-appeared during the course of the day, sometimes rising like masses of brown rock on the hills, and sometimes sweeping in a succession of lofty arches over the plains. The face of the country, here wooded and there naked, but always bold and in general very fertile, was pleasing. Its most striking features were a ruined castle on the bank of the river, distant towns lodged in the high recesses of the mountains, particularly St. Polo far on the left, and Castel Madama just opposite. The latter is said to be extremely healthy on account of its airy situation; it affords a fine view of the valley, the river, and the mountains, with their various hamlets. From the side of the hill we looked down upon Vico Varo, whose churches and walls of white stone appeared to much advantage. This town nearly retains its ancient name, and is the Variæ mentioned by Horace, and the principal municipality, where, it seems, representatives from the circumjacent villages used to meet.

Quinque bonos solitum Variam demittere patres.
Lib. 1. *Epist.* 14.

It stands on a hill close to the Anio, has considerable remains of its wall, composed of vast stones, like those employed in the Coliseum, and though not large must have been opulent, if we may judge from such a magnificent rampart.

From Vico Varo we proceeded along the river side about two miles, to a bridge remarkable for the remains of a lofty arch formed to conduct the Claudian aqueduct over the Anio. Only a small part of the arch is standing, while the channel opened

through the rock on the opposite side near a mill, is still perfect. The banks here are extremely bold, particularly on the northern side of the river, where they rise to a great elevation, and seem to hang over the mill and stream below. The rock is hollowed out by nature into a variety of grottos, said to have been for some time the retreat of St. Benedict, the patriarch of the western monks. On the top of the rock stands the Franciscan convent of St. Cosimato, a neat and convenient building with a very clean church. Hither we repaired, in order to take shelter from a very heavy shower, and were received by the good fathers with cordiality, and treated in a very hospitable and polite manner. About one o'clock we sallied forth, and returning back some little way, took a path leading directly northward. I must observe, that from the convent, and indeed some little time before you reach it, you discover towards the north two villages beautifully situated on the summit of a woody and well-cultivated hill, supported by a range of mountains behind; one of these villages is called *Canta Lupo*, the other *Bardela*. The latter is *Mandela*, which on account of its high situation Horace represents as suffering much from the effects of the cold.

Rugosus frigore pagus.

As we advanced we found ourselves in a fine valley, with beautiful hills rising close on our left, while on our right in the midst of fertile meadows, bounded on the opposite side by the hill of Mandela, and a ridge of successive mountains glided the Licenza, anciently the Digentia, the favorite stream of Horace.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus.

Its bed is wide, stony, and shallow in summer. We had not

proceeded far when to the left, on the brow of a craggy steep, we perceived the Fanum Vacunæ*, whence the poet dated one of his philosophic epistles; it was almost in ruins in his time, and probably sunk under the pressure of age not long after; a village has risen upon its site, and assumed the name of Rocca Giovane. Near the path which leads up to this village issues a spring, called by some writers, the fountain of Bandusia. The road then ran at the foot of Mount Lucretilis, and a more beautiful mountain has rarely been discovered by a traveller or celebrated by a poet. It rises in a gentle but irregular swell, forming several hills of different shapes as it ascends, and leading the eye through various easy gradations to its summit. Rocks and precipices frequently break its lines, and open various caverns and grottos in its sides, and on its declivities. Its lower regions are divided into corn fields and vineyards, groves of olives and of chestnuts interspersed with forest trees thrown negligently about, sometimes single, sometimes in clumps, and now and then in woods; its upper parts are heathy pasture, and in many places covered with brambles, shrubs and forests. Herds may be seen ranging through the meadows, and flocks of goats spread over the wilds and browsing on the precipices. Arcadia itself could scarcely have exhibited more beautiful scenes, or opened more delightful recesses; so that Lucretilis,

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Hoc tibi dictabam post templum putre Vacuna.

Vacuna was the Minerva or perhaps the Victory of the Sabines. The temple here alluded to, or one to Victory on the same site was repaired by Vespasian. This goddess had another temple or at least a grove near Reate and the Velinus. *Plin. lib.* III. *cap.* 12.

without being indebted to poetical exaggeration for the compliment, might easily be supposed to have attracted the attention of the rural divinities, and allured them to its delicious wildernesses.*

About a mile and a half beyond the road which leads to *Rocca Giovane*, we turned up a pathway, and crossing a vineyard found ourselves on the spot where Horace's villa is supposed to have stood. A part of a wall rising in the middle of brambles, and some mosaic pavements, are the only traces that now remain of the poet's mansion. It was probably remarkable neither for its size nor its decorations†; neatness and convenience it must have possessed. *Mundæque parvo sub lare Cœnæ.* Its situation is certainly extremely beautiful. Placed in a little plain or valley in the windings of Mount Lucretilis it is sheltered on the north side by hills rising gradually but very boldly; while towards the south a long hillock, covered with a grove, protects it from the scorching blasts of that quarter. Being open to the east and west it gives a full view of *Rocca Giovane*, formerly Fanum Vacunæ on one side; on the other, two towns, the nearest of which is Digentia, the farthest Civitella, perched each on the pointed summit of a hill present themselves to view; below and forming a sort of basis to these eminences, Ustica

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* Velox amænum sæpe Lucretilem
Mutat Lyceo Faunus, et igneam
Defendit æstatem capellis
Usque meis pluriosque ventos.

† Non ebur, neque aureum
Mea renidet in domo lacunar.

speckled with olives, and spangled with little shining rocks stretches *its recumbent form**.

Behind the house a path, leading through a grove of olives and rows of vines, conducts to an abundant rill descending from *Fonte bello* (perhaps anciently the *Bandusia*) a fountain in the higher regions of the mountain. It is collected in its fall from an artificial cascade into a sort of bason, whence it escapes, pours down the hill and glides through the valley, under the name of Digentia, now Licenza. This rill, if I may judge by its freshness, still possesses the good qualities Horace ascribed to it some centuries ago, and still seems to flow so cool and so clear,

——— Ut nec
Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus.

I must indeed here observe, that the whole tract of country which we have just traversed corresponds in every particular with the description which Horace gave of it two thousand years ago. Not only the grand and characteristic features †—the *continued chain of mountains*—the *shady valley*—the *winding dell*—the *abundant fountain*—the *savage rocks*—features which a

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* Utcunque dulci, Tyndari, fistulâ
Valles et *Usticæ cubantis*
Lævia personuere saxa. *Lib.* I. *Od.* 17.

† Continui montes nisi dissocientur opaca
Valle . . . . . .
Hic in reducta valle caniculæ
Vitabis æstus . . . .
Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus . . . .
. . . . . inhospita tesqua . .
Ruris amæni

general convulsion of nature only can totally efface, not those alone remain, but the less and more perishable beauties—the *little rills*—the *moss-lined stones*—the frequent *groves*—the *arbutus half-concealed in the thickets*—the occasional *pine*—the *oak* and the *ilex suspended* over the grotto—these meet the traveller at every turn, and rise around him as so many monuments of the judgment and the accuracy of the poet*.

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* Rivos et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque
Impune tutum per nemus arbutos
Quæruht latentes—
Quid si rubicunda benigne
Corna vepres et pruna ferunt, si quercus et ilex
Multa fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvat umbrâ—
Imminens villæ pinus . . . .
Cavis impositum ilicem
Saxis . . . .

Cluverius concludes that Horace had a view of Mount Soracte from his Sabine villa, because he commences an ode with the words,

Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte.

But this is not the case, as Mount Lucretilis interposes in that direction and obstructs all view, excepting that of its own varied ridge. The ode alluded to was probably composed at Rome, as the amusements which Horace recommends in the last stanza but one, were peculiar to the city, *nunc et campus et arceæ*, &c. The learned geographer also insists upon Ustica's being a valley, on account of the epithet *cubantis*, which he maintains could not be ascribed to a hill. Most of my readers will probably think otherwise, and conceive that such an epithet is applicable to hills only, and this opinion is confirmed by the name which a hill in the neighbourhood of Mount Lucretilis still bears. Its form is long and rises gradually, as that of a person leaning on his elbow: its surface is marked by a number of white smooth stones; and it is always pointed out as the Ustica alluded to by Horace.

We were less fortunate in this our poetical pilgrimage than usual, as a heavy rain began about twelve o'clock in the day, and accompanied by strong gusts of wind continued pouring in an incessant torrent till twelve at night. It soon penetrated our clothes; the slowness of our mules gave it full time to operate, so that notwithstanding our classical enthusiasm and a few occasional bursts of merriment we trudged along the Via Valeria, wet and benighted, till we reached Tivoli about ten o'clock. Thus we learned by experience, that Horace had some reason to thank the rural divinities for protecting his flocks from the inclemencies of the mountains, and the *rainy winds*, whose effects he seems to have felt and dreaded. The wind continued high and chill during the whole of the following day (Sunday). On Monday the weather resumed its usual serenity, and we returned to Rome.

CHAP. XIX.

THE ALBAN MOUNT AND LAKE—TUSCULUM AND CICERO'S VILLA—ARICIA, AND THE GROVE AND TEMPLE OF DIANA—THE LAKE OF NEMI, AND PALACE OF TRAJAN—ANTIUM—FORESTS AND PLAINS OF LAURENTUM—OSTIA—MOUTH OF THE TIBER.

THE Alban Mount, which forms such a conspicuous and majestic feature of Roman landscape, and presents itself so often to the reader's notice in Roman history and literature next attracted our attention and furnished an object for a second excursion. The road to it is the Via Appia, which begins at the Porta Capena, crosses the *Almone* (lubricus Almo) flowing near the walls, and as it traverses the *Campagna* presents aqueducts and sepulchres that border its sides with ruins.

Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

The Fossa Cluillia,

Horatiorum qua viret sacer campus.

The theatre of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, lies between five and six miles from the gate on the right.

Several tombs stand on the side of the hillock that borders these fields, but no one in particular is pointed out as belonging to the unhappy champions. Their monuments however existed in Livy's time*, and as their forms and materials were probably very plain and very solid, they must have remained for many ages after, and may be some of the many mounds that still stand in clusters about the very place where they fell. The multiplicity of the tombs that line the road is so great, that when entire, and surrounded as several undoubtedly anciently were with cypresses and ornamental enclosures, they must almost have touched each other, and formed a funereal street. This circumstance affords a strong argument, that the environs of the city, at least on this side, could not have been so thickly inhabited as is usually imagined. Besides Cicero, in one of his Epistles, alludes to the danger of being robbed in broad day on the road to Albano†, a circumstance which implies solitude, and gives the plain extending at the foot of the Alban Mount, a reputation similar to that attached not long ago to the predatory districts of Blackheath or Hounslow.

On the side of the hill, on or near the site of the ancient Bovillæ, stands a tavern, the very same if we may credit tradition into which Clodius retired when wounded, and from which he was afterwards dragged by Milo's attendants. Near the gate of Albano on the side of the road rises an ancient tomb, the sepulchre (as it is called by the people) of Ascanius; but in the opinion of antiquaries that of Clodius himself. It is entirely stripped of its ornaments and external coating, and has no other claim to the traveller's attention than its antiquity.

* Lib. i. 25. † Ad. Att. vii. 9.

The town of Albano consists almost totally of one long street, in general well built and airy; but its chief advantage is its lofty situation, and its principal ornament the beautiful country houses and walks that surround it on all sides. The principal villa belongs to a Roman Duke, and occupies part of the site of Pompey's Albanum, and its gardens laid out in the best modern style wind delightfully amidst the ruins. Its views open on the sea coast, and command the whole of that classic ground which Virgil has made the scene of the last six books of the Eneid; the seven hills and the humble capital of Evander, the mouth of the Tiber where Eneas landed, Laurentum with its surrounding forests, the lake of Turnus, the *Vada Sacra Numici*, and all the Rutilian territory. A fine road shaded with double rows of ilex leads from Albano to Castel Gandolfo and the Alban Lake. This well-known lake is seven miles in circumference, and surrounded with a high shelving shore, which is covered with gardens and orchards. The immediate borders of the lake are lined with trees that bathe their branches in its waters. It is clear as crystal, in some places said to be almost unfathomable, and supposed to be contained in the crater of an extinguished volcano. An emissarius or outlet was formed at so early a period as the year of Rome 358, to prevent the sudden and mischievous swells of the lake which had then recently occasioned considerable alarm. The immediate occasion of this undertaking was a command of the Delphic oracle. The work still remains a singular instance of the industry and superstition of the Romans. It is bored through the body of the mountain or rather through the solid rock, and runs somewhat more than a mile under-ground: going out of the lake it first passes through a court or apartment formed of huge masses of Tiburtine stone, shaded above by a large and spreading ilex. It then enters the narrow channel which diminishes in height as

it advances, but in all places leaves room for the purposes of repairing and cleansing*.

On the highest, that is, the southern bank of the lake, stood Alba Longa, a city known only in Roman story, for not a vestige of it remains, dignified while it stood by its contest with infant Rome, and when it fell, by the short but eloquent description which Livy gives of its destruction †. Nothing can be more delightful than the walks around the lake, sometimes approaching the edge of the steep banks and looking down upon the glassy surface extended below, and at other times traversing the thickets and woods that rise all around, and refresh the traveller as he passes under *their vast contiguity of shade.* Another finely shaded alley, partly through woods, leads to Marino, a very pretty town: the approach to it with the rocky dell, the fountain in the midst, the town on the eminence above, the woods below, and on the side of the road, might furnish an excellent subject for a landscape‡.

The same alley continues to Grotta Ferrata, once the favorite villa of Cicero, and now an abbey of Greek monks. It stands on one of the Tumuli or beautiful hills grouped together in the Alban Mount. It is bounded on the south

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* Vide Liv. L. v. c. 16. Cic. De Div. lib. i. 44. Val. Max. cap. vi. This work was finished in less than a year. The Emperor Claudius began a similar emissarius to let out the waters of the Lacus Fucinus, and employed in it thirty thousand men for eleven years.

† Lib. i. 29.

‡ The fountain is supposed to be the source of the Aqua Ferentina, and Marino the Caput Aquæ Ferentinæ, so often mentioned in Roman history.

by a deep dell, with a streamlet that falls from the rock, and turning a mill meanders through the recess and disappears in its windings: this stream, now the *Marana*, was anciently called *Aqua Crabra*, and is alluded to by Cicero. Eastward rises a lofty eminence once crowned with Tusculum; westward the view descends, and passing over the Campagna fixes on Rome and the distant mountains beyond it: on the south, a gentle swell presents a succession of vineyards and orchards, and behind it, towers the summit of the Alban Mount, once crowned with the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. Thus Cicero from his portico enjoyed the noblest and most interesting view that could be imagined, to a Roman and a Consul.

The temple of the tutelary divinity of the empire, the seat of victory and of triumph, and the theatre of his glorious labors, the capital of the world.

Rerum pulcherrima Roma!

That Cicero's Tusculum was extensive, highly finished, and richly adorned with columns, marbles, and statues, there can be no doubt, as he had both the desire and the means of fitting it up according to his own taste and the luxury of the times. That all his villas were remarkable for their beauty we may learn from one of his epistles, where he calls them the brightest ornaments or rather the very eyes of Italy, and it is highly probable that Tusculum surpassed them all in magnificence, as it was his favorite retreat, owing to its proximity to Rome, which enabled him to enjoy the leisure and liberty of solitude without removing to too great a distance from the business and engagements of the city. Moreover, this villa had belonged to Sylla the Dictator, who was not inclined to spare any expense in its embellishments,

and it had been purchased by Cicero at an enormous price, and by him enlarged and furnished with additional ornaments. Among the statues we find, that his library was adorned with those of the muses, and his academy with an hermathena; as he expresses a particular partiality for pictures we may conclude that such decorations were not wanting. Annexed to it were a lyceum, a portico, a gymnasium, a palæstra, a library, and an academy for literary discourses and philosophical declamations; thick groves surrounded it, and afforded the orator and his learned friends a cooler and more rural retreat during the heats of summer. The scenes of several of his philosophical dialogues, as for instance, of that De Divinatione, and of his Tusculan Questions, are laid, as every reader knows, on this classic spot, and their recollection connected with the memory of our early years naturally increases the interest and reverence with which we tread this sacred ground*.

Rura nemusque sacrum dilectaque jugera musis.

* I am well aware that some antiquaries of reputation maintain that Cicero's villa was seated on the very ridge of the mountain, and ground their opinion not only on some Roman bricks inscribed with his name, found in that site, but on the positive statement of an old commentator on Horace. But in the first place, in the plunder of Cicero's villa, which took place in consequence of his exile, the bricks and materials might have been carried off as well as the trees and plants themselves; and in the second place the name and age of the commentator, as well as the sources of his information are all unknown, and consequently his authority cannot be very great. The statues which I have mentioned above of the muses and the hermathena, were found at Grotta Ferrata, though the discovery of those statues, or of any others, can afford but little strength to an opinion, as such articles seldom remain very long in the same place, and are so easily transferable. The principal argument in favor of the common opinion is the constant tradition of the country down to the beginning of the eleventh century, when as it is related by contemporary writers St. Nilus erected his monastery on the ruins of *Cicero's Tusculanum.*

The reader will probably expect a description of the ruins of this villa, which Dr. Middleton and Mr. Melmoth represent as still existing; but in opposition to such respectable authorities, I am sorry to observe, that not even a trace of such ruins is now discoverable. The principal, perhaps the whole of the buildings, still stood at the end of the tenth century, when St. Nilus a Greek monk from Calabria fixed himself on the spot, and after having demolished what remained of the villa erected on its site, and probably with its materials, his monastery, which in process of time became a rich abbey, and as it was first founded, so it is still inhabited by Greek monks of the order of St. Basil. At each end of the portico is fixed in the wall a fragment of basso relievo; one represents a philosopher sitting with a scroll in his hand, in a thinking posture; in the other, are four figures supporting the feet of a fifth of a colossal size, supposed to represent Ajax. These, with the beautiful pillars that support the church, are the only remnants of the decorations and furniture of the ancient villa. *Conjiciant*, says an inscription, *quæ et quanta fuerint* *.

The plane tree, which Cicero in the person of Scævola notices with so much complacency in the introduction to the first book De Oratore, still seems to love the soil, and blooms and flourishes in peculiar perfection all around †. One in particular, bending

* The church contains little remarkable excepting the chapel of St. Nilus, painted by Dominichino in a masterly style. The wall is separated into compartments, and in each compartment is represented one of the principal actions of the patron saint. The Demoniac boy near the altar, and St. Nilus praying near the end of the chapel, are supposed to be the two best.

† Me hæc tua platanus admonuit, quæ non minus ad opacandum hunc locum patulis est diffusa ramis, quam illa cujus umbram secutus est Socrates, quæ mihi

over an abundant fountain, spreads such a luxuriancy of foliage, and forms a shade so thick and impenetrable as would have justified Plato's partiality and Scævola's encomiums.

From Grotta Ferrata we proceeded to the hills that hang over Frescati, the summit of which was once crowned with Tusculum, whose elevation and edifices of white stone made it a beautiful and striking object in Roman landscape*, and communicated its name to all the rural retreats, and there were many, in its neighbourhood. This town survived the hostilities of the barbarians, and was doomed to fall in a civil contest by the hands of the Romans themselves, about the year 1190. Its ruins remain scattered in long lines of wall, and of shattered arches intermingled with shrubs and bushes over the summit and along the sides of the mountain. The view is extensive in every direction, but particularly interesting towards the north-east, where appear immediately under the eye *Monte Catone* and the *Prata Porcia*, once the property of Cato, whose family name they still bear; farther on, the Lake Regillus, well known for the apparition of Castor and Pollux; a little towards the south, Mount Algidus, and the whole Latin vale extended below; Preneste seated on a lofty eminence; and Tibur embosomed in the distant mountains.

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videtur non tam ipsa aquulâ, quæ describitur quam Platonis oratione crevisse. *De Orat.* 1. 7.

The scene of these Dialogues is laid in Crassus's Tusculan villa, the same, if I mistake not, which was afterwards Sylla's and then Cicero's.

* Superni villa candens Tusculi.

Horace here appropriates to the villa of his friend a quality, which it possessed in common with the town, and all the great buildings in the same situation.

The modern town of Frescati stands on the side of the hill, much lower down than the ancient city, but yet in an elevated and airy situation. It is surrounded with villas, many of which are of great beauty and magnificence. Its interior contains nothing remarkable.

The next day we bent our course southward. The first object that struck us out of the gate was the ancient tomb, called by the people the sepulchre of the Horatii and Curiatii. This monument is of great magnitude, and of a bold and striking form. It was originally adorned with five obelisks; of which two only remain. A variety of shrubs grow from its crevices, wave in garlands round its shattered pyramids, and hang in long wreaths to the ground. The melancholy interest which such an appearance awakens will be increased, when the traveller learns that the venerable pile before him may possibly cover the remains of Cneius Pompeius, *nobile nec victum fatis caput**. I say *possibly*, and am willing to adopt this opinion, which is not without authority, yet if it really were true, as Plutarch relates, that Cornelia had her husband's ashes conveyed to Italy, and deposited in his Alban villa, (which it is to be recollected had been seized by Antony) how are we to explain the indignant complaint of Lucan.

> Tu quoque cum sævo dederas jam templa tyranno,
> Nondum Pompeii cineres, O Roma, petisti
> Exul adhuc jacet umbra ducis! *Lib.* VIII. 835.

We may at least infer, that no such event had taken place before Lucan's time, or that it was then unknown, and of course

* Lucan VII.

that no mausoleum had been raised on the occasion. If therefore this monument be in honor of that celebrated Roman, it must have been a mere cenotaph erected at a later period.

About a mile farther on at the end of a finely shaded avenue stands Aricia, where Horace passed the first night of his journey to Brundusium.

> **Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ**
> **Hospitio modico . . . .**

Whatever mode of travelling the poet employed, whether he walked, rode, or drove, he could not have fatigued himself with the length of his stages, as that of the first day was only fourteen miles, and those of the following days very nearly in the same proportion. He has reason, therefore, to use the word *repimus*. But of this classic tour more perhaps hereafter.

The application of the modern article, and a consequent mistake in the spelling very common in the beginning of Italian names, has changed the ancient appellation of this little town into La Riccia. It is extremely well built, and pretty, particularly about the square, adorned with a handsome church on one side, and on the other with a palace or rather a villa. It stands on the summit of a hill, and is surrounded with groves and gardens. Of the ancient town, situated at the foot of the same hill in the valley, there remain only some few arches, a circular edifice once perhaps a temple, and a few scattered substructions. The immense foundations of the Via Appia, formed of vast blocks of stone, rising from the old town up the side of the hill, in general about twenty-four feet in breadth and sometimes almost sixty feet in elevation, are perhaps one of the most striking

monuments that now remain of Roman enterprize and workmanship. This ascent was called Clivus Virbii*, from Hippolytus, who assumed that name when restored to life by Diana.

> At Trivia Hippolitum secretis alma recondit
> Sedibus et nymphæ Egeriæ, nemorique relegat;
> Solus ubi in sylvis Italis ignobilis ævum
> Exigeret, versoque ubi nomine Virbius esset. *Virgil Æn.* VII.

About a mile farther, on an eminence stands a church, called Madonna di Galloro, a very picturesque object at a little distance; and two miles thence rises the town of Gensano, beautiful in its regular streets, its woody environs, and the neighbouring lake of Nemi. This lake derives its modern name from the *Nemus Dianæ* that shaded its banks: like that of Albano it occupies a deep hollow in the mountain, but it is much inferior to it in extent, and fills only a part of the amphitheatre formed by the crater. The remaining part with the high banks is covered with gardens and orchards well fenced and thickly planted, forming an enchanting scene of fertility and cultivation. The castle and the town of Nemi stand on the eastern side, on a high rock hanging over the water. The upper terrace of the Capucins gives the best view. Opposite to it lies Gensano stretched along a wooded bank, shelving gently to the verge of the lake; behind rises Monte Giove *(Mons Jovis)*, and beyond extend the plains and woods that border the sea shore: towards the south-east rises the Monte Artemisio, derived as every reader knows, from Diana, whose temple anciently formed a conspicuous feature in the scenery and history of this territory. Diana was a divinity of

* This place is alluded to by Juvenal and Persius as famous for beggars, full as common and as troublesome in ancient as in modern Italy.

a mixed character, more inclined however to cruelty than to tenderness; and though she delighted principally in the slaughter of wild beasts, yet she now and then betrayed a latent partiality for human victims. Hence, though Roman manners would not allow the goddess to indulge her taste freely, yet she contrived by the mode established in the appointment of her priests to catch an occasional repast. That mode was singular. The priest was always a fugitive, perhaps an outlaw or a criminal; he obtained the honor by attacking and slaying his predecessor, and kept it by the same tenure, that is, till another ruffian stronger or more active dispossessed him in the same manner.

> Regna tenent manibusque fortes, pedibusque fugaces
> Et perit exemplo postmodo quisque suo.
>
> *Ovid. Fast.* III.

This priest enjoyed the title of Rex Nemorensis and always appeared in public brandishing a drawn sword, in order to repel a sudden attack. Yet such a cruel goddess and such a bloody priest, seem ill placed in a scene so soft and so lovely, destined by nature for the abode of health and pleasure, the haunt of Fauns and Dryads, with all the sportive band of rural divinities.

The fable of the restoration of Hippolytus and his concealment in this forest, is much better adapted to its scenery:

> Vallis Aricinæ sylvâ procinctus opacâ
> Est lacus antiqua religione sacer,
> Hic latet Hippolytus, furiis direptus equorum. *Ovid.*

From the base of the rock on which the town of Nemi stands,

gushes the fountain of Egeria* (for this nymph had a fountain and a grove here as well as at Rome) alluded to by Ovid in the following verses:

> Defluit incerto lapidosus murmure rivus
> Sœpe sed exiguis haustibus inde bibes
> Egeria est quæ præbet aquas, Dea grata Camænis
> Illa Numæ conjux, consiliumque fuit.
>
> *Ovid. Fast.* III. *v.* 268.

The fountain is abundant and is one of the sources of the lake. The woods still remain and give the whole scene an inexpressible freshness and beauty in the eye of a traveller fainting under the heat of July, and panting for the coolness of the forest. The Roman Emperors delighted as may naturally be supposed in this delicious spot, and Trajan in particular, who erected in the centre of the lake a palace, for it can scarce be called a ship, of very singular form and construction. This edifice was more than five hundred feet in length, about two hundred and seventy in breadth, and sixty in height, or perhaps more correctly in depth. It was built of the most solid wood fastened with brass and iron nails, and covered with plates of lead which were double in places exposed to the action of the water. Within, it was lined and paved with marble, or a composition resembling marble, its ceilings supported by beams of brass, and the whole adorned and fitted up in a style truly imperial. It was supplied by pipes

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* I need not remind the reader of the transformation of the Nymph into this very fountain, and Ovid's pretty account of it,

> Montisque jacens radicibus imis
> Liquitur in lacrumas—donec pietate dolentis
> Mota soror Phœbi, gelidum de corpore fontem
> Fecit et æternas artus tenuavit in undas. *Ovid. Met.*

with abundance of the purest water from the fountain of Egeria, not only for the use of the table but even for the ornament of the courts and apartments. This wonderful vessel was moored in the centre of the lake, which thus encircled it like a wide moat round a Gothic, I might almost say an enchanted castle; and to prevent the swelling of the water an outlet was opened through the mountain like that of the Alban Lake, of less magnificence indeed, but greater length. On the borders of the lake various walks were traced out, and alleys opened, not only as beautiful accompaniments to the edifice, but as accommodations for the curious who might flock to see such a singularly splendid exhibition. When this watery palace sunk we know not, but it is probable that it was neglected, and had disappeared before the invasion of the barbarians, as may be conjectured from the quantity of brass that remained in it according to the account of *Marchi*, a learned and ingenious Roman, who in the year 1535 descended in a diving machine, and made such observations as enabled him to give a long and accurate description, from whence the particulars stated above have been extracted*. It is much to be lamented, that some method has not been taken to raise this singular fabric, as it would probably contribute from its structure and furniture to give us a much greater insight into the state of the arts at that period than any remnant of antiquity which has hitherto been discovered. The traveller returning may wind through the delightful woods that flourish between the two lakes and enter *Albano* by the abbey of S. Paolo, or rather by the fine avenue of *Castle Gandolfo*.

* See Broutier's Tacitus, Supp. App. and Notes on Trajan.

On the following day we ascended the highest pinnacle of the Alban Mount. The road which we took (for there are several) leads along the Alban Lake, and climbs up the declivity to a little town or rather village, called *Rocca del Papa*. Above that village extends a plain called *Campo d'Annibale*, because that General is said, I know not upon what authority, to have been encamped there for some days. The hollow sweep formed in the mountain beyond this plain has given it its modern appellation of *Monte Cavo*. Above this plain we proceeded through the woods that clothe the upper region of the mountain, the "*Albani tumuli atque luci*," and sometimes on the ancient pavement of the *Via Triumphalis* that led to its summit. From this grove came the Voice that commanded the continuation of the Alban rites, and on this summit stood the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, where all the Latin tribes with the Romans at their head used to assemble once a year, and offer common sacrifice to the tutelar Deity of the nation. Hither the Roman generals were wont to repair at the head of their armies after a triumph, and in the midst of military pomp and splendor present their grateful acknowledgment to the Latin Jupiter. To this temple Cicero turned his eyes and raised his hand, when he burst forth in that noble apostrophe, "Tuque ex tuo edito Monte Latiaris Sancte Jupiter cujus ille lacus nemora finesque," &c. We may safely conclude, that a temple of such repute and such importance must have been magnificent, and accordingly we find that Augustus appointed a regular corps of troops to guard it and its treasures. The effect of this superb edifice raised on such a lofty pedestal, and towering above the sacred groves, must have been unusually grand, not only in the towns and villages at the foot of the mountain but in Rome itself, and over all the surrounding country. The view, as may be supposed, is exten-

sive and varied, taking in the two lakes with all the towns around them, and in the various recesses of the mountain, the hills and town of Tusculum, Mount Algidus, the Alban Vale, the Campagna bordered by distant mountains, with Soracte rising in solitary dignity on one side, and Rome reposing in pomp on her seven hills in the centre; the sea coast with Ostia, Antium, Nettuno; the woods and plains that border the coast; and the island of Pontia, (remarkable under the first Emperors as the prison of many illustrious exiles) like a mist rising out of the waters.

But the most interesting object by far in this prospect is the truly classic plain expanded immediately below, the theatre of the last six books of the Eneid, and once adorned with Ardea, Lavinium, and Laurentum. The forest in which Virgil laid the scene of the achievements and fall of the two youthful heroes Euryalus and Nisus; the Tiber winding through the plain, and the groves that shade its banks and delighted the Trojan hero on his arrival; all these are displayed clear and distinct beneath the traveller while seated on the substructions of the temple, he may consider them at leisure, and if he pleases, compare them with the description of the poet. The Alban Mount is, in fact, in the Eneid what Mount Ida is in the Iliad, the commanding station whence the superintending divinities contemplated the armies, the city, the camp, and all the motions and vicissitudes of the war.

> At Juno ex summo qui nunc Albanus habetur
> (Tunc neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria monti)
> Prospiciens tumulo, campum spectabat et ambas
> Laurentûm Troûmque acies, urbemque Latini.
>
> *Æn.* XII. 133.

Of the temple nothing remains but parts of the foundations,

and they are too insignificant to enable the observer to form any conjecture of the extent or form of the superstructure. The ground is now occupied by a church and convent, remarkable for nothing but its situation; but it is highly probable that some remains of the temple, some pillars or fragments of pillars, of friezes and cornices might with very little trouble be discovered, and the capital of one pillar would be sufficient to fix the elevation of the whole structure.

The air on the Alban and Tusculan hills is always pure and wholesome, the soil is extremely fertile, and in some places, remarkable now as anciently for excellent wine. The best now bears the name, as it grows in the neighbourhood, of *Gensano*, anciently *Cynthianum*.

As *Albano* is not above ten miles distant from the coast, we took an opportunity of making an excursion thither and visiting *Antium*, the capital of the *Volsci*, often mentioned in Roman annals. The road to it runs along the Alban hills, then over the Campagna, and through a forest bordering the sea coast for many miles. It contains some very fine oaks, though the far greater part were cut down and sold to the French some time before the revolution. The fall of so much wood, though at the distance of thirty miles from Rome, is said to have affected the air of that city so far, as to render some of the hills formerly remarkably salubrious, now subject to agues and fevers, by exposing them to the winds that blow from the marshes on the shore. The wood consists of young oak, ilex, myrtle, and box, and is peculiarly refreshing, not from its shade only but by the perfumes that exhale on all sides from its odoriferous shrubs. This pleasure however is considerably diminished by the apprehension of

robbers, an apprehension not altogether ill-grounded, as all the criminals who escape from Rome and its neighbourhood betake themselves to this forest, and lurk for years in its recesses. Its extent is great, as with little interruption it runs along the coast sometimes five, sometimes ten miles in breadth, from the mouth of the *Tiber* to Circe's promontory. The ground it covers is low and sometimes swampy.

Antium was once a considerable port, improved, augmented, and embellished by Nero, and much resorted to by the higher classes of the Romans who adorned it with many magnificent villas; it was however more remarkable for the Temple of Fortune alluded to by Horace, and for a long time in high celebrity*. Of this temple, and of the structures raised by Nero, nothing now remains but subterraneous arches and vast foundations. The port has been repaired and fortified by some of the late pontiffs, but though capable of admitting large vessels it is totally unfrequented†. A few straggling houses alone remain of the town, though some handsome villas shew that the beauty and coolness of the situation deserve more attention and a better fate. In fact, *Antium*, situated on the point of a little promontory, sheltered by woods behind and washed by the sea before, and commanding an extensive view of the Roman coast to *Ostia* and the mouth of the *Tiber* on one side, and to *Astura*, and Circe's promontory on the other, might attract the eye of a man of taste and opulence. *Astura* is an island and promontory about six miles by sea from *Antium;* it once belonged to Cicero, and seems to have been a

* O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium. *Lib.* 1. *Od.*

† The town of Nettuno, near Antium, seems to be the remains of its ancient port.

favorite retreat; he hastened to it from his Tusculan villa with his brother on receiving intelligence of the proscription, and sailed from it to his Formian. He passed a considerable part of his time here while mourning the death of his daughter Tullia, and seems to have fixed upon it as the site of the temple which he had resolved to erect to her memory. "Est hic," says he, "quidem locus amænus et in mari ipso, qui et Antio et Circæis aspici possit*," and expresses a wish to secure that monument of his parental tenderness against the consequences of a change of proprietors, and the vicissitudes of all succeeding ages. Fond wishes! vain precautions! Wherever the intended temple may have been erected, it has long since disappeared, without leaving a single vestige behind to enable even the inquisitive traveller to trace its existence. Some doubt indeed, may be entertained about its erection, though as Cicero had seen and approved a plan, and even authorized Atticus to enter into an agreement with a Chian artist for the pillars, it is highly probable that it was erected, and if we may judge from the expression above quoted, at *Astura*, where, I have no doubt, some remains might if properly sought for be discovered.

The next day we again amused ourselves in ranging through the groves that overshadow the ruins of Pompey's villa, and the woods that border the lakes and flourish in the middle regions of the mountain.

A few days after our return to Rome we determined to visit *Ostia*, once the port of that capital and great mart of the Mediterranean. It is fifteen miles from it; the road at first runs through

* Ad. Atts. xii. 19.

two ridges of hills, and afterwards over a fertile plain bounded by the same ridges, and forming a sort of wide verdant amphitheatre intersected by the *Tiber*. The face of the country the whole way is fertile and green, and varied by several gentle swells but deficient in wood, and consequently in beauty. The sea coast, however, even at the distance of four or five miles is bordered with a wood of ilex and various shrubs intermixed with large trees and entangled with underwood, forming a forest which lies, poetically speaking, near the spot where the unfortunate Euryalus bewildered himself; it accurately answers the description of it given by Virgil.

> Sylva fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra
> Horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes
> Rara per occultos lucebat semita calles. Lib. IX. 381.

I have said poetically speaking, as it will appear to the most negligent reader that the poet did not mean to adhere to the letter in his topographical descriptions, otherwise we shall be reduced to the necessity of supposing that in the space of a few minutes, or at the utmost of an hour, Nisus left his friend not far from the camp on the banks of the *Tiber*, reached the Alban hill and lake fifteen miles off, and returned back again. In this forest are several large shallow pools whose stagnant waters are supposed to infect the air, and contribute not a little to its unwholesomeness. The *Tiber* is rapid and muddy; its banks are shaded with a variety of shrubs and flowery plants, and are perhaps beautiful enough to justify the description of Virgil.

> Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum
> Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amæno
> Vorticibus rapidis et multâ flavus arenâ
> In mare prorumpit. Variæ circumque supraque
> Adsuetæ ripis volucres, et fluminis alveo
> Æthera mulcebant cantu, lucoque volabant. *Æn.* VII.

The stream though divided into branches is yet considerable. The southern branch into which Æneas entered is not navigable*. The largest is called *Fiumecino:* on its northern bank stands *Porto*, the ancient *Portus Romanus*, projected by Julius Cæsar, begun by Augustus, finished by Claudius, and repaired by Trajan. To form a solid foundation for part of the mole Claudius ordered the ship or raft constructed under his predecessor Caligula, in order to convey the Vatican obelisk from Egypt to Rome, to be sunk. Such was its vast bulk, that it occupied nearly one side of the port. Of this port scarce a trace remains: the town is insignificant, though a bishopric. The island formed by the two branches of the river was called Insula Sacra.

The present town of *Ostia* is a miserable fortified village, containing scarcely fifty sickly inhabitants. Such is the badness of the air, real or supposed, that none but malefactors and banditti will inhabit it. The ancient town lay nearer the sea, as appears by the inside or brick walls of some temples, vaults of baths, mosaics, &c. Excavations have been made, and statues, pillars, and the most precious marbles found in abundance, and many more will probably be discovered if the excavations be continued. One of the party, while looking for pieces of marble amidst the heaps of rubbish, found a small Torso of the Venus of Medicis, about four inches in length. It was white and fresh as if just come from the hands of the artist. This town was anciently of considerable size and importance. It seems to have been three or four miles in circumference, and the residence of opulence and luxury, if we may judge by the number of temples

* Lævus inaccessis fluvius vitatur arenis
Hospitis Æneæ gloria sola manet. *Rutil.*

and aqueducts (one of which lines the road from Rome) and by the rich materials found among its ruins.

From the account which I have given of the country bordering on the coast, it will be found to present nearly the same features as in the time of Pliny, who thus describes the view along the road that crossed it, in one of his letters:—"*Varia hinc et inde facies. Nam modo occurentibus sylvis via coarctatur, modo latissimis pratis diffunditur et patescit: multi greges ovium, multa ibi equorum boumque armenta**." This appearance of the country extends all along the coast, and even over the Pomptine marshes.

Laurentum, the superb capital,

> . . . . . turres et tecta Latini
> Ardua,

stood on the coast about six miles from *Ostia*, on the spot now occupied by a village or rather a solitary tower, called *Paterno*. No vestiges remain of its former magnificence, excepting an aqueduct, a circumstance not surprising, as it probably owed all that magnificence to the imagination of the poet. A little higher up and nearer the Alban hills rises *Prattica*, the old *Lavinium*. Between these towns flows, from the *Lacus Turni*, a streamlet that still bears the hero's name, and is called *Rivo di Torno*. *Ardea* the capital of the *Rutilians* is still farther on, on the banks of the *Numicus*. The forest around was called the *Laurentia Sylva*, as also *Laurentia Palus*, from the many pools interspersed about it, as I have already remarked, and then as

* 2 Epist. 17.

now the resort of swine, though that breed seems considerably diminished.

> Ac veluti ille canum morsu de montibus altis
> Actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
> Defendit, multosque palus Laurentia sylvâ
> Pastus arundineâ. *Æn.* x.

The whole of this coast, now so lonely and abandoned, was anciently covered with seats resembling villages or rather little towns, forming an almost uninterrupted line along the shore, and covering it with life, animation and beauty. "*Littus ornant varietate gratissima, nunc continua, nunc intermissa tecta villarum quæ præstant multarum urbium faciem,*" says Pliny in the letter already cited. It seems even to have been considered as healthy; for Herodian informs us that, during the plague which ravaged Rome and the empire under Commodus, the Emperor retired to *Laurentum*, as the sea air perfumed by the odor of the numerous laurels that flourished along the coast was considered as a powerful antidote against the effects of the pestilential vapors*.

* Herodian, lib. i. 36.

CHAP. XX.

JOURNEY TO NAPLES—VELLETRI—POMPTINE MARSHES—FERONIA—TERRACINA, ANXUR—FONDI AND ITS LAKE—MOUNT CÆCUBUS—GAIETA—CICERO'S VILLA AND TOMB—LIRIS—MOUNT MASSICUS—FALERNUS AGER—NAPLES.

SHORTLY after our return from the coast we prepared for our journey to Naples, and set out accordingly on Friday the twenty-seventh of May, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The clouds had been gathering the whole morning, and we had scarcely time to pass the *Porta Capena*, when the storm burst over us with tremendous fury; it was the first we had experienced in Italy, and remarkable for the livid glare of the lightning, and the sudden and rapid peals of thunder resembling the explosion of artillery. The re-echo from the mountains round, gradually losing itself in the Apennines, added much to the grand effect. On the Campagna there was no shelter; our drivers therefore only hastened their pace, and whirled us along with amazing rapidity. However the storm was as short as it was violent; it had diminished when we reached the stage called the *Torre de Mezzavia*, anciently *Ad Mediam*, and after changing horses we drove on to *Albano*. From *Albano* the road winds at present, or at least winded when we passed it, round the beautiful little valley of *Aricia*, formed by some of the lower ramifications of the Alban Mount, and presented

on the left a fine view of *Albano*, *Aricia*, *Galaura*, *Monte Giove*, *Gensano*, all gilded by the rays of the sun, just then bursting from the skirts of the storm and *taking his farewell sweet*. These glowing tints were set off to great advantage by the dark back ground formed by the groves and evergreen forests that clothe the higher regions of the mountain. Night shortly after closed upon us, and deprived us of several interesting views which we might have enjoyed from the lofty situation of the road, which still continued to run along the side of the hill. Among other objects we lost on our left the view of *Lavinia*, anciently *Lanuvium*, so often mentioned by Cicero as connected with Milo*, and alluded to by Horace as infested by wolves†.

We arrived about twelve o'clock at *Velletri*, an ancient town of the *Volsci*, that still retains its former name and consideration. It became a Roman colony at a very early period, and was the seat of the Octavian family and the birth-place of Augustus. Though it contains some considerable edifices, particularly palaces, yet it appears ill built and gloomy. Its situation, however, is very fine. Placed on the southern extremity of the Alban hills, it commands on one side, over a deep valley, a view of Cora and the Volscian mountains; and on the other, of a fertile plain, late the Pomptine marshes, bounded by the sea and Circe's promontory. The country through the two next stages is extremely green and fertile, presenting rich meadows adorned with forest scenery, whose mild beauties form a striking contrast with the harsh features of the bordering mountains. The

* Cic. Pro. Mil.

† . . . . . ab agro
Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino. *Lib.* III. 27.

village of *Cisterna*, probably on the site of the *Tres Tabernæ*, is lively and pleasing. At *Torre de tre Ponti*, the ancient *Tripuntium*, several milliary stones, columns, &c. dug up on the Appian road when repaired by the late Pope, will attract the attention of the traveller. Near it stood *Forum Appii*, built at the time the road was made, and inhabited by innkeepers and the boatmen who plied on the canal that crossed the marshes*.

Here commence the famous Pomptine marshes, and at the same time the excellent road formed through them on the substructions of the Appian by the same pontiff. This road runs on an exact level, and in a strait line for thirty miles. It is bordered on both sides by a canal, and shaded by double rows of elms and poplars. It is crossed by two rivers, the *Ufens* and the *Amasenus*, which still retain their ancient appellations, and remind the traveller of some beautiful descriptions, and particularly of the affecting adventure of Metabus, so well told by Virgil.

The *Pomptinæ Paludes* derive their appellation from *Pometium*, a considerable town of the *Volsci*. Though this city was so opulent as to enable Tarquin to build the Capitol with its plunder, yet it had totally disappeared even before the time of Pliny. It is difficult to discover the precise date of the origin of these marshes. Homer, and after him Virgil, represent the abode of Circe as an island, and Pliny alluding to Homer quotes this opinion, and confirms it by the testimony of Theophrastus, who, in the year of Rome 440, gives this island a circumference of eighty stadia or about ten miles. It is not improbable that this vast plain, even now so little raised above the level of the sea,

* Differtum nautis, cauponibus atque malignis. *Hor.*

may, like the territory of *Ravenna* on the eastern coast, have once been covered by the waves. Whatever may have been its state in fabulous times, the same Pliny relates, on the authority of a more ancient Latin writer, that at an early period of the Roman republic, the tract of country afterwards included in the marshes contained thirty-three cities, all of which gradually disappeared before the ravages of war, or the still more destructive influence of the increasing fens. These fens are occasioned by the quantity of water carried into the plain by numberless streams that rise at the foot of the neighbouring mountains, and for want of sufficient declivity creep sluggishly over the level space, and sometimes stagnate in pools, or lose themselves in the sands. The principal of these streams are, the *Astura*, the *Nymfa*, the *Teppia*, the *Aqua Puzza*, in the upper; and the *Amasenus* and *Ufens* in the lower marshes*. The pools or lakes line the coast, and extend from the neighbourhood of the mouth of the *Astura* to the promontory of Circe. The flat and swampy tract spread from these lakes to the foot of the Volscian mountains, and covered an extent of eight miles in breadth and thirty in length, with mud and infection. The loss of so much fertile and valuable land, and the exhalations arising from such a vast tract of swamp, carried, not unfrequently to the Capital itself by the southerly winds, must have attracted the attention of a people so active and industrious as the ancient Romans. Appius Claudius, about three hundred years before the Christian era, when employed in carrying his celebrated road across these marshes, made the first attempt to drain them, and his example was, at long intervals, followed by various consuls, emperors, and kings, down to the Gothic Theo-

* Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus, gelidusque per imas
Quærit iter valles, atque in mare conditur Ufens. *Virg. Æn.* VII.

doric inclusively. The wars that followed the death of this prince, the devastation of Italy, and the weakness and unsettled state of the Roman government, withdrew its attention from cultivation, and left the waters of the *Paludes* to their natural operation. The Popes, however, when their sovereignty was established and their attention no longer distracted by the piratical visits of distant or the inroads of neighbouring barbarians, turned their thoughts to the amelioration of the inundated territory; and we find accordingly that from Boniface VIII. down to the late pontiff Pius VI. no less than fifteen Popes have attempted this grand undertaking. Most of these efforts were attended with partial, none with full success. Whether the failure is to be ascribed to the deficiency of the means employed at the beginning, or the neglect of repairs and want of continual attention afterwards, it is difficult to determine; though from the skill and opulence of the Romans it is more natural to attribute the defect either to the nature of the evil in itself irremediable, or to the distracting circumstances of the intervening times.

Of the methods employed by Appius, and afterwards by the Consul Cethegus, we know little, though not the road only but the traces of certain channels dug to draw the water from it, and mounds raised to protect it from sudden swells of water, are traditionally ascribed to the former. Julius Cæsar is said to have revolved in his mighty mind a design worthy of himself, of turning the course of the *Tiber* from *Ostia*, and carrying it through the Pomptine territory and marshes to the sea at *Terracina*. This grand project which existed only in the mind of the Dictator perished with him, and gave way to the more moderate but more practicable plan of Augustus, who endeavoured to

carry off the superfluous waters by opening a canal all along the Via Appia from Forum Appii to the grove of Feronia. It was customary to embark on this canal at night time, as Strabo relates and Horace practised *, because the vapors that arise from these swamps are less noxious during the coolness of the night than in the heat of the day. Many of the inconveniencies of the marshes still continued to be felt, as appears from Horace's complaints †, and the epithet applied by Lucan to the Via Appia.

Et qua Pomptinas Via dividit *Uda* paludes.

However the canal opened by Augustus still remains, and is called the *Cavata*. The luxury and improvident policy of the immediate successors of Augustus, and the civil wars that raged under Galba, Otho, Vitellius and Vespasian, diverted their attention from works of peace and improvement; so that the marshes had again increased and the waters swelled, so as to render the Via Appia nearly impassable ‡. At length Nerva resumed the task, and his glorious successor Trajan carried it on during ten years and with so much activity that the whole extent

* Horace embarked in the evening, and arrived at Feronia about ten o'clock next morning; having travelled about seven-and-twenty miles in sixteen hours. The muleteer seems to have been as slow and as sleepy as modern German drivers.

† Aqua . . teterrima . . .
mali culices, ranæque palustres.

‡ Silius Italicus, who flourished in this interval, appears to have given an accurate description of them as they were in his time, though he is speaking of the age of Hannibal—

Et quos pestifera Pomptini uligine campi;
Qua Saturæ nebulosa palus restagnat, et atro
Liventes cæno per squalida turbidus arva
Cogit aquas Ufens atque inficit æquora limo. *Sil. Ital.* lib. VIII.

of country from *Treponti* to *Terracina* was drained, and the Via Appia completely restored in the third consulate of that Emperor. This event is commemorated in three inscriptions, one of which may be seen on a marble slab at the village of *Treponti;* another more explicit was found near the forty-second mile stone on the Via Appia; and the third exists on a stone in one of the angles of the wall of the cathedral at *Terracina.* During the convulsions of the following centuries, the marshes were again overflowed, and again drained by Cecilius Decius in the reign of Theodoric. The commencement of this work is announced in an epistle drawn up in the declamatory style of the times, and addressed by the Gothic prince to the senate. Its success is acknowledged in another to Decius, containing a grant of the lands drained by him free from taxes for ever.

Of the different popes who have revived this useful enterprise, Boniface II., Martin V., and Sixtus Quintus carried it on with a vigor adequate to its importance, and a magnificence worthy of the ancient Romans. But the short reigns of these benevolent and enterprising sovereigns did not permit them to accomplish their grand designs, and their successors of less genius or less activity contented themselves with issuing briefs and imposing obligations on the communities and proprietors to support and repair the drains. The glory of finally terminating this grand undertaking, so often attempted and so often frustrated, was reserved for the late pontiff Pius VI. who immediately on his elevation to the papal throne turned his attention to the Pomptine marshes. The level was taken with precision, the depth of the different canals and outlets sounded, the degree of declivity in the beds of the rivers ascertained, and at length the work begun in the year 1778. It was carried

on with incredible ardor and vast expense for the space of ten years, and at length crowned with complete success and closed in the year 1788. The impartial reader will readily acknowledge that much praise is due to the pontiff who, in spite of every difficulty, and many occurred not only from the nature of the work, but from the petty interests, intrigues, and manœuvres of the parties concerned, had the courage to commence, and the perseverance to complete, an undertaking of such magnitude. The *unproductive marsh forced to bear the plough* and maintain the *neighbouring cities*, the river restrained from inundations and *taught a better course*, are considered by Horace* as the most glorious of Augustus's achievements, and with reason, if glory be the result of utility. Yet Augustus had the immense resources of the Roman empire at his command; he had idle legions to employ instead of laborers, and his success was partial only and temporary. In truth the draining of the Pomptine marshes is one of the most useful as well as most difficult works ever executed, and reflects more lustre on the reign of Pius VI. than the dome of the Vatican, all glorious as it is, can confer on the memory of Sixtus Quintus†.

I have said that the success was complete; it is however understood that the canals of communication be kept open, and

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* Art. Poet. 64.

† It is fortunate for the Pope, and indeed for catholics in general, that there is such clear and frequent mention of the Pomptine marshes in ancient authors; otherwise these destructive swamps would undoubtedly have been attributed by such travellers as Burnet, Addison, Misson, &c. to the genius of the papal government, and the nature of the catholic religion, to indolence, superstition, ignorance, &c.

the beds of the streams cleared*. The difference between the latter and all preceding attempts is this; on former occasions the level was not taken in all parts with sufficient accuracy, and of course the declivity necessary for the flow of the waters not every where equally secured. This essential defect has been carefully guarded against on the late occasion, and the emissarii or great drains so conducted as to insure a constant current. The principal fault at present is said to be in the distribution of the land drained, the greater part of which having been purchased by the Camera Apostolica was given over to the Duke of Braschi. The Roman noblemen have never been remarkable for their attention to agriculture, and the duke content probably with the present profit is not likely to lay out much in repairs, particularly in times so distressing as the present. Had the land been divided into lesser portions, and given to industrious families, it might have been cultivated better, and the drains cleansed and preserved with more attention. The government indeed ought to have charged itself with that concern, but in governments where the people have no influence, public interests are seldom attended to, with zeal, constancy, and effect.

When we crossed the Pomptine marshes, fine crops of corn covered the country on our left, and seemed to wave to the very foot of the mountains; while on the right numerous herds of cattle and horses grazed in extensive and luxuriant pastures. Nor indeed is the reader to imagine, that when the marshes were in their worst state they presented in every direction a dreary and

* It is reported that since the last French invasion these necessary precautions have been neglected, and that the waters begin to stagnate again.

forbidding aspect to the traveller or sportsman who ranged over them. On the side towards the sea they are covered with extensive forests, that enclose and shade the lakes which border the coasts. These forests extend with little interruption from Ostia to the promontory of Circe, and consist of oak, ilex, bay, and numberless flowering shrubs. To the north, rises Monte Albano with all its tumuli, and all the towns and cities glittering on their summits. To the south, towers the promontory of Circe on one side, and the shining rock of Anxur on the other; while the Volscian mountains, sweeping from north to south in a bold semicircle, close the view to the east. On their sides the traveller beholds Cora, Sezza, Piperno, like aerial palaces shining in contrast with the brown rugged rock that supports them. These towns are all ancient, and nearly retain their ancient names. The walls and two Doric temples still attest the magnificence of Cora. Setia is characteristically described in the well known lines of Martial, which point out at once both its situation and principal advantage.

Quæ paludes delicata Pomptinas
Ex arce clivi spectat uva Setini.

The town is still as anciently little, but it no longer possesses the delicate and wholesome wines which it anciently boasted; for although vineyards still cover the hills around and spread even over the plains below, yet the grape is supposed to have lost much of its flavor. Piperno is the *Priverni antiqua urbs* of Virgil, whence the father of Camilla was expelled. The road from Rome to Naples passed through these towns before the late restoration of the Via Appia, and the draining of the marshes.

To continue our route. The post-house called Mesa was the

ancient *Admedias Paludes.* At the extremity of the marshes we crossed the Amasenus, now united with the Ufens, and falling with it into the canal on the right. The bridge is handsome and graced with an inscription, in a very classical style, relative to the change made in the bed of the former river. It runs as follows:

> Qua leni resonans prius susurro
> Molli flumine sese agebat Oufens
> Nunc rapax Amasenus it lubens: et
> Vias dedidicisse ait priores
> Ut Sexto gereret Pio jubenti
> Morem, neu sibi ut ante jure possit
> Viator male dicere aut colonus.

The Amasenus is indeed here a deep and rapid stream, and was when we passed it clear, though it carried with it such a mass of water from the marshes. The scenery around the bridge is wooded, cool, and was to us particularly refreshing. The stream was full and rapid as when Metabus reached its banks.

> Ecce fugæ medio summis Amasenus abundans
> Spumabat ripis, tantis se nubibus imber
> Ruperat. *Virgil Æn.* XI.

The woods and thickets around seem to present the same scenery as anciently, and correspond well with the rest of the history, the solitary education and half-savage life of Camilla. We were now about to emerge from these marshes, the only of the kind ever dignified by classic celebrity. They have at length laid aside their horrors, and appeared to us clothed with harvest, and likely again to become what they were in the early ages of the Roman republic, the granary of Latium. Livy relates that the Romans under the apprehension of scarcity had recourse to the Pomptine territory for corn. Now the hilly part of that territory produced much wine indeed, but little corn; the latter

must therefore have grown in the plains which have since become the marshes*. They still retain their forests, the haunt now as anciently of wild boars, of stags, and sometimes of robbers†; and their numerous streams, the resort of various kinds of excellent fish; hence they are still much frequented by fishermen, and indeed by sportsmen of all descriptions.

Between two and three miles from Terracina, a few paces from the road, a little ancient bridge crosses a streamlet‡ issuing from the fountain of Feronia.

Viridi gaudens Feronia luco. *Virgil.* VII. 800.

The grove in which this goddess was supposed to delight has long since fallen; one only solitary ilex hangs over the fountain. The temple has sunk into the dust, not even a stone remains! Yet she had a better title to the veneration of the benevolent than all the other goddesses united. She delighted in freedom, and took deserving slaves under her protection. They received their liberty by being seated on a certain chair in her temple, inscribed with these words, *Bene meriti servi sedeant: surgant liberi*§. The rocky eminence of *Anxur* now rose full before us, seemed to advance towards the sea, and as we approached presented to our view a variety of steep cliffs. On the side of one of these craggy hills stands the old town of *Terracina* looking towards the marshes *(prona in paludes)*: the new town descends gradually towards the beach and lines the shore; it was considerably augmented by the late Pope, who built a palace,

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* Liv. IV. 25. † Juvenal, Sat. III.

‡ The streamlet is mentioned by Horace:

Ova manusque tuâ lavimus Feronia lymphâ.

§ See Servius, quoted by Cluverius, 1014.

and resided here during the spring and autumn, in order to urge on by his presence his favorite undertaking. On the ridge of the mountain stood the ancient *Anxur*, and on the summit immediately over the sea, rose the temple of Jupiter, on a conspicuous and commanding site, whence he was supposed to preside over all the circumjacent country*, and regulate the destiny of its inhabitants. On this pinnacle still remain two vast squares, consisting each of a number of arches, and forming probably the substruction of the temple of Jupiter and that of Apollo. The colonnades of these two temples, the color of the rock which supported them, and the lofty walls and towers of the city which enclosed them and crowned the cliff, gave *Anxur* the splendor and majesty so often alluded to by the poets.

Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur. *Hor.*
Superbus Anxur. *Mart.*
Arcesque superbi Anxuris. *Statius.*

The situation of *Terracina* reclining on the side of the mountain, and stretched along the shore, is very picturesque; its long lines of white edifices, and particularly the facade of the Pope's palace, give it a general appearance of magnificence. However, it possesses few objects of curiosity. The cathedral is a dark and dismal pile; it contains some antique pillars and monuments, and suffered much from the French. Some slight traces of the ancient port, repaired by Antoninus, are still visible. This town seems to have been rising rapidly into consideration by its increasing commerce, till the late invasion of the French checked its growth and threw it back into insignificance;

* Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis
Præsidet . . . .

and indeed few places seem better calculated for bathing and public resort than *Terracina;* its beach is flat, its sands level and solid, the sea tranquil, a river bathes its walls, and the scenery around is rich, bold, and variegated. Hence, in ancient times, it was a place much frequented during the summer, and noticed and celebrated by the poets.

> O Nemus, O fontes, solidumque madentis arenæ
> Littus, et æquoreis splendidus Anxur aquis;
> Et non unius spectator lectulus undæ
> Qui videt hinc puppes fluminis, inde maris.
>
> *Martial, Lib.* x.

Martial elsewhere alludes to the salubrity of the place, and its waters; as when speaking of several delightful retreats along the same coast he mentions the two points that close on each side the bay of *Terracina.*

> Seu placet Eneia nutrix, seu filia solis,
> Sive salutiferis candidus Anxur aquis. *Lib.* v.

If the traveller can spare a day he may hire a boat, and sail along the coast to the promontory of Circe, which forms so conspicuous a feature in his prospect and appears from *Terracina,* as Homer and Virgil poetically describe it, a real island. As he ranges over its lofty cliffs he will recollect the splendid fictions of the one, and the harmonious lines of the other. He may traverse the unfrequented groves, but instead of the palace of Circe he will discover the lonely village of *Santa Felicita,* a few solitary towers hanging over the sea, and perhaps some faint traces of the ancient *Circeia,* covered with bushes and overgrown with shrubs. Nearly opposite *Terracina* and the promontory of Circe, but visible only from the hills, lie a cluster of islands, the principal of which, *Ponza* now, anciently *Pontia,* was little

noticed under the republic, but ennobled under the Cæsars by the exile and death of several illustrious victims of imperial tyranny.

Five or six miles from *Terracina* at the foot of a high hill, in a defile with the rock on one side and the sea on the other, called *Passo di Portella*, stands a tower with a gate, forming the barrier between the Roman and Neapolitan territories. It is called *Torre del Epitaffio*, and is occupied by a few Neapolitan troops, the commander of which examines the passports. We had now entered the territory of the *Aurunci* or *Ausonians*, a people who under the latter appellation gave their name to all Italy. Their territory however was not extensive, nor was their power ever great. A little beyond the tower, the mountains seem to recede, the country opens and gradually expands into the fertile valley of *Fondi*. The *Via Appia* intersects it nearly in the middle. On the right between the road and the sea we beheld a fine expanse of water, the *Lacus Fundanus* or *Amyclanus**, formed by several streams which, falling from the mountains, cross the plain and empty themselves in its bosom. Its borders, towards the road, are covered with myrtle, poplars, luxuriant shrubs and flowers. Such was also its ancient dress†. It is separated from the sea by a forest; and indeed the whole vale is beautifully adorned with orange and citron trees, interspersed with cypress and poplars.

Fondi is a little town, consisting of one street on the *Via Appia* which is here in its ancient form, that is, composed of large flags, fitted together with wonderful art, although in

* Still *Lago di Fondi.* † Pliny xiv. 6.

their natural shape, and without cement. With regard to the appearance of the town* I must observe, that two circumstances must necessarily give almost all southern towns a gloomy appearance; in the first place, the streets are generally narrow; and in the second, the windows are seldom glazed. These deformities, for such they are in our eyes, are the natural consequences of the climate, and prevailed in ancient as well as in modern Italy and Greece. Even in Rome itself, new modelled and improved by Augustus, the streets were narrow, and remained so till the city was rebuilt by Nero after the conflagration †. The wines of this territory, and indeed of this coast, were anciently in high repute, and still enjoy some reputation.

The mountain which the traveller beholds in front as he is going out of *Fondi*, or rather a little to the right, is *Mount Cæcubus*. I must observe that the exhalations which arise from the lake, and from the marshes which it occasions when it overflows, still continue as in ancient times to render the fertile vale of *Fondi* unhealthy. At a little distance from it we began to ascend the hills, (*Formiani Colles*,) the ramifications of *Mount Cæcubus*, and found the country improve, if possible in beauty, as we advanced winding up the steep. The castle of *Itri* is when seen at a distance picturesque, and a mausoleum near it remarkable. The town itself is ugly, and its name unknown to antiquity. When we had

* The most remarkable event perhaps in the history of *Fondi* is an assault made upon it by a Turkish force, for the purpose of carrying off its Countess, Julia di Gonzaga, the most beautiful princess of her age. The town was taken by surprise, and plundered; but the reader will learn with pleasure that the Lady escaped.

† Tac. Annal. xv. 43.

reached the summit of the hills that continue to rise beyond *Itri*, we were entertained with the new and magnificent views, that opened upon us at every turn, of the town and bay of *Gaieta* and its bounding promontories. The ground we trod is truly classic. We were descending *Mount Cæcubus*, one of the *Formian* hills celebrated by Horace; beneath lay *Mola di Gaieta*, once *Formiæ*, the seat of the Læstrygons and the theatre of one of the greatest disasters of Ulysses. Before us, over the bay at a considerable distance, rose *Prochyta*, and towering

> Inarime, Jovis imperiis imposta Typhæo. *En.* IX.

On our right stood the mausoleum of Munatius Plancus, Horace's friend, and beyond it ascended the bold promontory intrusted with the fame and the ashes of *Caieta*.

> Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
> Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria, signat.
> *En.* VII.

We continued to roll over the broad flags of the *Via Appia*, and descending a steep from *Castellone* entered *Mola (Formiæ*)* in the evening. The town is in itself little and insignificant, but it derives interest, if not grandeur, from its beautiful site, poetical scenery, and classic recollections. It consists of one street, formed by the *Via Appia* on the sea side, at the foot of a range of broken picturesque hills and mountains, covered with corn, vines, and olive-trees, and topped with rocks, churches

* Close to the road on both sides were scattered the ruins of the *Formian* villa, and of the mausoleum of Cicero.

and towers. The waters that stream from these hills unite and gush forth in a fountain close to the town. This fountain is said to be the *fair flowing* Artacia described by Homer; if so, we may conclude that the town of the *Læstrygons* lay a little higher on the hills, as the daughter of Antiphates is described as coming down from it*. The most conspicuous and striking object from the town of *Mola* is the fortress of *Gaieta*, crowning the rocky promontory of the same name with its white ramparts, and presenting to the eye, one above the other, its stages of angles and batteries. The town itself is spread along the shore, and extends nearly from the centre of the bay to the point of the promontory. The harbor so well described by Homer is that of *Gaieta*, and whoever ranges over it will find all the features painted by the poet—the towering rocks, the prominent shores, the narrow entrance, and the hollow port. It is about four miles by land and two by water from *Mola*. There is some difficulty in procuring admittance, as it is a fortress, and not aware of this circumstance we presented ourselves at the gate without our passports; but after a few observations, we were as Englishmen allowed to enter, conducted to the governor then at church, received very politely, and permitted to visit every part of the fortress without further ceremony. The cathedral, though not large nor highly decorated, is well proportioned, well lighted, and by the elevation of the choir admirably calculated for public worship. The font is a fine antique vase of white marble, with basso relievos, representing Athamas, Ino with a child in her arms, and a groupe of Bacchantes. The sculptor was an Athenian; but such a vase

* Odyss. x. 107.

is better calculated for a gallery of antiques than for the place where it now stands. Opposite the great portal of the cathedral rises an antique column, marked with the names of the Winds in Greek and Latin. The streets of the town are neatly built and well paved, its general appearance is lively within and without and extremely picturesque. I have already said that the fortress crowns the point or head of the promontory, or rather peninsula of *Gaieta*. On the narrow neck that unites it to the main-land, but on a bold eminence, stands the tomb of Munatius Plancus. It is round like that of Adrian, like it stripped of its marble casing, and turned into a battlemented tower, called, one might suppose from the romantic hero of Ariosto, *Torre d'Orlando*.

But neither the mausoleum of Plancus, nor the towers of *Gaieta*, neither the wondrous tales of Homer, nor the majestic verses of Virgil, shed so much glory and interest on these coasts as the *Formian* villa and tomb of Cicero. That Cicero had a villa here, and that it lay about a mile from the shore, history informs us; and at that very distance on the left of the road the attentive traveller will observe the remains of ancient walls scattered over the fields, and half covered with vines, olives and hedges. These shapeless heaps tradition points to as the ruins of Cicero's *Formian* villa. Again, history assures us, that he was overtaken and beheaded in the walks of a grove that lay between his villa and the sea. On the opposite side of the road rises, stripped of its decorations and indeed of its very shape, a sort of obelisk in two stories, and this disfigured pile the same tradition reveres as his mausoleum, raised on the very spot where he was butchered, and where his faithful attendants immediately interred his headless trunk. Lower down and near the

sea, or rather hanging over its waves, are shewn several vaults and galleries which are supposed to have been part of the *Villa Inferior*, as that which I have described above was called *Villa Superior*. It is a pity that excavations are not made (and with what success might they not be made all along this interesting coast!) to give curiosity some chance of acquiring greater evidence. Of the fate of Cicero's remains we know nothing, as history is silent with regard to his obsequies and sepulchre. It does not seem probable that during Antony's life, the most zealous friend would have dared to erect a monument to the memory of his most active and deadly enemy; and after that Triumvir's death, Augustus seems to have concealed his sentiments, if favorable to Cicero, with so much care and success that his very nephews did not venture to read that illustrious Roman's Works in his presence. Before the death of Augustus the personal and affectionate interest inspired by affinity or friendship had probably subsided, and few survived that Emperor who could possibly have enjoyed the happiness of an intimate and familiar acquaintance with Cicero, and fewer still could have had any particular and urgent motive to step forward from the crowd, and pay the long neglected honors to his memory. But notwithstanding these reasons and the silence of history on the subject, yet as his son escaped the proscription, and when the rage of civil war had given way to the tranquil domination of Augustus, he was restored to his country and his rank, it is possible that he may have raised a monument to the memory of a father so affectionate to him, and so illustrious in the eyes of the public. As long therefore as popular belief or tradition, however uncertain, attaches the name of Cicero to these ruins, and as long as even credulity can believe that the one has been his residence and the other his tomb, so long will every traveller

who values liberty and reveres genius visit them with interest, and hang over them, though nearly reduced to a heap of rubbish, with delight. I cannot turn from this subject without observing, that many authors have related, but that Plutarch alone has painted, the last tragical scene of Cicero's life.

About twelve o'clock, too late indeed for the distance we had to go, we set out from *Mola*. The road runs over a fine plain, bordered on the left by distant mountains, and on the right by the sea, from which it sometimes though not far recedes, and sometimes it approaches. About three miles from the *Liris (Garigliano)* an aqueduct, erected to convey water to *Minturnæ*, passes the road, it is now in ruins; but the remaining arches, at least a hundred, lofty and solid, give a melancholy magnificence to the plain which they seem to bestride.

On the banks of the *Liris* and to the right of the road extend the ruins of *Minturnæ*, spread over a considerable space of ground, exhibiting vast substructions, arches, gateways, and shattered walls, now utterly forsaken by human inhabitants, and abandoned to owls, foxes, and serpents. Many beautiful shafts, bases and capitals of marble have been found here and on the banks of the river, and more might possibly be discovered if the ruins were removed. The delay occasioned by the ferry affords the traveller time enough to range over the site and remains of *Minturnæ*. This city is four miles from the sea, the space between was covered by the sacred groves of the nymph Marica, the mother of Latinus, and by some called the *Latian Venus*, and by the well-known marshes, which, though they infected the air with noxious exhalations,

have yet acquired classic celebrity from the adventure of Marius. Happy had it been for Rome and for humanity if the swamp had swallowed up for ever the withered carcase and vengeful heart of that ruthless chief. These marshes have lost something of their ancient malignity, and are become a rich cultivated plain. A tower stands on the bank to defend the passage over the river; its first story or lower part is ancient, and built with great solidity and beautiful proportion. The *Liris* forms the southern border of *Latium*, and separates it from *Campania;* as we glided slowly over its surface we endeavoured in vain to conjecture the origin of its modern name*. May it not possibly be formed from its original appellation *Glanis*, joined to its Roman name *Liris*, with an Italian termination, thus *Glaniliriano*, afterwards altered in the Italian manner for euphony into *Ganiliriano*, and finally *Gariliano?* Having crossed the river we entered *Campania*†, and as we drove over the plain beyond had a full view of the *Liris*, a wide and noble river winding under the shadow of poplars through a lovely vale, and then gliding gently towards the sea. The river still retains its characteristic silence and tranquillity, while the regions through which it flows

* The reader who delights in classical appellations will learn with pleasure, that this river still bears its ancient name till it passes the city of Sora. That the Fibrenus (still so called) falls into it a little below that city, and continues to encircle the little island in which Cicero lays the scene of the second dialogue De Legibus, and describes with so much eloquence. I must add, that Arpinum also, in the vicinity of the Fibrenus, still retains its name, ennobled by the birth of that most illustrious Roman.

† Hinc felix illa Campania est. Ab hoc sinu incipiunt vitiferi colles, et temulentia nobilis succo per omnes terras inclyto, atque ut veteres dixere, summum Liberi patris cum Cerere certamen.—*C. Plin. Nat. Hist.* III. 5.

still enjoy the beauty and fertility which distinguished them of old. These are, the *Umbrosæ Regna Maricæ*, the

> Rura quæ Liris quietâ
> Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.

Some rugged mountains appeared at a distance, but they only served as a magnificent frame to set off by contrast the rich scenery that adorned the hills and plains that border the stream. Though the ground rises gradually from the *Liris* to the next stage, yet the space between is called from its comparative flatness the *Plain of Sessa*, and few indeed are the plains that can vie with it in beauty and fertility. In front or a little to the right rises a bold and lofty mountain, extending on that side to the sea; it is *Mount Massicus*, once so famous for its wines, and still retains its ancient name*. On the left falling a little backwards to the north is *Monte Ofellio*, and on the side swells *Monte Aurunco*, still perpetuating in its original name the memory of a very ancient people. On its side, covered with its forests behind, and before open to the beauties of the valley and to the breezes of the sea, is seated *Sessa*, once *Suessa Aurunca*. The whole scene is finely diversified by oaks rising sometimes single, and sometimes in clumps in the middle of corn-fields or vineyards; woods girding the sides of the hills and waving on their summits; large villages with their towers shining in the middle of orchards and thickets, forming altogether a view unusually rich and delightful. Beyond *St. Agatha* the country becomes more hilly and is shaded with

* Cluverius mistakes when he says, it is called *Mondragone*, which is the name of a village or fortress at its base near the sea.

thicker and larger woods. A romantic dell with a streamlet tumbling through it, forms a pretty diversity in the view.

We were now engaged in the defiles of *Mount Massicus*, which communicate with those of the *Callicula*, a mountain covered with forests and crowned with *Calvi*, the ancient *Cales*. From these defiles we emerged by a road cut through the rock above *Francolisi*, and as we looked down beheld the plains of *Campania* spread before us, bordered by the *Apennines* with the craggy point of *Ischia* towering to the sky on one side, and in the centre *Vesuvius*, calmly lifting his double summit wreathed with smoke. Evening now far advanced, shed a purple tint over the sides and summits of the mountains, that gave at once a softness and richness to the picture, and contrasted finely with the darkness of the plains below, and the light colors of a few thin clouds flitting above.

From *Francolisi* we traversed the *Falernus Ager*, which is the tract enclosed between the sea, *Mount Massicus* and *Callicula*, and the river *Vulturnus;* a territory so much celebrated by the ancient poets, and so well known to the classical reader for its delicious wines. It has often been asked why Italy does not now produce wines so excellent, and in such variety as anciently; and it has been as often answered either that the climate has changed, or that the cultivation of the grape has been neglected, and the vines allowed to degenerate for want of skill and attention. As for the first of these reasons, we find nothing in ancient authors that can furnish the least reason to suppose that any such revolution has happened. The productions of the soil are the same, and appear at the same stated periods; the seasons correspond exactly with the descriptions

of the poets; the air is in general genial and serene, though chilled occasionally (at least in many provinces) with hard wintry frosts, and sometimes disturbed by sudden unseasonable storms full as grand and as mischievous as that described by Virgil.* Neglect and ignorance are reasons more plausible, but will not perhaps on examination be found much more satisfactory. Arts essential to the existence of man, when once known are never forgotten, and articles so necessary as bread and wine cannot possibly be entirely neglected. The science of tillage passes from father to son, and cannot be obliterated unless the whole mass of population in a country be at once destroyed, and a link struck out of the chain of human generations. Moreover the mode of gathering and pressing the grape; of boiling and storing the wine is nearly the same now as anciently. Besides from the reasons given above it would follow, that the culture of the vine was lost all over Italy, Greece, and Sicily, and that the vine itself had degenerated in all the countries that lie south of the Alps, howsoever favored in other respects by nature. In fact very few of the numberless wines produced in these auspicious climates are palatable to an English or a French traveller, who is apt to find in them either a lusciousness or a raciness, or an inexpressible something that disgusts him, and is not always removed even by familiarity. Nor ought this circumstance to surprize us. Accustomed from our infancy to hear the wines of Italy and Greece extolled to the skies by the ancient poets, we expect to find them singularly delicious while we forget that the goodness of wine depends upon taste, and that our taste has been formed, I had nearly said vitiated, by wines of a flavor

* Georg. 1.

very different from that of the classic grape. If the Italian wines therefore are not in so much repute now as they were formerly, it is to be attributed not so much to the degeneracy of the vine, as to the change of taste not only in Transalpine countries but even in Italy itself. The modern Italians are extremely sober; they drink wine as Englishmen drink small beer, not to flatter the palate but to quench the thirst; provided it be neither new, flat, nor unwholesome, it answers their purpose, and they require from it nothing more. Very little attention is therefore paid in the cultivation of the vine, to the quality or perfection, but merely to the quantity of the produce. Not so the ancients: they were fond of convivial enjoyments: they loved wine, and considered it not only as a gratification to the palate, but as a means of intellectual enjoyment, and a vehicle of conversation. To heighten its flavor therefore, to bring it to full maturity by age, in short, to improve it by every method imaginable, was with them an object of primary importance; nor can it occasion surprize that in circumstances so favorable, the vine should flourish. Yet with all this encouragement the two most celebrated wines in Italy, the Cæcuban and the Falernian, had lost much of their excellency and reputation in Pliny's time; the former in consequence of a canal drawn across the vale of Amyclæ by the Emperor Nero, and the latter from its very celebrity, which occasioned so great a demand, that the cultivators unable to resist the temptation, turned their attention from the quality to the quantity. This cause of decline is indeed considered as common to both these species of wine; but in the former it was only an accessary, in the latter a principal agent.

The canal alluded to, was one of the extravagant whims of Nero, who had resolved to open an inland communication

between *Ostia* and the *Lake Avernus*, by a navigable canal which might afford all the pleasures, without any of the inconveniences of a voyage in the usual manner. This work was begun but never finished, and it is probable that the *Lago Fundano* or *Amyclano*, which was to have formed part of the projected canal, was lengthened and extended across the little plain to the very foot of *Mount Cæcubus;* thus depriving the flats of a considerable part of that moisture which perhaps caused their fertility. The Cæcuban wine so much celebrated was produced, according to Pliny, in the poplar groves that rose in the marshes on the bay of Amyclæ. That same author gives a long list of Italian wines, all good though of very different degrees of excellence, and I have no doubt that modern Italy, if the cultivation of the vine had the same encouragement now as anciently, would furnish a catalogue equal to it both in excellence and variety. As it is not intended to expand a few cursory remarks into a dissertation, it may finally be observed that several of the wines celebrated in ancient times still retain, at least, some share of their ancient reputation. Thus a wine produced in the very extremity of the Adriatic Gulph, on the banks of the Timavus*, and in the vicinity of *Aquileia*, is still in as great request at *Trieste* as it was formerly in Rome; as also is the *Rhetian* wine so much extolled by Virgil at *Venice* and *Verona*. The wines of *Luna* and *Florence* are even now much esteemed all over the north of Italy, as are those of the *Alban Mount*, including *Frescati* and *Gensano*, in Rome. The vines that flourish on the sides and around the base of Vesuvius still continue to furnish a rich and

* This wine was called Pucinum. The place now bears the name of Castel Duino, and corresponds with the description given of it by Pliny, *saxeo colle, maritimo afflatu.*—Lib. xiv.

delicious wine, well known to all travellers, and to most readers under the appellation of Lacryma Christi. To conclude, Horace has comprised with his usual neatness the four principal wines of Italy, all the produce of the coast which we have just traversed, in the following stanza:

> **Cæcubum et prelo domitam Caleno**
> **Tu bibes uvam, mea nec Falernæ**
> **Temperant vites, neque Formiani**
> **Pocula colles.** 1. 20.

Before we arrived at *Capua* night had set in, but it was night in all its charms; bright, serene, and odoriferous. The only object that could then strike our eyes or excite our curiosity was the *luciola*, a bright insect, many of which were flying about in every direction like sparks of fire, casting a vivid light around them, and seeming to threaten the waving corn over which they flitted with a conflagration.

We entered Naples at a late hour, and drove to the *Gran Bretagna*, an excellent inn on the sea shore, and close to the royal garden. Few scenes surpass in beauty that which burst full upon me when I awoke next morning. In front and under my windows, the bay of Naples spread its azure surface smooth as glass, while a thousand boats glided in different directions over its shining bosom: on the right, the town extended along the semicircular shore, and *Posilipo* rose close behind it, with churches and villas, vineyards and pines scattered in confusion along its sides and on its ridge, till, sloping as it advanced the bold hill terminated in a craggy promontory. On the left at the end of a walk that forms the quay and skirts the sea, the *Castel del Uovo* standing on an insulated rock caught the eye for

a moment; while beyond it over a vast expanse of water a rugged line of mountains stretched forward, and softening its features as it projected, presented towns, villages, and convents, lodged amidst its forests and precipices, and at length terminated in the cape of Minerva now of Surrentum. Opposite and full in front rose the island of *Capreæ* with its white cliffs and ridgy summit, placed as a barrier to check the tempest and protect the interior of the bay from its fury. This scene illuminated by a sun that never shines so bright on the less favored regions beyond the Alps is justly considered, as the most splendid and beautiful exhibition which nature perhaps presents to the human eye, and cannot but excite in the spectator, when beheld for the first time, emotions of delight and admiration, that border on enthusiasm.* Nor are the charms of recollection that are capable of improving even the loveliest features of nature here wanting to complete the enchantment. Naples and its coasts have never been, it is true, the theatre of heroic achievements, or the stage of grand and unusual incidents; but they have been the residence of the great and the wise; they have aided the meditations of the sage and awakened the raptures of the poet; and as long as the Latin muses continue to instruct mankind, so long will travellers visit with delight the academy of Cicero, the tomb of Virgil, and the birth-place of Tasso.

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* The bay of *Leucadia*, bounded by the bold coasts of that island on one side, and of *Acarnania* on the other, and interspersed with the *Teleboides Insulæ* rising in every shape imaginable around, is, I think, more beautiful; but it is now a desert, peopled only by recollections!

CHAP. XXI.

NAPLES-----ITS HISTORY-----PUBLIC BUILDINGS-----CHURCHES----- HOSPITALS----STATE OF LITERATURE AT NAPLES.

NAPLES occupies the site of both *Palæpolis* and *Neapolis* in ancient times, though it inherits the name of the latter. It is of Grecian origin, and is first mentioned by Livy as having in conjunction with *Palæpolis* joined the *Samnites* in a confederacy against the Romans*. *Palæpolis* was taken two years after and Naples must have shared its fate. The latter seems indeed to have been of little consideration at that time, though it continued to increase rapidly, and in the course of not many years eclipsed the splendor, usurped the territory and gradually obliterated the very name of the former. It seems to have attached itself closely to the Roman interest in little more than a century from the abovementioned period, and to have acquired under the protection of the Roman republic no small degree of prosperity and importance. It remained faithful to its allies even after the carnage of *Cannæ* and the revolt of the Campanians, and such was the strength of its ramparts that Hannibal himself shrunk

* An. U. C. 427.

from the difficulties of an attack*. The generous offer which they had previously made to the Roman senate must naturally inspire a very favorable idea of the opulence, and which is infinitely more honorable, of the magnanimity of this city †. This attachment to the Roman cause excited the resentment of the Carthagenian, who ravaged the Neapolitan territory with more than his usual ferocity.

From this period little or no mention is made of Naples for a long series of years, during which it seems to have enjoyed in undisturbed tranquillity its original laws and language, and all the advantages of its fertile soil, and unrivalled situation. Its coasts during this interval became the winter retreat of the luxurious Romans, and there were few among the illustrious characters which distinguished the fall of the republic and the birth of the monarchy, who had not a villa on its shores or amid the romantic recesses of its mountains. The presence of Horace, Virgil, and his imitator Silius Italicus, and their fond attachment to its delightful scenery were lasting and honorable distinctions; while the foul indulgencies of Tiberius, and the wild and cruel freaks of Caligula were its scandal and its scourge. The first recorded eruption of *Vesuvius*‡ interrupted its enjoyments and wasted its coasts, and the civil wars and barbaric incursions that succeeded each other so rapidly during the ensuing centuries, involved it in the general calamities of Italy and the empire. However it seems to have suffered less than most other cities during this disastrous era, as it retained longer its legitimate sovereign, the Emperor of Constantinople,

* Liv. xxiii. 1. † xxii. 32. ‡ A. D. 79.

and with him its language and many of its ancient laws, and by his power or rather by the veneration still attached to his name, was not unfrequently protected from the ravages and insults of contending barbarians.*

When the eastern empire sunk into a state of irretrievable weakness and insignificance, Naples was threatened, harassed and plundered successively by the Lombards, the Saracens and the Normans, who in their turn became the prey of the Germans, the French and the Spaniards. The latter at length remained its acknowledged masters, governed it for many years by viceroys, and at length gave it a king in the person of the present sovereign Charles IV. Of all these different tribes many traces may be discovered in the language, manners and appearance of its inhabitants. Its original language, Greek, remained the prevailing dialect long after its submission to the power of Rome, as appears from various circumstances, but particularly from that of Greek manuscripts only being discovered at *Herculaneum*. It may indeed be doubted whether pure Latin ever was the vulgar language at Naples; but at present there are more Greek words intermingled with the common dialect than are to be found in any other part of Italy. French pronunciation has communicated some share of its infection, and Saracenic left considerable alloy behind. No vestiges remain of the ancient beauty or magnificence of this city. Its temples, its theatres, its basilicæ have been levelled by earthquakes, or destroyed by barbarians. Its modern edifices, whether churches or palaces,

* It was taken by the Goths under Theodoric, but retaken and restored to the Grecian empire by Belisarius. It seems to have been attached to its Gothic rulers, and when assailed by the Roman general made a vigorous but useless resistance.

are less remarkable for their taste than for their magnitude and riches. It is however highly probable that Naples is at present more opulent, more populous, and in every respect more flourishing than she has ever before been even in the most brilliant periods of her history.

Naples seated in the bosom of a capacious haven, spreads her greatness and her population along its shore, and covers its shelving coasts and bordering mountains with her villas, her gardens and her retreats. Containing within her own walls more than four hundred thousand inhabitants, she sees one hundred thousand more enliven her suburbs, that stretch in a magnificent and most extensive sweep from *Portici* to the promontory of *Misenum*, and fill a spacious line of sixteen miles along the shore with life and activity. In size and number of inhabitants she ranks as the third city in Europe, and from her situation and superb show may justly be considered as the Queen of the Mediterranean.* The internal appearance of Naples is in general pleasing; the edifices are lofty and solid; the streets as wide as in any continental city; the *Strada Toledo* is a mile in length, and with the quay which is very extensive and well-built forms the grand and distinguishing features of the city. In fact the *Chiaia*, with the royal garden, *Mergyllina* and *Sta. Lucia*, which spread along the coast for so considerable a space, and present such an immense line of lofty edifices, are sufficient to give an appearance of grandeur to any city. As for architectural magnificence Naples possesses a

* It is impossible not to smile in perusing Thompson's description of the loneliness and devastation of this very coast, once, as he represents it, swarming with inhabitants, now turned into a desert. But some allowance must be made even for exaggeration when the subject is so intoxicating as liberty.—*See Liberty*, i. 280.

very small share, as the prevailing taste, if a series of absurd fashions deserve that appellation, has always been bad. Moresco, Spanish and bad Roman, corrupted and intermingled together destroy all appearance of unity and symmetry, and form a monstrous jumble of discordance. The magnificence therefore of the churches and palaces consist first in their magnitude, and then in paintings, marbles and decorations in general, which however are seldom disposed with taste or judgment, and when best disposed are scattered around with a profusion that destroys their effect.

To describe the public edifices of Naples would be to compose a guide. I shall therefore content myself with a few observations on some remarkable objects in them or connected with them. Several churches are supposed to occupy the sites of ancient temples, the names and memory of which have been preserved by this circumstance. Thus the cathedral is said to stand on the substructions of a temple of Apollo; that of the *Santi Apostoli* rises on the ruins of a temple of Mercury. *St. Maria Maggiore* was originally a temple of Diana, erected over the temple of Antinous, &c. Of these churches some are adorned with the pillars and marbles of the temples to which they have succeeded. Thus the cathedral is supported by more than a hundred columns of granite, which belonged to the edifice over which it is erected, as did the forty or more pillars that decorated the treasury, or rather the chapel of *St. Januarius*. The church itself was built by an Angevin prince, and when shattered or rather destroyed by earthquakes, rebuilt by a Spanish sovereign. It is Gothic, but strangely disfigured by ornaments and reparations in different styles. In the subterraneous chapel under the choir is depo-

sited the body of *St. Januarius*. His supposed blood is kept in a vial in the *Tesoro*, and is considered as the most valuable of its deposits, and indeed the glory and ornament of the cathedral and of the city itself. Into the truth of this supposition little inquiry is made; the fact is supposed to guarantee itself, and in this respect the Neapolitans seem to have adopted the maxim of the ancient Germans, "sanctius ac reverentius de Diis credere quam scire*." The blood of *St. Stephen* in the church of *St. Gaudioso* belonging to the Benedictine Nuns, is said to liquify in the same manner, but only once a-year on the festival of the martyr.

The *Santi Apostoli* is in its origin perhaps the most ancient church in Naples, and was, if we may credit tradition, erected by Constantine upon the ruins of a temple of Mercury; it has however been rebuilt partially more than once, and finally with great magnificence. The church of St. Paul occupies the site of a temple of Castor and Pollux; the front of this temple, consisting of eight Corinthian pillars, was destroyed by the earthquake of 1688. Two only were restored, and now form part of the frontispiece of the church. The interior is spacious, well proportioned, and finely incrusted with marble. The chancel is very extensive, and all supported by antique pillars; it is supposed to stand over the theatre where Nero first disgraced himself by appearing as a public singer: some vestiges of this theatre may still be traced by an observing antiquary. The church of *St. Filippo Neri* is remarkable for the number of ancient pillars that support its triple row of aisles on both sides of the nave. *St. Lorenzo*, belonging to a convent founded by

* Tac. Germanic, xxx. iv.

Charles of *Anjou*, is a monument of the hatred which French princes have at all times borne to liberty and popular representation. It stands on the site of the Basilica Augusta, a noble and magnificent hall, which at the period of their first entrance into Naples was the place of public assembly where the senate and people of Naples met in council. Charles suppressed the assemblies, demolished the hall, and in the year 1266 erected the church which now occupies its place. The establishment of a free and just government would have been a work more agreeable to the will, and more conformable to the attributes, of the common Father of all, than the erection of a temple on the ruins of public property, and in defiance of justice. Of all the Neapolitan churches, that *De Spirito Santo* in the *Strada Toledo* is the most worthy of notice in my opinion, because the purest and simplest in architecture. The exterior is indifferent, or rather never finished, or at least decorated. The interior is large, well-proportioned, adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and a regular entablature and cornice. It is well lighted, perhaps indeed too much so, on account of the whiteness of its walls and vault. It is not however entirely exempt from the usual defect, a superabundance of ornaments, and it wants a softer and mellower color to please the eye.

The chapel of *St. John the Evangelist* was erected by the celebrated Pontanus, and is remarkable for the Latin sentences, moral and political, engraved on marble near its entrance and on its front. They are misplaced, and ostentatious though solid, and in language not inelegant. The epitaph composed by Pontanus himself has the merit of originality, but his best and most durable epitaph is the tribute paid to him by Sannazarius*.

* Eleg. 1. 9.

In the cloister of the canons, regularly attached to the parochial church of *St. Agnello*, stands the tomb of the poet Marini ornamented with a bronze statue; the whole erected at the request of the celebrated Manso, the friend of Tasso and of Milton, who left by will a sum of money to defray the expense.

The sepulchral chapel of the family San Severo deserves to be mentioned, not so much on account of its architecture, or even decorations, or the order with which the monuments are disposed (though all these are worthy of notice) as on account of three particular statues, two of which display the patient skill, the third the genius of the sculptor. The first is a representation of Modesty (Pudor) covered from head to foot with a veil; but so delicate, so apparently transparent is the veil, that through its texture the spectator fancies he can trace not only the general outlines of the figure but the very features and expression of the countenance. Mons. De Lelande observes, that the ancients never veiled the whole countenance of their statues, and seems to hint that the art of making the form appear as it were through the foldings is a modern improvement. However there are antique statues even to the north of the Alps in which the same effect is visible, and every scholar who has visited the gallery at *Dresden* will immediately recollect some female figures, Vestals I think, where the knee, the arm, the breast, appears as if visible through the beautiful drapery thrown over them. It must however be acknowledged, that in the art of producing this illusion the moderns equal the ancients; and of their skill in this respect no better instances can be produced than the above-mentioned statue, a most beautiful one of St. Cecilia in Rome, and a third in the chapel which I am now describing. It represents our Saviour extended in the sepulchre, it is covered like the preceding with a veil, and like

it exhibits the form which it infolds, with all its features majestic and almost divine even in death. This is, indeed, an exquisite piece of workmanship; it displays not only as much art and patience as that of Modesty, but the very soul, the genius, the sublime conceptions of the sculptor. It is generally attributed to Corradini, as is the latter, and suffices alone to establish his reputation, and rank him among the first of artists. But the Neapolitans who are a little jealous of the merit of strangers, ascribed it and the two others to Ginseppe San Martino their countryman, whom they represent as the best sculptor of the times. The attention of strangers is generally directed to another statue or groupe in the same chapel, representing a man entangled in a net and endeavoring with the aid of a genius to disengage himself. It is called *Il Disinganato*, and is supposed to represent under this allegorical symbol the conversion of one of the princes of the family to which the chapel belongs. The allegory is forced, and the execution of the work shews only the patience and nicety with which the sculptor managed the chissel.

To this catalogue one church more must be added, though it is in many respects inferior to most in Naples, in size, materials and decorations. But it has a more powerful claim to our attention than either marble or architecture can give it; it has the genius of Sannazarius to recommend it, and its name is interwoven with the title of one of the most beautiful poems which have appeared in the Latin language, since the revival of letters. The church is called from the poem *Del Parto;* it was erected, with the little convent annexed to it, on the site of his favorite *Villa Mergyllina*, and endowed by the poet. It took its name from the quarter in which it stood, still called *Mergyllina*, occupying the brow and side of a hill that slopes gently to the bay.

Its situation is delicious, and the view from it as extensive as varied, and as beautiful as the eye of a poet *in fine phrenzy rolling* can contemplate. Its value was moreover enhanced by the dignity of the donor, and in the eyes of the poet, without doubt, the smiles of the royal patron added new lustre to the native beauties of the scenery. He accordingly frequently alludes to his beloved retreat of *Mergyllina* in his different poems, and devotes one entire ode to its charms*. This villa was destroyed by the Prince of Orange, who commanded the garrison during the celebrated siege of Naples by the French. Whether this act of destruction was necessary or not, it is impossible for us to determine, but it is not probable that it was, or could be intended as a personal injury. However the indignant poet resented it as such, and conceived an unrelenting hatred towards that general. On the ruins of the villa the church of which we now speak was erected, and dedicated *Virgini parienti* or *De Partu*. It is neither large, nor remarkable for its architecture or ornaments. The sole object of curiosity in it is the tomb of the founder, adorned with statues and basso relievos, representing the subject of his poems; the materials are rich, and the execution good, but the figures representing pagan divinities, satyrs, and nymphs, are ornaments ill-adapted to the tomb of a christian poet, and

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* Rupis O sacræ, pelagique custos
Villa nympharum domus, et propinquæ
Doridos, regum decus una quondam
Deliciæque
. . . . . .
Tu mihi solos nemorum recessus
Das, et hærentes per opaca laurus
Saxa; tu fontes Aganippidumque
Antra recludis!

strangely misplaced in a christian church. It is impossible however not to smile at the awkward attempt of the good fathers to remedy this incongruity, by inscribing the name of David under the statue of Apollo, and that of Judith under Minerva. The epitaph was composed by Bembo.

Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni
Sincerus musâ proximus ut tumulo.

In one of the little chapels there is a picture of St. Michael trampling on Satan. It is observable, that the latter is represented with the face of a beautiful female, and the reason given is whimsical enough. The countenance of the devil is a picture of a very beautiful lady, who unfortunately fell in love with Diomedes Caraffa, Bishop of Ariano, who, to shew his abhorrence of her sacrilegious passion, when fitting up this chapel for his mausoleum, ordered the painter to degrade her into the infernal spirit, and place her prostrate under the spear of the archangel. For the satisfaction of the ladies, I must add, that this ungallant prelate has not been canonized. A Last Supper in another chapel is supposed to be a master-piece, though the name of the painter is not known.

I must observe, in closing these few cursory observations on the churches of Naples, that notwithstanding the bad taste which prevails very generally in the architecture and decorations of these edifices, the traveller will find in most of them something that merits observation. In paintings in particular the Neapolitan churches are very rich, and there are few among them that cannot boast of one or more exquisite specimens of this art.

But if the churches do no credit to the taste of the Neapo-

litans, the hospitals reflect much honor on their charity. These establishments are very numerous, and adapted to every species of distress to which man is subject in mind or body. Many of them are richly endowed, and all clean, well attended and well regulated. One circumstance almost peculiar to Italian hospitals and charitable foundations, contributes essentially to their splendor and prosperity: it is, that they are not only attended by persons who devote themselves entirely and without any interested views to the relief of suffering humanity, but that they are governed and inspected not nominally, but really, by persons of the first rank and education, who manage the interests of the establishments with a prudence and assiduity which they seldom perhaps display in their own domestic economy. Besides to almost every hospital is attached one and sometimes more confraternities, or pious associations, formed for the purpose of relieving some particular species of distress, or averting or remedying some evil. These confraternities though founded upon the basis of equality, and of course open to all ranks, generally contain a very considerable proportion of noble persons, who make it a point to fulfil the duties of the association with an exactness as honorable to themselves, as it is exemplary and beneficial to the public. These persons visit the respective hospitals almost daily, inquire into the situation and circumstances of every patient, and oftentimes attend on them personally, and render them the most humble services. They perform these duties in disguise, and generally in the dress or uniform worn by the confraternity, for the express purpose of diverting public attention from the individuals, and fixing it on the object only of the association. Instead of description which would be here misplaced, I shall insert a few observations.

Of charitable foundations in Naples, the number is above sixty. Of these seven are hospitals properly so called; thirty at least are conservatories or receptacles for helpless orphans, foundlings, &c.; five are banks for the relief of such industrious poor as are distressed by the occasional want of small sums of money: the others are either schools or confraternities. The incomes of most of these establishments, particularly of the hospitals, are in general very considerable, but seldom equal to the expenditure. The annual deficiency, how great soever it may be, is abundantly supplied by donations, most of which come from unknown benefactors.

The two principal hospitals are that called *Degli Incurabili*, which notwithstanding its title is open to sick persons of all descriptions, and constantly relieves more than eighteen hundred; and that of *Della Sma. Annunziata*, which is immensely rich, and destined to receive foundlings, penitent females, &c. and said sometimes to harbour two thousand. To each belong in the first place a villa, and in the second a cemetery. The villa of the first is situated at *Torre del Greco*, and is destined for the benefit of convalescents, and such as labor under distempers that require free air and exercise. A similar rural retreat ought to belong to every great hospital established in large cities, where half the distempers to which the poorer class are liable, arise from constant confinement, and the want of pure air. The cemetery is in a different way, of at least equal advantage to public health. It was apprehended, and not without reason, that so many bodies as must be carried out from an hospital, especially in unhealthy seasons, might if deposited in any church or church-yard within the city, infect the air and produce or propagate contagious diseases.

To prevent such evils, the sum of forty-eight thousand five hundred ducats, raised by voluntary contribution was laid out in purchasing and fitting up for the purpose a field about half a mile from the walls of the city, on a rising ground. A little neat church is annexed to it, with apartments for the officiating clergy and the persons attached to the service of the cemetery, and the road that winds up the hill to it is lined with cypresses. The burial ground is divided into three hundred and sixty-six large and deep vaults, one of which is opened every day in the year, and the bodies to be interred deposited in order. These vaults are covered with flags of lava that fit exactly, and completely close every aperture. The bodies are carried out at night time, by persons appointed for the purpose, and every precaution taken to prevent even the slightest chance of infection. All is done gratis and the expenses requisite supplied by public charity. It is to be regretted that this method of burying the dead has not been adopted in every hospital and parish in Naples, and indeed in every town and city not in Italy only but all over Europe. It is really lamentable that a practice so disgusting, not to say so pernicious as that of heaping up putrid carcases in churches where the air is necessarily confined, and in church-yards in cities, where it cannot have a very free circulation, should be so long and so obstinately retained. It would be difficult to discover one single argument drawn either from the principles of religion or the dictates of reason in its favor, while its inconveniences and mischiefs are visible and almost tangible.

In the early ages of christianity the honor of being deposited in the church was reserved to martyrs, and the Emperor Constantine himself only requested to be allowed to lie in the porch

of the Basilica of the apostles, which he himself had erected in Constantinople. Hence the eloquent Chrysostom when speaking of the triumph of Christianity, exultingly observes, that the Cæsars subdued by the humble fishermen whom they had persecuted, now appeared as suppliants before them, and gloried in occupying the place of porters at the doors of their sepulchres. Bishops and priests distinguished by their learning, zeal and sanctity, were gradually permitted to share the honors of the martyrs, and to repose with them in the sanctuary itself. A pious wish to be deposited in the neighbourhood of such holy persons, and to rest under the shadow of the altars among some, and an absurd love of distinction even beyond the grave among others, to which may be added, I fear, the avarice of the clergy, who by making such a distinction expensive, rendered it enviable, by degrees broke through all the wholesome restrictions of antiquity, and at length converted the noblest of public edifices, the Basilicæ, the temples of the Eternal, the seats of holiness and purity, into so many dormitories of the dead, receptacles of putridity and rendered them vast infected charnel houses.

Notwithstanding the decrees of synods and the representations of the Faculty, notwithstanding the dictates of reason and the interests of health, this abuse went on increasing and continued for ages in force and fashion. The first attempt I believe to check or rather to remove it entirely, was made by the Emperor Joseph, who prohibited by edict the interment of bodies not in churches only, but even in towns and their suburbs. This edict still prevails in the Low Countries, and if I mistake not in the Austrian territories in general, though certain offensive clauses gave at first, it is said, considerable scandal,

and suspended for some time its full effect. The Emperor who in his zeal for reformation, often forgot that opinion will not always bend even to power, conceived it seems that the sooner the carcase is reduced to dust the better, and therefore proscribed the use of coffins, as calculated to prolong the state of putrefaction and ordered lime to be strewed over the corpse to accelerate its dissolution. This regulation gave, as may be supposed, very general offence, not only because unusual and contrary to the natural feelings, or which is nearly the same thing, to the universal practice of mankind, but because very opposite in appearance to that tenderness and respect even for the ruins of the human form, which if not enforced by the precepts, has at all times been inspired by the genius of christianity. Not perhaps without reason. That divine religion is ever intent on the grand object of raising, aggrandizing and perfecting our nature; while it teaches us to consider ourselves as destined to act in a much higher and more glorious sphere than our present state, it naturally prompts us to look with some degree of veneration even on our bodies, which though doomed to death and putrefaction, shall yet one day shake off the dust of the tomb, and though *corruptible put on incorruption, and though mortal put on immortality.* The offensive clause was therefore very wisely suppressed, and the useful and laudable provisions of the decree carried very generally into execution.

Some regulation of the same kind was I think made in France, but not so extensive. To bury in churches was prohibited, but vaults were allowed, provided they did not open into the church, or into any covered court or building. This was a partial remedy to the evil, but still better than none, and it

cannot but appear surprising that the example of two such preponderant Powers as France and Austria should not have been more generally imitated. It is still more astonishing that in a country governed by public reason and guided by public interest as England is (excepting in a few instances when the influence of the court or the spirit of party may accidentally bias the legislature) no attempts have been made to put an end to a practice so absurd and prejudicial; especially as this practice is more evidently dangerous in protestant than in catholic countries, as in the former churches in general are only opened for a few hours on one day in the week; while in the latter they are never shut, and have the additional advantage of being fumigated with incense and sprinkled with holy water*. It cannot but appear strange that a people so dull and unenlightened as the Turks should in this respect show more sense and even more taste than nations in every other respect their superiors. Their cemeteries are in general out of the precincts of their cities, most commonly on a rising ground, and always planted with cedars, cypresses, and odoriferous shrubs, whose deep verdure and graceful forms bending to every breeze give a melancholy beauty to the place, and excite sentiments very congenial to its destination. I have seen some christian cemeteries (as at Brusselles for instance) situate and laid out in the same advantageous and picturesque manner, with some additional precautions in the division so as to preclude the possibility of heaping bodies on each other or crowding them indecently together in a small space. But even this arrangement is open to improvements, and it is to

* As holy water has always a considerable quantity of salt mixed with it, its effect when sprinkled about a church or room must be salubrious.

be hoped that such improvements will ere long be made by the wisdom of a British legislature.

To return to our subject. One remark more upon the Neapolitan hospitals and I drop the subject. When a patient has recovered his health and strength and is about to return to his usual occupations, he receives from the establishment a sum of money sufficient to compensate for the loss of time and labor unavoidable during his illness; a most benevolent custom and highly worthy of imitation. A long illness or dangerous accident deprives a poor laborer or artisan so long of his ordinary wages, and throws him so far back in his little economy, that he cannot without great difficulty recover himself and regain a state of comfort. From this inconvenience the small sum granted by the charity of the hospital relieves him, and restores him to his trade in health, strength and spirits.

The *Conservatorii* are schools opened for poor children of both sexes, where they are educated, fed, and taught some handicraft or other. Some are in the nature of working houses and employ a prodigious number of indigent persons of both sexes in separate buildings, while others are devoted entirely to children educated principally for music. These latter institutions have produced some or rather most of the great performers and masters of the art, who have figured in the churches or on the stages of the different capitals of Europe for the last hundred years. Paesielli, Caffarelli, and Pergolese were formed in these seminaries. And indeed Naples is to Italy, what Italy is to the world at large, the great school of music, where that fascinating art is cultivated with the greatest

ardor; an ardor oftentimes carried to an extreme and productive of consequences highly mischievous and degrading to humanity. It is true that the castration of boys is rigorously prohibited by the laws both of church and state; but as long as the fashionable classes in London and Paris think proper to encourage and reward by enormous wages such performers, so long venal parents in Naples will find means to evade the laws, and still continue to sacrifice their unfortunate children to the hopes or rather the certainty of profit. But this practice is on the decline even here, and in justice to the Neapolitans I must observe, that if we may believe them, the operation alluded to, is not permitted; nor indeed ever practised in their schools, but that unhappy children in that condition, when sent from other places are not excluded.

Of the numberless confraternities I shall only specify such as have some unusual and very singular object: such is that whose motto is *Succurre Miseris*, the members of which make it their duty to visit condemned criminals, prepare them for death, accompany them to execution, and give them a decent burial. They carry their charitable attentions still farther, and provide for the widows and children of these unhappy wretches. This society was originally composed of some of the first nobility of the city, but the tyrant Philip, influenced it seems by motives of political suspicion, forbad the nobles to enter into such associations, and in particular, confined the one we are speaking of to the clergy.

The congregation *De S. Ivone* consists of lawyers, who undertake to plead the causes of the poor gratis, and furnish all the expences necessary to carry their suits through the courts with

effect. To be entitled to the assistance and support of this association, no recommendation or introduction is required; the person applying has only to prove his poverty, and give in a full and fair statement of his case.

Congregazione della Croce, composed principally of nobility to relieve the poor, and imprisoned, and particularly to bury the bodies of such distressed and forsaken persons when dead.

The congregation *Della Sta. Trinita dei Pellegrini* is destined, as its name imports, more particularly for the relief of strangers, and is composed of persons of all classes, who meet in its assemblies and fulfil its duties without distinction. It is governed by five persons, one of whom presides, and is generally a prelate or high officer of state; the others are a nobleman, a citizen, a lawyer, and an artisan. All the members attend the hospital in rotation, each for a week, during which they receive strangers, wash their feet, attend them at table, and serve them with the humility and with more than the assiduity of menials.

The congregation of Nobles for the relief of the bashful poor. The object of this association is to discover and relieve such industrious persons as are reduced to poverty by misfortune, and have too much spirit, or too much modesty, to solicit public assistance. The members of this association, it is said, discharge its benevolent duties with a zeal, a sagacity, and what is still more necessary for the accomplishment of their object, with a delicacy and kindness truly admirable. All these confraternities have halls, churches, and hospitals, more or less grand and extensive as their object may require; or their means

allow. I need not enlarge further upon this subject, as the institutions already mentioned are sufficient to give the readers an idea of these confraternities, and to shew at the same time the extent and activity of Neapolitan benevolence. Much has been said, and, though exaggerations are not uncommon on this subject, much more may be said against the voluptuousness and debauchery of the inhabitants of this city; yet it must at the same time be confessed, that in the first and most useful of virtues, the grand characteristic quality of the Christian, Charity, she surpasses many and yields to no city in the universe*.

Of the royal palaces, and those of the nobility, the same may be said as of the churches; that the style of architecture is not pure, nor of course majestic; that they are in general too much encumbered with ornaments, though in many the apartments are on a grand scale, and ornamented with many fine paintings. In the garden of one, the *Palazzo Berrio*, is a groupe representing Venus and Adonis by Canova of exquisite workmanship and beauty. The collection of pictures formerly at the *Capo di Monte* had been removed on the approach of the French, and not replaced. This edifice is a

* Even in the very respect in which Naples is supposed to be most deficient, I mean in regard to chastity, there are instances of attention to morality not to be equalled in any transalpine capital. For instance, there are more retreats open to repentant females, and more means employed to secure the innocence of girls exposed to the dangers of seduction by their age, their poverty, or by the loss, the neglect, or the wickedness of their parents, than are to be found in London, Paris, Vienna and Petersburgh united. Of this latter description there are four hundred educated in one conservatorio, and not only educated, but when fit for marriage, portioned out according to their talents.

royal palace of great extent, and in a delightful situation, commanding a fine view of the town, and the bay with all its islands and surrounding scenery. It was never finished, and is not inhabited. Its vast apartments were employed as picture galleries, and the collection is numerous and rich in master-pieces. But as the access to this palace is inconvenient on account of its elevation, it is the intention of government to transport the whole to the *Studii* or University, a very spacious edifice, where is already a noble collection of statues. Among these the celebrated Hercules by Glycon, is the most remarkable. All these statues and monuments once adorned the Farnesian palace in Rome, and were transported thence by the king of Naples, who succeeded to the rich inheritance of the Farnesian family. The library of the *Studii* contains more than fifty thousand volumes, and some valuable manuscripts. Neither this library nor the collection of statues suffered much from the rapacity of the French during their late invasion. This establishment is planned on a vast scale, and intended to contain all the royal museums and libraries, and to comprise all the instruments and apparatus of all the arts and sciences. In fact, Naples is very well supplied with all the means of instruction as far as depends upon public establishments. It has four public libraries, the University which I have just mentioned, and six colleges, besides schools and conservatorii beyond number. The advantages arising from so many literary establishments are accordingly very perceptible, and the number of learned men produced by Naples is equal perhaps to that of any city of the same population. Some Neapolitan authors carry their pretensions so far as to place the number and merit of their writers upon a level with those of Paris, and from the list of publications which they produce, an impartial man would find it difficult to decide

against them. Their Parisian rivals object, that even the names of their authors, not to say their works, have scarcely passed the Alps, and are not known beyond the narrow circle of academicians even in Italy, while the names of *Voltaire Marmontel*, &c. are celebrated in every capital of Europe, and their works perused in every circle. To this observation the Neapolitans reply, that the superior fame of French authors is owing to the prevalence of the French language, and that that prevalence is certainly not to be ascribed either to its intrinsic merit, or to the superior excellence of its literature, but to the preponderance of French power. Thus, say they, French dress has been generally adopted at courts, and was during a considerable part of the last century the dress of Europe, but nobody surely can be so absurd as to pretend that it owed its universality either to its gracefulness or its convenience. The literature therefore like the fashions of France, was recommended first by power and afterwards by custom; and when we add to the merits of the former a great deal of intrigue, of trick and of noise, we shall discover the real causes of its ill-acquired superiority. In truth, Frenchmen of every description are never wanting in the praises of every thing French, and whatever their differences in other respects may be, all agree in asserting their national pretensions to universal superiority. The Italians are more modest, because they have more solidity; they write to please their own taste and that of those who choose to read them; they employ no journals to puff off their compositions, send no emissaries to spread their fame over distant countries, and pay no agents in foreign courts. They leave their language and their works to their own intrinsic merit, and rest their claim to glory

on the undisputed excellence of their predecessors. As for the present reputation of French literature, our Neapolitans consider it as the fashion of the day, the delirium of the times, and doubt not, that it will ere long subside in contempt and indifference. Such indeed has been the fate of that absurd fondness for French dress which disgraced our ancestors; and as we now smile at their want of taste in giving the preference to garments so stiff, graceless and unnatural; so our descendants may possibly contemplate with equal ridicule and surprize, the preposterous partiality which the present age has shewn to the frippery and tinsel of French literature. In justice to the Neapolitans it must be admitted, that the progress of French literature has been considerably advanced by the spirit and intrigues of the philosophic party. The French language was the medium by which they were to disseminate their opinions; no expence therefore was spared, no exertion wanting to extend its use and influence. Teachers were hired and sent to the most distant towns, to disseminate its principles and facilitate its acquisition. Attempts were made to undermine, at least secretly to lessen the respect paid to the ancient languages, particularly Latin; and the Gallic idiom with its lumber of auxiliaries, its nasal dissonance, and truncated syllables was compared, nay almost preferred to the simplicity, harmony and fulness of that divine dialect. But independent of language, the Neapolitans certainly have the advantage in point of science and of ancient literature, particularly Greek, a language much neglected in France, and indeed in most continental universities*.

* The writer happened to be present in a large party when the conversation turning upon modern literature, a discussion arose between two persons about the

But whatever may be our opinion of the claims of our Neapolitan *literati* to precedence on this occasion, we must acknowledge, that there exist in this capital a vast mass of information, a great activity of mind and a wonderful aptitude, fostered by the serenity of the climate, to excellence in every branch of science and composition.

Few cities stand in less need of architectural magnificence or internal attractions than Naples; had it even fewer artificial recommendations, it would still be a most desirable residence. So beautiful is its neighbourhood! so delicious it climate! Before it spreads the sea with its bays, promontories and islands; behind it rise mountains and rocks in every fantastic form, and always clothed with verdure; on each side

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comparative merit of Italian and French literature. One, a gentleman of very general information and a traveller, well acquainted with the scenery and antiquities of Italy, expressed however great contempt for its literature, and seemed astonished that his opponent could even think of putting it in competition with the masterpieces with which the French language abounded. This brought on a comparison of poets, historians, essayists, &c. &c. in which the Italians must always have the advantage both in numbers and excellence. Some months after the two disputants happened accidentally to meet again, when the same subject being slightly hinted, it appeared that the champion for French literature had entirely changed his opinion. The truth, it seems, was that he had devoted his time and attention to the French language, and had imbibed among that vain people a contempt for their more learned and more modest neighbours. He had never heard the names, nor even suspected the existence of three-fourths of the Italian writers, and was surprized when he turned his attention that way to find a mine so rich and inexhaustible. The situation of this gentleman is perhaps that of many readers well acquainted with French writers, but total strangers to the Italian. Yet these latter have been, as *Voltaire* very candidly acknowledges, their masters, and have imparted to them that share of taste, science, and refinement, in which they glory, and vainly affect to equal their teachers.

swell hills and hillocks covered with groves, and gardens, and orchards blooming with fruits and flowers. Every morning a gale springing from the sea brings vigor and coolness with it, and tempers the greatest heats of summer with its freshness. Every evening a breeze blowing from the hills and sweeping all the perfumes of the country before it, fills the nightly atmosphere with fragrance.

It is not surprising therefore that to such a country and such a climate the appellation of Felix should have been so often given; that its sweets should be supposed to have enervated an army of barbarians; that the Romans covered its coasts with their villas, and that so many poets should have made *the delicious Parthenope* their theme and their retreat.

> Nunc molles urbi ritus atque hospita musis
> Otia, et exemptum curis gravioribus ævum
> Sirenum dedit una, suum et memorabile nomen
> Parthenope . . . . . *Sil. Ital. Lib.* XII.

CHAP. XXII.

VIRGIL'S TOMB—GROTTO OF POSILIPO—LAGO D'AGNANO—GROTTO DEL CANE—ASTRONI—NISIDA—POZZUOLO—CICERO'S ACADEMIA AND CUMAN VILLA.

UNDER our windows, and bordering on the beach is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange trees. In the middle stands the *Toro Farnese*, the celebrated Farnesian bull, a groupe representing Amphion and Zethus binding Dirce to the horns of a bull. It was discovered in the midst of a heap of rubbish in one of the halls of the baths of Caracalla at Rome, first deposited in the Farnesian palace, and thence transported to Naples. The bull is considered as the finest sculptured quadruped in existence; the other figures are modern. This garden has not the luxuriance of shade that promises coolness during the sultry hours of the day, but in the evening it affords a delicious retreat to the traveller who, as he reclines over the waves that bathe the terrace wall, enjoys at once their freshness and murmurs.

Proceeding westward along the *Chiaia* and keeping towards the beach, we came to the quarter called *Mergyllina*. To ascend the hill of *Posilipo* over whose sides this quarter spreads, we turned to the right, and followed a street winding as a

staircase up the steep, and terminating at a garden gate. Having entered, we pursued a path through a vineyard and descending a little, came to a small square building, flat-roofed, placed on a sort of platform on the brow of a precipice on one side, and on the other sheltered by a super-incumbent rock. An aged ilex, spreading from the sides of the rock, and bending over the edifice covers the roof with its ever verdant foliage. Numberless shrubs spring around, and interwoven with ivy clothe the walls and hang in festoons over the precipice. The edifice before us was an ancient tomb—the tomb of Virgil! We entered; a vaulted cell and two modern windows alone present themselves to view: the poet's name is the only ornament of the place. No sarcophagus, no urn, and even no inscription to feed the devotion of the classical pilgrim. The epitaph which though not genuine is yet ancient, was inscribed by the order of the Duke of *Pescolangiano*, then proprietor of the place, on a marble slab placed in the side of the rock opposite the entrance of the tomb, where it still remains. Every body is acquainted with it—

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc
Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura, duces.

An Italian author, I think *Pietro de Steffano*, assures us that he himself had seen about the year 1526, the urn supposed to contain the poet's ashes, standing in the middle of the sepulchre supported by nine little marble pillars, with the inscription just quoted, on the frieze. He adds, that Robert of *Anjou* apprehensive lest such a precious relic should be carried off or destroyed during the wars then raging in the kingdom, took the urn and pillars from the tomb and deposited them in the *Castel Nuovo*. This extreme precaution had an effect very different

from that intended, and occasioned the loss it was meant to prevent; for notwithstanding the most laborious search and frequent enquiries made by the orders of *Alphonso* of Arragon, they were never more discovered *.

The story is related in a different manner by *Alphonsus Heredia*, Bishop of *Ariano*. According to this author, the urn, the pillars, and some little statues that adorned the sepulchre were presented by the Neapolitan government to the Cardinal of Mantua, who proceeding homewards by sea, was taken ill and died at Genoa. Of the urn and pillars no further mention is made. Perhaps indeed they never existed; their number and their size seem inconsistent with the plain and simple style prevalent in the time of Augustus; besides, if they had been the original ornaments of the place they could scarce have survived so many centuries of war and devastation, or escaped the rage of so many barbarous invaders, indifferent to the glory, and frequently unacquainted even with the very name of Virgil.

But there are authors who go still farther, and venture to assert, that the tomb of which we are now speaking, is not the sepulchre of Virgil. Of this number are the classic Addison and the laborious and accurate Cluverius. The authority of two such eminent persons, without doubt, carries great weight with it, but that weight is upon this occasion considerably lessened by the weakness of the arguments on which their opinion is grounded. These arguments may be found in Cluverius, as

* One *Eugenio*, an author of 1625, informs us, upon what authority I know not, that a stone was found in a neighboring villa, inscribed with these words:

Siste viator pauca legito,
Hic Maro situs est.

Addison merely expresses his opinion without entering into any discussion. They are drawn, from a few verses of Statius, which I cite the more willingly as they describe the surrounding scenery*.

> En egomet somnum et geniale secutus
> Littus, ubi Ausonio se condidit hospita portu
> Parthenope, tenues ignavo pollice chordas
> Pulso, Maroneique sedens in margine templi
> Sumo animum, et magni tumulis adcanto magistri.

And farther on,

> Hoc ego Chalcidicis, ad te, Marcelle sonabam
> Littoribus, fractas ubi Vesbius egerit iras,
> Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis. *Stat. Syl. lib.* IV. 4.

According to the geographer, Statius here asserts, that Virgil's tomb stood on the beach, and at the foot of Vesuvius. He who follows the shore, says Cluverius, cannot be supposed to ascend the hills, and yet by following the shore, Statius arrives at the temple (or tomb of Maro), and reclines within its precincts. Again, the poet, when within the verge itself of the temple of Maro, says that he wrote there, "*ubi Vesbius egerit iras*," &c. therefore Virgil's tomb must have been at the foot of Vesuvius. In the first place, the word *secutus* is here taken in a figurative sense, as is evident from the word *somnum*, and means following the genius, or in other words yielding to the influence of the coast. This mode of reasoning, drawn from the strict sense or rather sound of the words, is barely admissible even in logical and metaphysical discussions; it is not certainly conformable to the latitude allowed in ordinary description, whether in conversation or writing; much less is it applicable to the boldness of poetical composition. The expressions alluded to seem evidently to

* Syl. IV. Carm. quart.

describe the general features of the country, and not the particular spot where stood the tomb of Virgil. Besides, the word *littus* does not mean the beach only, but extends to the immediate neighborhood of the sea; now the road to Virgil's tomb runs actually along the beach, and though it turns from it in ascending the hills, yet it is always within sight of it, and in fact never deviates half a quarter of a mile from it, even when it terminates in the sepulchre itself. Now, in following such a road a poet may literally say, that he traverses the beach, and always remains on the shore itself. Surely a sepulchre, standing upon an eminence a quarter of a mile from the sea, and looking down upon it, may be said to be upon the coast.

The argument drawn from the neighborhood of Vesuvius has less foundation than even the explanation given to the word *littus;* the conjunction *ubi* is very different from the preposition *sub*, which the geographer substitutes as synonimous; as the latter marks an immediate vicinity and almost contiguity, while the former, unless restricted by an additional word or circumstance, merely implies a general neighborhood, as in the same country or district. Thus, *Sub tegmine fagi—Forte sub arguta—Hinc altâ sub rupe*, &c.—are instances of the one, while the following verse sufficiently points out the sense given to the other.

> Ad terram Hesperiam venies ubi Lydius arva
> Inter opima virum leni fluit agmine Tybris. II. 781.

The poet therefore here alludes to the general and most striking features of the country, and not to the particular site of Virgil's tomb, as must appear evident to any reader, who peruses the passage above cited with a mind unbiassed by previous opinions; especially as Statius positively says, that he was on the hills when at Virgil's tomb, *magni tumulis adcanto magistri.*

As for the two epigrams of Martial, quoted by Cluverius, they only seem to insinuate that Silius Italicus was proprietor both of the tomb of Virgil and the villa of Cicero, a circumstance very immaterial to the present discussion, but rather favorable than contrary to the common opinion; for we know that Cicero's villa lay on the same side of Naples as Posilipo, and as Virgil's tomb belonged to the same master as the villa, it may be supposed that they were not very distant from each other. In fine, in opposition to these arguments, or rather conjectures founded upon the vague expressions of a single poet (a poet often censured for his obscurity), we have the constant and uninterrupted tradition of the country supported by the authority of a numerous host of learned and ingenious antiquaries; and upon such grounds we may still continue to cherish the conviction, that we have visited the tomb of Virgil, and hailed his sacred shade on the spot where his ashes long reposed*.

The laurel which was once said to have sprung up at its base, and covered it with its luxuriant branches, now flourishes only in the verses of youthful bards, or in the descriptions of early travellers; myrtle, ivy and ilex, all plants equally agreeable to

* The reader will observe, that in this discussion, neither the testimony of Donatus, nor that of St. Jerom in the Chronicle of Eusebius, has been produced, as the life of Virgil, bearing the name of that grammarian, is generally rejected as spurious, and the chronicle is considered at best as suspicious, and the passage alluding to Virgil supposed to be an interpolation. The learned German editor of Virgil, *Heyne*, accuses the monks of this double imposition, and represents them as employing all their accustomed machinery of magic and miracles to raise and emblazon the fame of the Roman poet. Alas! the charge is too complimentary. The poor monks, I fear, employed very little of their time or talents upon either the works or the reputation of Virgil. They perhaps transcribed him as they found him; the rest was probably the invention of the grammarians of the fifth and sixth centuries, with some additions and improvements by those of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth.

the genius of the place, and the subjects of the poet, now perform the office of the long-withered bays, and encircle the tomb with verdure and perfume.

The sepulchre of Virgil, it may be imagined, must have long remained an object of interest and veneration, especially as his works had excited universal admiration even in his life-time, and were very soon after his death put into the hands of children, and made a part of the rudiments of early education *. Yet Martial declares that it had been neglected in his time, and that Silius Italicus alone restored its long forgotten honors.

Jam prope, desertos cineres, et sancta Maronis
Numina qui coleret, pauper et unus erat.
Silius Andino tandem succurrit agello,
Silius et vatem, non minor ipse, colit †.
Lib. IX. 49.

This negligence in an age of so much refinement cannot but appear astonishing, even though we recollect that the same age had been terrified by the cruelties of four successive tyrants, and distracted by two most destructive wars raging in the very heart of Italy. Our surprize however may cease when we recollect, that in the present most polished and enlightened century, in less than sixty years after Pope's death, at a time when his works were in the hands of every child, and had been translated into every language, his house

* Quint. I. 5.

† This honorable testimony to the judgment and taste of Silius is confirmed by Pliny, "Virgilii (imaginem venerabatur) ante omnes, cujus natalem religiosius quam suam celebrabat Neapoli maxime, ubi monumentum ejus adire, ut templum solebat. Lib. III. Ep. 7.—The custom of honoring Virgil's birth-day does not seem to have been peculiar to this poet, as Martial alludes to it more than once, if I do not mistake.

was levelled with the ground, his grotto defaced, the trees planted by his own hand rooted up, and his whole retreat, the seat of genius and the British muse, ravaged and stript of the very ornaments which endeared them to the public, because they were the creation of the poet's fancy, and still seemed to bear the impression of his mind. Houses and gardens, grottos and sepulchres, are, it is true, the most perishable of monuments, and the Hero and the Poet must finally rest their hopes of fame on their virtues and their talents, the sole memorial *ære perennius*, superior to time and barbarism. Yet the longer even such frail monuments as the former are preserved the better; the attention paid to their conservation is a tribute to genius, and a honorable proof of the prevalence of taste and information in a country*.

The reader will learn with regret that Virgil's tomb, conse-

* Ah! si dans vos travaux est toujours respecté
Le lieu par un grand homme autrefois habité,
Combien doit l'etre un sol embelli par lui même!
Dans ses sites fameux c'est leur maitre qu'on aime . . . . .
Loin donc l'audacieux, qui pour le corriger,
Profane un lieu celebre en voulant le changer.
Le grand homme au tombeau se plaint de cet outrage
Et les ans seuls ont droit d'embellir son ouvrage:
Gardez donc d'attenter a ces lieux rèverés;
Leur debris sont divins, leurs defauts sont sacrés.
Conservez leurs enclos, leurs jardins, leurs murailles; . . . .
Tel j'ai vu ce Twickenham, dont Pope est createur
Le gout le defendit d'un art profanateur
Et ses maîtres nouveaux reverant sa memoire
Dans l'œuvre de ses maîs ont respecte sa gloire.
Ciel! avec quel transport j'ai visité ce lieu
Dont Mendip est le maître, et dont Pope est le dieu!

Abbe De Lille, Jardins, III.

This passage will, I suppose, be expunged in the next edition.

crated as it ought to be to genius and meditation, is sometimes converted into the retreat of assassins, or the lurking place of Sbirri. Such at least it was the last time we visited it, when wandering that way about sun-set, we found it filled with armed men. We were surprized on both sides, and on our's not very agreeably at the unexpected rencounter; so lonely the place and so threatening the aspects of these strangers. Their manners however were courteous; and on inquiry we were informed that they were Sbirri, and then lying in wait for a murderer, who was supposed to make that spot his nightly asylum. It would be unjust to accuse the Neapolitans of culpable indifference towards this or any other monument of antiquity; but it is incumbent on the proprietor or the public, to secure them against such profanation. On the whole, few places are in themselves more picturesque, and from the recollection inseparably interwoven with it, no spot is more interesting than the tomb of Virgil.

Tune sacrum felix aluisti, Terra, Maronem?
Tune pio celas ossa beata sinu?
Anne etiam, ut fama est, Vatis placidissima sæpe
Inter odoratum cernitur umbra nemus?

Flaminius.

In truth, the hill or mountain of *Posilipo** on which the sepulchre stands is beautiful in the extreme, and is justly honored with its appellation, for no scene is better calculated to banish melancholy and exhilarate the mind.

* It took its name from a villa of Vedius Pollio, erected in the time of Augustus, and called *Pausilypum*, from the effect which its beauty was supposed to produce in suspending sorrow and anxiety.

On the second of June after dinner we made an excursion to the *Lago d'Agnano:* the road is along the *Chiaia,* and the *Strada Puzzuolana (Via Puteclana)* through the grotto of the same name. Doubt and obscurity hang over the origin and author of this celebrated excavation: some have ascribed it to Lucullus, who indeed opened a communication between his fish ponds and the sea, but differing widely both in form and direction from the grotto. Strabo attributes it to Cocceius, who is supposed by a learned Italian (Pontanus) to be the same who was appointed to superintend the Roman aqueducts, and was in high repute for his skill in that species of architecture. It is probable, that it was originally opened as a quarry, like many similar excavations in its immediate neighborhood, and under the very same mountain, and when considerably advanced it might have been continued and completed by public authority, as a road well calculated to facilitate the communication between Naples and the towns that lay eastward on one side, and Puteoli, Baiæ, and Cumæ on the other. It was at first, and seems long to have remained, a dark, dusty and inconvenient passage. "Nihil," says Seneca, "illo carcere longius, nihil illis faucibus obscurius, quæ nobis præstant, non ut per tenebras videamus, sed ut ipsas;" that is, in the language of Milton, it rendered *darkness visible.* Great allowance must be made for the turgid style of this declaimer, as Strabo, a plain unaffected author, prior to Seneca, does not speak of these inconveniencies. However, we may fairly suppose it to have been at that time both gloomy and narrow, as it owes its present breadth and elevation to modern labor. Alphonsus I. began, and Charles V. completed its improvement, and converted it into a wide and convenient passage. Its length is nearly three quarters of a mile, its breadth is about twenty-four

feet, its height is unequal, as the entrance at each end is extremely lofty to admit the light, while the vault lowers as it advances towards the middle, where it is about twenty-five feet from the ground. It is paved with large flags of lava, and in many places lined, and I believe, vaulted with stone-work. During the day, two circular apertures bored through the mountain admit a dim glimmering of light from above; and at night a lamp burning before an image of the blessed Virgin placed in a recess in the middle, casts a feeble gleam over the gloomiest part of the passage. Such, however, is the obscurity towards evening that nobody ventures to go through it without a torch, and even with a torch one feels a sort of joy on escaping from these subterraneous horrors. This grotto is, on the whole, a very singular and striking object; and the approach to it on both sides between two vast walls of solid rock, and its lofty entrances like the gates into the regions of the dead, and the shrubs and tufts of wild flowers that wave in loose festoons from the top of the precipice as if to soften the terrors of the chasm beneath, form altogether a most picturesque and extraordinary combination.

No prospect can be more truly Elysian than that which presented itself, when we had emerged from the grotto and passed the little suburb beyond it. The road runs in a strait line to the sea through a valley formed by two branches of *Monte Posilipo*. On both sides rise groves of poplars and mulberry-trees united by vines, interwoven in thick clustering garlands, suspended over rich harvests of wheat and maize all waving to the sea breeze. On the right a road turns off and leads through a dell to the *Lago d'Agnano*. A hill on one side, and a mountain on the other, shaded with poplars, give freshness and verdure to the walk. The lake,

though it is a fine expanse of water of a circular form, about two miles in circumference, yet derives its greatest beauty from the verdure that borders its margin, and the noble hills that rise around it and crown its bason. As there is no mention made of this lake among the ancients, we may be allowed to suppose that it is an artificial hollow, and perhaps the celebrated fish pond sunk by Lucullus. His villa stood in the neighborhood or rather close to the lake, and the communication which he opened between his ponds and the sea is still discernible. The situation corresponds with the account, and the extent is by no means too considerable, as Pliny the Elder assures us, that the ponds were more expensive than the villa itself, and must consequently have been of vast magnitude*. The silence of the ancients with regard to this lake is not, it must be acknowledged, a sufficent proof that it was originally a fish-pond; it may have been produced since by natural causes, and in a country so agitated by the working of subterraneous fires, such changes may be supposed, without improbability, to have occurred. But if such a phenomenon had taken place, it would have been recorded, like the origin of *Monte Nuovo*, in the annals or at least the traditions of the times. Now, no mention is made, no memorial occurs, of any such revolution; while of the pond of Lucullus, so often alluded to by the ancients, not the least trace is to be found, if we except the vestiges of its communication with the sea. It is not therefore unreasonable to conjecture, that the lake of Agnano may be the pond of Lucullus, as it occupies nearly the same site, and in magnitude corresponds with the grandeur and opulence of that luxurious Roman.

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* IX. 54.

As the traveller advances he finds on his right, a few paces from the borders of the lake, the *Grotto del Cane*, a small aperture in the side of the mountain, remarkable for a deadly vapor that rises from its bottom, and for the perpetual experiment of its efficacy on dogs. If we may credit Cluverius, the force of this exhalation has not been felt by dogs only, but sometimes tried with a result more destructive upon Turkish captives, and condemned criminals. Sometimes however it is said to have failed on the human species. The effect seems to vary perhaps with the weather and season, and perhaps with the working of the subterraneous ingredients from which it rises. It existed in the same neighborhood and perhaps in the same place in ancient times, and is alluded to by the elder Pliny, and the spots that emit it called by him in his lofty manner *Charoneæ scrobes**, and *spiracula Ditis*. Turning to the left the traveller will observe an edifice intended for the purpose of vapor baths; the vapor rises hot from the earth, and when confined to a room, very soon throws the person exposed to its action into a violent perspiration. It is supposed to be of peculiar efficacy in rheumatic and gouty complaints. The air in the vicinity of this lake is considered as extremely insalubrious during the heats of summer, but this dangerous quality is ascribed not so much to the nature of the place itself, or to the exhalations that arise from the soil, as to the stench occasioned by the quantity of flax put into the water to steep at that season; a circumstance that will astonish the reader not a little, as it is natural to suppose that the government would prohibit a practice which even in cold countries is offensive, and in hot climates must be pestilential.

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* Plin. II. 93.

From the baths we proceeded between two rows of trees, for some time along the margin of the lake, and then up a steep hill to *Astroni*, once the crater of a volcano, now a royal chace or forest. The sides and bottom of this vast orifice are covered with large trees, and form a scene very refreshing and beautiful. The circumference above may be about two miles and a half, and the descent a quarter of a mile. It is enclosed by a stone wall, and strictly speaking reserved for royal amusement. It is said to be well stocked with game of every kind. These objects furnished entertainment for a long and delightful afternoon: we returned by the same road, and entered Naples in the dusk of the evening.

On the third of June we set out on an excursion to Puteoli, Baiæ, &c. We took the same road as in our last excursion, but instead of turning off to *Agnano* continued to the shore. When we arrived there another view opened upon us, varied, rich, and beautiful; on our left, the rocky promontory of Posilipo, and the little island of *Nisida* rising steep from the waves; on our right, the road run along steep precipices formed of lava, and terminated in *Pozzuolo*. Before us, appeared in succession the high coast and castle of *Baiæ*, the promontory of *Misenus*, and the peak of *Inarime (Ischia)*. This union of islands, promontories, rocks or castles forms the enchanting bay of *Pozzuolo*. The point of the promontory of *Posilipo* is naturally broken, and wrought into various bays, islands, and caverns, and these again are hollowed by art into grottos, baths, and recesses, forming a scene singular, grotesque, and resembling the work of enchantment. Hence the Neapolitans call it the *Scuola di Virgilio*, and ascribe it to the magical powers of the poet. We may with more probability attribute it in part to Vedius Pollio, whose villa

so famed for its ponds stood on the hill behind at a little distance, and to Augustus who inherited it after the death of Pollio. Lucullus may have had his share in the work, as well as numberless other Romans of equal opulence, who successively inhabited this delicious coast.

The island of *Nisida*, that lies at a little distance from the promontory, was anciently *Nesis*, and is represented as enveloped in noxious steams, and emitting pestilential exhalations.

. . . . . *Nesis*
Emittit stygium nebulosis aera saxis.
Antraque lethiferi rabiem Typhonis anhelant. *Lucan* VI.

Its situation and modern appearance, however, are such as to give an idea of coolness and salubrity, and accordingly it enjoys a better reputation, and is at present made the seat of the Lazaretto.

Thence proceeding along the coast we entered *Pozzuolo*, anciently *Puteoli*, a town of Greek origin, and first called *Dicæarchia*. It was erected by the inhabitants of Cumæ as a sea-port, and is by some supposed to have derived its original appellation from the excellence of its government, an advantage which few colonies have ever enjoyed, and few new founded cities can pretend to. However, it owes its present name, and indeed its fame and prosperity to the Romans, who about two centuries before the Christian era fortified it, and made it the emporium of the commerce of the east. Its situation as a sea-port is indeed unrivalled. It stands on a point that juts out a little into the sea, nearly in the centre of a fine bay, called from it *Puteolano* or *Puzzolano*. Its prominence forms a natural port, if a port can be wanting in a bay so well covered by the surrounding coasts, and divided into so many creeks and harbors.

It is easy to guess what the animation and splendor of this city must have been at the time when the riches of the east were poured into its bosom, and its climate, baths, and beauty, allured the most opulent Romans to its vicinity. Commerce has long since forsaken it; the attraction of its climate and its situation still remain, but operate very feebly on the feelings of a people little given to rural enjoyments. Its population, which formerly spread over the neighboring hills, and covered them with public and private edifices, is now confined to the little prominent point which formed the ancient port; and all the magnificence of antiquity has either been undermined by time, demolished by barbarism, or levelled in the dust by earthquakes. Vestiges however remain, shapeless indeed and deformed, but numerous and vast enough to give some idea of the extent and grandeur of *Puteoli*. In the square stands a beautiful marble pedestal with basso relievos on its pannels, representing the fourteen cities of Asia Minor, which had been destroyed by an earthquake and rebuilt by Tiberius. It supported a statue of that emperor, erected by the same cities as a monument of their gratitude. Each city is represented by a figure bearing in its hand some characteristic emblem. The cathedral is supposed to stand on the ruins of a temple, and is undoubtedly built in a great degree of ancient materials, as appears by the vast blocks of marble which in many places form its walls.

On the hill behind the town are the remains of an amphitheatre, called after that at Rome the Coliseum; it was of considerable magnitude, but not comparable to that whose name it assumes. The gates and a large portion of the vaults and under apartments remain. One of these apartments, or rather dungeons, in which St. Januarius, the patron of Naples, is said to have been confined, is now turned into a damp and gloomy

chapel—the arena is a garden: vines, fig-trees, and pomegranates have gradually crept up the circumference, and now cover the steps and wave over the ruins—a melancholy yet pleasing picture! Close to the amphitheatre are other vast fragments, probably of the baths that stood in this neighborhood.

But the most striking monuments of *Puteoli* are the remains of the temple of Jupiter Serapis, and those of the mole that formed the port; the former stands in the precincts of the town, partly in a garden and partly in the barracks, but surrounded and almost concealed by petty uninteresting buildings. The form of this edifice was nearly square, of about one hundred and thirty feet in length, and somewhat less in breadth. It was enclosed in a court divided into small apartments, several of which still exist. Of the four columns of the portico three are standing, the fourth lies extended on the pavement; they are of marble, forty feet high, and Corinthian; the cell in the centre was round, and its roof supported by sixteen pillars; the pedestals remain; the shafts were transported to the palace of Caserta, and form, I believe, the beautiful colonnade of the chapel. The marble pavement of the court is nearly entire, but covered with mud and stagnant water. The vapors that rise from this infected pool during the heats of summer are not unfrequently fatal to the soldiers in the neighboring barracks. Yet a few laborers could remove the mud in one day, and a pump might carry off the water! Some beautiful statues have been found buried in the earth or under the ruins, and many fine fragments of capitals, cornices, and sculptured friezes still remain scattered around in the midst of dirt and rubbish.

The Mole was a work of inferior beauty, but of far greater

difficulty; several of its piles still stand unshaken: they are sunk in deep water, and once supported arches, parts of which remain suspended in shattered grandeur over the waves. This method of forming a mole like a bridge of arches instead of solid wall is much cheaper, and equally useful, and deserves to be imitated in similar works. When this vast mass was first erected, or by whom, it is difficult to determine. Seneca speaks of a mole under the name of pilæ*, and Strabo mentions walls carried out into the sea to enable ships of burden to unload with convenience. But whoever first built it, we know from an inscription at *Pozzuolo*, that Antoninus repaired it when damaged or thrown down by the fury of the waves. Its solidity and durability is owing, in a great degree, to the quality of the cement, made of *Pozzolano* sand, which hardens under water, and acquires the strength and consistency of marble. These arches bear at present the name of Caligula, and are supposed by the people at *Pozzuolo* to be the remains of the bridge which that prince, in one of his fits of phrensy, threw over the bay from *Puteoli* to *Baiæ* or *Baulis*. But the learned reader need not be informed, that Caligula's bridge was like that of Xerxes, whom he intended to imitate, a temporary bridge erected upon boats; formed principally of wood, and carried from the extremity of the mole to the opposite coast. In length, solidity, and decoration, it probably surpassed its model, as it did also in extravagance and inutility †.

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* Ep. 77.

† Suet. Caligula, 19; and for a fuller description of the bridge, and the exhibitions displayed upon it, see *Dio.* LVIII. *and Brotier's Tacitus, Supplement* VIII. *Annal. cum Notis.*

On the road that leads along the coast from *Pozzuolo* to the *Lucrine* lake stood Cicero's villa, called by him *Puteolanum* and *Academia*. Pliny relates that it was on the shore, and adorned with a grove, and a portico, which seems to have been remarkable for its beauty; he adds, that Cicero erected here a monument, and that shortly after his death a fountain of warm water, very wholesome for the eyes, burst forth, and gave occasion to an epigram, which the philosopher quotes with applause.* The portico is fallen, the groves are withered, the fountain dried up, and not a vestige of the Academic retreat left behind to mark its situation. The verses remain, and perpetuate at once the glory of the orator, the fame of the fountain, the beauty of the villa, and what is more honorable than all united, the gratitude of the writer Laurea Tullius, Cicero's freed-man.

It appears from various passages in Cicero's letters that he had two villas on this coast, the one which I have just mentioned, on the shore; the other, on the hills beyond the Lucrine lake, called the Cumanum, as lying towards that city, and nearer to it than to *Puteoli*. Perhaps the latter was a mere lodge or summer-house, of course on a much smaller scale. Of these villas one stood on the hills, and commanded the *Campi Phlegræi*, the bay of *Puteoli* with its islands *Misenus* and *Baiæ;* the other on the beach enjoyed the breezes and murmurs of the sea, so delightful to a contemplative mind; Cicero knew not which of the two he preferred, but complained that the crowd of visitors that interrupted his leisure in these retreats contributed not a little to counterbalance their attractions. Cicero's Academics do not, however, take their name from his

* Plin. xxxi. Cap. 3.

Academia, but from the subject itself; as the dialogue which the first book relates took place at the villa of Varro, somewhere in the neighborhood, and within the distance of a walk. The scene of the two first books, De Finibus, is laid in the Cuman villa. The dialogue De Fato took place in the Academia. The spot, the subject, the speakers both fated to perish in so short a time during the contest which they both foresaw, and endeavoured in vain to avert, were circumstances which give a peculiar interest to this dialogue, and increase our regret that it has not reached us in a less mutilated state.

CHAP. XXIII.

PORTUS JULIUS—LACUS LUCRINUS—AVERNUS, OBSERVATIONS ON ITS ORIGINAL STATE—BAY AND CASTLE OF BAIÆ—PORT OF MISENUS—MARE MORTO—ELYSIAN FIELDS—PROMONTORY AND TOWN OF MISENUS—SOLFATARA—LITERNUM, SCIPIO'S RETREAT—CUMÆ—GROTTO OF THE SYBIL.

IT is usual to take a boat at *Pozzuolo*, and row across the bay to the Lucrine lake. Passing near the shore our guide shewed us the remains of a mole, which is still called *Lanterna di Porto Giulio*, and is the only monument of the walls or substructions erected by Agrippa to form a harbor in the Lucrine lake, and of the name which it received when finished. I need not observe, that both Horace and Virgil have celebrated this magnificent undertaking, the one turning it as if incidentally mentioned into a delicate compliment; the other describing it in all the splendor of poetry, as one of the distinguishing features of Italy. This work, on the one side, opened a communication between the lakes Avernus and Lucrinus; and on the other, seems to have enclosed a certain space of the bay itself to add to the last-mentioned lake and form it into a capacious harbor. Before this undertaking, the Lucrinus was protected by a mole of such antiquity that it was attributed to Hercules. It bordered on the beach, and formed a road as well as a mole. Of the Lucrine lake a small

part only remains, now a muddy pool half covered with reeds and bull-rushes. The centre, though remarkable for its depth, was in one short night changed into a conical mountain*. The mountain is a vast mass of cinders, black and barren, and is called *Monte Nuovo*. The pool, however diminished in its size and appearance, still retains the name and honors of the Lucrine lake.

We landed on its banks, and following a path that winded through a vineyard came to the borders of the lake Avernus. This lake is a circular sheet of water, of about a mile and a half in circumference, and of immense depth; surrounded with ground on one side low, on the other high but not steep, cultivated all around, but not much wooded, a scene on the whole, light, airy, and exhilarating. How unlike the abodes of the Cimmerians, the *darkened lake*, the *gloomy forests*, the *blasts exhaled from the infernal regions*, the *funereal cypress*, the *feeble screams*, the *flitting ghosts*—Does Avernus then owe all its horrors to poetical fiction? or is the face of nature entirely altered since the time of Homer? To both these causes much is to be attributed. The Greeks in Homer's time knew but little of Italy, and what little they knew bordered greatly on the marvellous. They had heard perhaps of its numerous islands, its rocky coasts, and above all, of its volcanos possibly at an earlier period very numerous and destructive in their eruptions. Some exaggerated account of the wonders of the *Campi Phlegræi* had reached their ears, and while their sulphureous vapors and agitated surface seemed to them to announce the vicinity of hell, their caverns could not but appear as so many avenues to that region of horror. Such an opinion, however absurd it may appear to us, is still very natural. A

* An. 1538.

volcano is the most tremendous phenomenon presented to the eyes of mortals. All the agitation of earthquakes, all the crash of thunder, all the horrors of darkness, all the blaze of lightning, and all the rage of conflagration, are united and armed with tenfold terror in an eruption. Its appearance and effects seem not to announce the arm of the Almighty extended from heaven to chastise and correct at the same time, but resemble the rage of demons broke loose from their prison, *armed with the flames of hell* to disfigure nature and ravage the creation. Hence in an age far more refined, and among a well-informed people, there were found several who, at the first celebrated eruption of Vesuvius*, imagined that the whole frame of nature was in the act of dissolution, and that both gods and men were about to perish in one common ruin†. Even in modern times, when enlightened by the rays of the gospel, and better acquainted with the destiny of man both here and hereafter, the common people feel a propensity to suppose that a volcano is a sort of inlet into hell, through which demons move to and fro when commissioned to execute the decrees of divine justice. No wonder therefore that the Greeks, ignorant and half barbarous as they then were, should have believed, or that poets should have feigned, that a region of which such terrific tales were told, was the vestibule of hell, *atri janua Ditis.* To this we may add, that the Avernus, which probably occupies the crater of an extinguished volcano, might at that period and long after, merely cover the lower part of the abyss, while the steep rocky banks towering to a prodigious elevation above it, were shaded with shrubs, and its orifice almost closed with a whole forest of trees hanging over the precipice and increasing its gloom. At the same time, in a place so im-

* An. 79.

† Plin. Jun. lib. vi. Ep. 20.

pregnated with fire, it is probable that various sulphureous steams rising from the bottom or bursting from the sides of the cavern, might fill the vast hollow, and undisturbed by the action of the air brood in pestilential clouds over its surface. Such may have been the original state of the lake Avernus, corresponding sufficiently with the description given by the poets, and when accompanied by the supernumerary horrors which the superstition of the times threw around it, an object in a very high degree, awful and terrific. Afterwards, the water may have increased (and in the neighborhood of the Lucrine lake, and so near the sea it may easily be supposed to increase) and approached nearer the margin; at the same time, the woods may have been diminished by the growing population of the towns of *Cumæ*, *Puteoli*, and *Misenus*, and of course the Avernus must have gradually lost much of its horrors and its malignity. The impression however had been made, temples had been built, priests established, and the worship of the infernal deities, *religio dira loci*, still continued to attract crowds to the banks of the Avernus. The fashion was prevalent enough even in Hannibal's time to afford that crafty Carthaginian an opportunity of reconnoitring the ramparts of *Puteoli*, under pretext of offering sacrifice on the banks of Avernus*.

At length in the reign of Augustus the formation of the Portus

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* Tit. Liv. xxiv. 12.
Speaking of this visit Silius says,

Tum tristi nemore, atque umbris nigrantibus horrens
Et formidatus volucri, lethale vomebat
Suffuso virus cælo, Stygiaque per urbes
Relligione sacer sævum retinebat honorem——

Julius dispelled the few horrors that continued to brood over the infernal lake; the sacred groves that still shaded its banks and hung over its margin were cut down; the barrier that separated it from the Lucrinus was removed, and not only the waters of the latter but the waves of the neighboring sea were admitted into the stagnant gulph of Avernus. This enterprize however was contemplated with some awe and apprehension, and the agitation of the waters, occasioned probably by the descent of those of the former lake into the lower bason of the latter, was magnified into a tempest, and ascribed to the anger of the infernal divinities. The statue of one shewed by a profuse sweat either its fear or its indignation; that of another leaped, it was said, from its pedestal, and recourse was had as usual to sacrifices, in order to appease the irritated Manes. In the mean time, the port was finished; the Avernus was stripped of its infernal horrors, and ever after ranked among ordinary lakes.

Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia. *Sil. Ital.*.

On the southern bank stands a large and lofty octagonal edifice, with niches in the walls, and with halls adjoining. It is vaulted, and of brick, and is supposed by some to be the temple of Proserpine, by others, that of the Avernus itself, whose statue, as appears from the circumstance mentioned above, stood in the immediate vicinity of the lake. This building was probably incrusted with marble, and decorated with pillars; it is now surrounded by a vineyard, and pleases the eye by its magnitude, site, and proportions. It would not be difficult to repair it, if the government or proprietors were disposed so to do. Many antiquaries imagine it to have been a bath, but though its form be well adapted to such an object,

we do not find that the waters of the Avernus were employed for that purpose.

On the opposite side of the lake, under a steep overhung with shrubs and brambles, is the opening of a subterraneous gallery, called by the guides, and indeed by the people, the *Grotto della Sibilla.* The first gallery runs under the *Monte Grillo,* and its direction is towards Baiæ, but it opens into another on the right tending towards Cuma; after some progress in this second passage we came to a piece of water now called the bath of the Sybil, and were transported over it on the backs of our guides. On the opposite side the ground rises rapidly, and all further progress is precluded by heaps of ruin. The situation and appearance of this cavern correspond exactly with the description of Virgil, and are sufficient to authorize us in supposing it to be the same to which he alludes, if he had any real object in view, and not merely a general imitation of Homer.

> Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu
> Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris. *Lib.* VI.

It probably branched out into several other galleries, and may have communicated with many large caverns, as well as with the various vales and lakes that lie so thick on this peninsula, and once perhaps formed the whole scenery of the infernal regions, so beautifully colored by Virgil. In this case, the stream which we passed might possibly have represented the Acheron; and indeed the black surface of the water; the feeble glimmering of the torches, and their red smouldering flames half lost in their own smoke and in the vapors of the place; the craggy vaults closing over us and losing themselves in darkness; the

squalid forms of our guides and attendants, appearing and disappearing with their torches, as they carried us over one by one, all seemed well adapted to infernal scenery, and appropriate appendages of the entrance into the regions of the dead.

> Per speluncas, saxis structas asperis, pendentibus,
> Maximis; ubi rigida constat crassa caligo inferum. *Enn. ap. Cic. Tusc.*

Homer places the Cimmerians in these subterraneous abodes,

> Ἔνθα δὲ Κιμμερίων ἀνδρῶν δῆμός τε πόλις τε,
> Ἠέρι καὶ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένοι· οὐδέ ποτ' αὐτοὺς
> Ἠέλιος φαέθων ἐπιδέρκεται ἀκτίνεσσιν,
> Οὐδ' ὁπόταν στείχῃσι πρὸς οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντα,
> Οὔθ' ὅταν αὖψ ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἀπ' οὐρανόθεν προτραπῆται·
> Ἀλλ' ἐπὶ νὺξ ὀλοὴ τέταται δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι. *Odyss.* κα.

This description notwithstanding its poetical splendor, may possibly be grounded on reality.* We may easily conceive that in an early and half-savage state of society, men might have preferred caverns so large and commodious to such hovels as they were then capable of erecting; and there are many instances on record of human beings in considerable numbers inhabiting such receptacles. Not to speak of the barbarous inhabitants of the north, nor of some of the semi-barbarians of the south, who have chosen to live under

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* Pliny places the city of the Cimmerians on the banks of the *Avernus*, and Festus represents them as a real people who inhabited deep and gloomy dells. Cimmerii dicuntur homines, qui frigoribus occupatas terras incolunt, quales fuerunt inter *Baias* et *Cumas*, in ea regione in qua convallis satis eminenti jugo circumdata est, quæ neque matutino neque vespertino tempore sole contegitur. Such *cold* and *sunless* vallies are common enough in Wales and Scotland, but we are rather surprized to find them discovered by this grammarian in the neighborhood of Naples.

ground; even the polished Romans themselves seem sometimes to have preferred grottos to their palaces*, as we may collect from an expression of Seneca†; and from the account which Strabo gives of a place on or near the road from Rome to Naples, called *Spelunca*. This place is now by corruption turned into *Sperlonga*, and lies at the foot of *Mount Cæcubus*, on the promontory near the southern extremity of the *Lacus Fundanus*, about sixteen miles from *Terracina*. Of the many caverns here situate, and according to Strabo, containing magnificent and sumptuous villas, no trace remains. Tacitus speaks of an accident which happened, and the danger to which Tiberius was exposed while dining in one of them‡.

In Malta near the *Citta Vecchia* are still shewn the vestiges of a subterraneous city, for the extent of the galleries and the regularity of the streets almost entitle the place to this appellation. The rock is not only cut into spacious passages, but hollowed out into separate houses with their different apartments, and seems to have been capable of containing a very considerable number of families. Such an abode must without doubt have been gloomy; but in a country like Malta, where the heat is intense, and the reflection from the chalky soil painful; where there is little verdure and still less shade, gloom and coolness under ground are perhaps preferable to glare and heat above.

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* Of these summer grottos some specimens may be seen on the borders of the lake of Albano.

† The expression of Seneca alluded to, "*ex quo depressius æstivos specus foderint.—Cons. ad Helviam*, IX.

‡ Annal. Lib. IV. 69.

The Cimmerians seem to have been given to the worship of the infernal deities, and to have acted as priests and interpreters of the oracle established in the centre of their subterraneous abode. This superstition was probably of a very lucrative nature, and accordingly survived the fall of those who first established it, and seems to have continued, though gradually declining, almost down to the time of the Cæsars. No country is better adapted to the practice of such a system of imposition, or more favorable to the illusions by which it is carried on. Deep caverns, the extent and outlets of which were known only to the priests who inhabited them; subterraneous waters, sometimes collected in cold stagnant pools, and at other times boiling up in hot fountains; *hollow sounds*, sulphureous vapors, and sudden flames, the natural effects of fire, always active though not always visible, in this volcanic region, are circumstances wonderfully calculated to work strongly upon the imagination, and aid the operations of necromantic art. However, about the era of Augustus, the light of science had penetrated even these recesses, and banished thence the priests, the oracle, and all the phantoms they had conjured up, and the grotto of Avernus, formerly the haunt of the dead, was turned to the advantage of the living, and converted by Cocceius into a subterraneous communication between *Puteoli* and *Cumæ*. How long this passage remained open, or whether obstructed by time or by volcanic convulsions, it is not easy to conjecture; to re-open it would be an operation probably of no great difficulty, though of considerable expence, an evil perhaps of too great a magnitude to be counterbalanced by the gratification which it might afford to public curiosity.*

* The lake of Avernus with the neighboring Lucrinus are like that of

We returned by the same path as we came, leaving the Lucrinus on our right, and *Monte Nuovo* rising on our left, and crossing the mole of Hercules reimbarked, and proceeded along the coast to *Baiæ*. The bay of *Baiæ* is a semicircular recess just opposite the harbor of *Pozzuolo*, and about three miles distant from it. It is lined with ruins, the remains of the villas and baths of the ancient Romans; some advance a considerable way out, and though now under the waves are easily distinguishable in fine weather. The taste for building in the waters and encroaching on the sea, to which Horace alludes, is exemplified in a very striking manner all along this coast*. The first object that attracts the attention, and is pointed out by the guides, are the baths called the *Terme di Nerone*. This Emperor had here a magnificent villa, and had projected or, as Suetonius† says, commenced a reservoir in which he intended to collect all the hot waters that spring up at or near *Baiæ*. This edifice was to have extended from Misenus to the lake Avernus, a distance of three miles and a half in a direct line, and more than four including the windings of the coast; it was to have been lined with porticos and roofed. However, there is no particular reason (unless we admit the traditionary appellation of the place to be such) for supposing that the baths in question belonged to this work, or formed any part of the villa of Nero.

Agnano, infected in the hot months by the flax deposited in them, an evil which calls loudly for the interference of the government.

* Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges
Summovere littora,
Parum locuples continente ripa.

Carm. II. 18.

† Suet. Nero, 31.

This villa was at or near *Baulis*. The baths we are now contemplating, consist of several galleries worked through the rock, and terminating in a fountain of boiling water. The vapor that arises from this fountain fills the whole cavern and is so hot and oppressive as to render the approach difficult to persons not accustomed to the effects of steam. The guides however run to it to fetch some of its water. These galleries are high, and wide enough to allow two persons to pass without inconvenience. There are also some apartments cut out of the solid stone for the accommodation of bathers. These mineral waters seem to pervade the whole region; they ooze through the rocks, work their way under the sands, and heat them even to a considerable distance from the shore. They have been known, and their utility has been experienced for more than two thousand years—they were never probably more neglected than they are at present—no care is taken to collect them, no buildings have been erected for the accommodation of visitants. The Neapolitans behold with indifference all the beauties and all the treasures of their coasts.

Varia circum oblectamina vitæ
Vaporiferas, blandissima littora, Baias. *Statius Sylv.* III.

From the *Thermæ* we advanced to a little projection of the shore, on which stands an edifice octagonal outside, but within circular, called at present *Tempio di Venere*. Behind this edifice are a range of apartments called the *Camere di Venere;* they are ornamented with basso relievos in stucco, which are said to have some merit in point of execution, but are of too obscene a nature to admit examination. Venus had a temple on this coast, and it was so placed between the Lucrine lake and Baiæ as to take its name occasionally from either, as indeed the bay itself in which it

stood was sometimes called Baianus and sometimes Lucrinus*. We have no data to enable us to ascertain the precise spot on which this edifice stood, but we may confidently aver that no site could be better adapted to it than that assigned by popular tradition. Venus presided over this coast and all its bays, its baths, its fountains, and its lakes; she had deserted *Paphos* and *Cythera*, and settled with all her train of loves and sports, on the delicious shore of *Baiæ*. A sky for ever serene, seas never ruffled, perpetual spring and eternal verdure, may be supposed to have allured the goddess to her new abode; but her present influence appeared in the general manners and amusements of the place,—in scenes of revelry, bacchanalian songs, wanton groupes and effeminate music. "Videre ebrios per littora errantes, et commessationes navigantium et symphoniarum cantibus perstrepentes lacus et alia, quæ velut soluta legibus luxuria non tantum peccat, sed publicat, quid necesse est†."

No situation is more appropriate to the temple of this presiding divinity than this little promontory, whose jutting point commands the whole bay, with all its scenery of hills, towns, lakes, and villas.

> **Litus beatæ aureum Veneris!**
> **Baiæ superbæ blanda dona naturæ.** *Martial.*

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* I must here observe, that Cluverius upon this as upon another occasion which I noticed above, seems to take the expression of poetry in the strict acceptation of geographical prose. He must have perceived that *Baiæ*, *Cumæ*, *Lucrinus*, and *Avernus* extend their appellation far beyond their natural limits, and sometimes include the whole vicinity. He himself observes, that the springs of *Baiæ* were once called *Aqua Cumanæ*, and quotes Lucretius to prove it.

† Seneca, Epist. LI.

At a little distance from the temple of Venus rises another circular edifice, vaulted and lighted from above like the Pantheon, and still further on, another nearly similar; this latter is called the temple of Diana, as the former is termed the temple of Mercury; the traces of conduits for conveying water to all their apartments, and their situation on a coast where baths were probably in more estimation and request than temples, furnish a very plausible pretext to the supposition of their being *Thermæ*. Their shattered forms, shaded here and there with shrubs and flowers, rising on the margin of the sea on a coast so beautiful yet so solitary, produce a fine and uncommon effect.

Advancing southward we passed under the castle of Baiæ*, a fortress on the brow of a rocky precipice, rising to a considerable elevation above the sea, and forming the point of a little promontory. Its appearance at a distance is rather splendid and majestic, owing to its size and the rich color of the stone of which it is built.

Somewhat more than a quarter of a mile beyond *Baiæ*, there rises almost on the beach, a semicircular building, with a gallery within, adorned with basso relievos in stucco; popular tradition ennobles this edifice with the appellation of the tomb of Agrippina. The reader may recollect that that empress, after having escaped the fate intended for her at sea on her return from *Baiæ*, was conveyed to her own villa on the Lucrine lake, and shortly after murdered there: she was burned privately, and her tomb,

* *Baiæ* is said to derive its name from one of the companions of Ulysses.

Sedes Ithacesia *Baii.* *Silius.*

which was erected after the death of Nero in the neighborhood, and on the hill near the road to Misenus, corresponded rather with her misfortunes than with her rank*. *Baiæ* indeed was not only the seat of voluptuousness, but sometimes also the theatre of cruelty, two vices intimately allied, and not unfrequently most notoriously displayed in places whence the smiling features of nature might seem to have banished at least the latter. The murder of a parent, the barbarous termination of the feast of Caracalla, and the secret executions of the island of *Capreæ*, only shew what a monster man becomes when his power is equal to his malignity. The supposed tomb of Agrippina may possibly be a part, perhaps the theatre of the villa of *Baulis*, which once belonged to Hortensius, and was afterwards the favorite resort of some of the Emperors, and upon this occasion the scene of the last interview between Nero and his mother.

Under the little promontory of *Baulis* are the *Cento Camerelle*, a number of grottos, opening in front to the sea, communicating with each other within, and branching out into several long galleries that form a sort of labyrinth. Their object is not known; they may have been mere substructions supporting some edifice, or perhaps reservoirs of fresh water. Ascending the hill from hence, we came to the *Piscina Mirabile*, a subterranean edifice, vaulted, and divided by four rows of arcades.

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* Tac. Ann. XIV. 4, 5, 6, and 7.—There is something grand and awful in the sound of the trumpet heard on the neighboring hills; and the nightly lamentations supposed to issue from the tomb of Agrippina. (Cap. 10.) Nero fled—Obversabatur maris illius et litorum gravis aspectus.

Its date, author, and destination, are equally unknown. Some antiquaries suppose it to have been a fish-pond, as its present appellation imports, belonging to one of the great villas that rose on this eminence, perhaps to that of Lucullus, who is said to have spared no expense in the erection of such receptacles. Others imagine that it was intended as a cistern of fresh water for the supply of the fleet, while it lay in the port of Misenus, situated immediately under the hill on which the *Piscina Mirabile* stands. If I might be allowed to add one conjecture more to the preceding I should be tempted to ask, whether this artificial cavern, and many similar works in the same direction, may not be parts of that vast reservoir (to which I have already alluded) planned and commenced by Nero, but never finished. Its magnitude, proportions, and elevation, are all on a grand scale, and announce the opulence and magnificence of its author; while its vaults and arcades correspond precisely with the account given of that Emperor's projected edifice—"Inchoabat," says Suetonius, "piscinam a Miseno ad Avernum lacum, *contectam, porticibus conclusam*, quo quidquid totis *Baiis* calidarum esset, converteretur*.

At the foot of the hill on which we stood, the port of Misenus expands inwards, and protected by high lands on either side forms not a very capacious but a tranquil haven. It was made, by Augustus, the principal station of the Roman fleet in the Mediterranean, and by its central and commanding situation is extremely well calculated for every naval object. It is separated at its extremity by a narrow neck of land from the *Mare morto;* through this neck a canal, over which there is a bridge, opens a

* Nero, 31.

communication between the two basons, which anciently may probably have formed parts of the same port. On the side opposite this canal to the west, another bed of sand protects the *Mare morto* from the incursions of the sea, while the lofty promontory of Misenus on the south, and the mountains called of *Procida* and of *Selvaggi* on the north, cover it from every rougher breeze.

Along its shores under the shelter of these hills lay extended the Elysian fields, *Campi Elisi!* They are shaded by mulberries and poplars, garlanded by festoons of vines, fanned by sea breezes from the south, refreshed by the waves of the *Mare morto* that eat into the shore and form numberless creeks and recesses, and their lonely paths are lined on all sides by tombs intermingled with cypresses. Such a scene, by its secluded beauty, its silence, and its tranquillity might attract the living; yet it seems to have been at all times abandoned to the dead, and from the sepulchres that adorn it, and the undisturbed repose that seems to reign over it, it resembles a region secluded from the intrusion of mortals and placed above the influence of human vicissitude and agitation!

Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe. *Luc.* I. 59.

The solitude of the place, its destination, and the recollection of Virgil's description, diffuse a certain melancholy over the mind, and dispose it imperceptibly to reflection and musing. Such are the Elysian fields, a name that sounds so harmoniously to the ears of the classic youth, and opens so many enchanting scenes to his imagination. He will be disappointed in reading the description, and little less so in contemplating the reality. In the splendor of a Neapolitan firmament he will seek in vain for that

purple light so delightful to his boyish fancy, and on the sandy beach of the *Mare morto* he will discover no traces of the crystal Eridanus; he will look to no purpose for meadows ever green, rills always full, and banks and hillocks of downy moss. The truth is, Virgil improves and embellishes whatever he touches; kindled by the contemplation of nature his genius rises above her, and gives to her features, charms and beauties of his own creation. The hills, the groves, the paths, he copied from the scenery now before us; but he waters them with purer streams, calls up unfading flowers to grace them, and lights them with a new sun and milder constellations.

We turned with regret from a spot so celebrated, and came to the rocky promontory of *Misenus*. It is hollowed into vast grots and caverns, intended anciently perhaps for baths, and perhaps for docks for ship-building. The town, it is supposed, stood on the summit of the promontory; its site is marked by masses of ruin, and the vestiges of a theatre; unless with some antiquaries we choose to consider these scattered heaps as the remains of one or other of the villas so numerous in the immediate neighborhood of *Misenus*. The principal and most extensive of these seats was that of Lucullus, afterwards occupied by Tiberius. Phædrus informs us that it was situate on the very pinnacle of the hill, as it not only commanded the adjacent coasts but extended its view to the seas of Sicily*. This villa with its gar-

* Cæsar Tiberius, quum petens Neapolim
In Misenensem villam venisset suam
Quæ monte summo posita Luculli manu
Prospectat Siculum et prospicit Tuscum mare.
II. *Fab.* V.

dens and porticos must have occupied a considerable space, and left but little room for the town, which of course must have been situated lower down and probably on the sea shore. That such indeed was its real site, we may infer in opposition to the common opinion, from Pliny the younger, who says that the house which he and his mother inhabited, was separated by a small court from the sea. "Residimus in areâ domûs, quæ mare a tectis modico spatio dividebat*." The hill that forms the point of the promontory is steep and lofty. It does not appear to me to bear, as is frequently represented, any appearance of a mausoleum, nor can I believe that Virgil had any such imaginary resemblance in view; he probably adopted a popular tradition, when he placed the tomb of Misenus on its base†.

> Monte sub aerio qui nunc Misenus ab illo
> Dicitur, æternumque tenet per sæculas nomen.

It is not a little remarkable, that most of the points and promontories represented by the Roman poet as monuments of great personages or illustrious events still retain their ancient appellations, while so many other titles and names, in many respects more important, have gradually yielded to modern substitutions and sunk into oblivion. Is this difference to be ascribed to the influence of poetry, and have the latter perished because not recorded in verse? "Carent quia vate sacro."

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* VI. 20.

† Solinus, Mela, and Strabo ascribe this appellation to the same origin as Virgil, and as they were nearly contemporaries with that poet, they cannot be supposed to have adopted one of his poetical fictions as an historical anecdote.

As the evening approached we re-embarked, and crossing the bay landed at *Pozzuolo*, and thence proceeded to the *Solfatara*, which lies about a mile north-east of the town. This appellation, *Solfatara*, is a corruption of *Sulphurata*, and given to an oval plain, extending on an eminence, but surrounded on all sides by an elevated border resembling a rampart. The shattered hills that form this rampart are impregnated with sulphur, and heated by a subterranean fire. They are destitute of all verdure and all appearances of vegetation. The plain below is a pale yellow surface of sulphureous marle, thrown like a vault over an abyss of fire. Its heat almost scorches the feet of those who pass over it, and the workings of the furnace beneath are heard distinctly through it. A stamp or the rolling of a stone over it rebellows in hollow murmurs, weakening as they descend till they lose themselves in the vastness of the abyss below. Sulphureous exhalations rise from the crevices; and from an orifice at one of the extremities a thick vapor by day, and a pale blue flame by night, burst forth with a murmuring sound and great impetuosity. This ever burning plain is supposed to have been anciently called the *Forum Vulcani*. It is described in a poetical but accurate manner by Petronius Arbiter, and very appropriately made the scene of a tremendous apparition of Pluto.

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hiatu
Parthenopen inter, magnæque Dicarchidos arva
Cocytiâ perfusus aquâ, nam spiritus extra
Qui furit effusus, funesto spargitur æstu.
Non hæc autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespite lætus ager: non verno persona cantu
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur;
Sed chaos et nigra squallentia pumice saxa
Gaudent, ferali circumtumulata cupressu.

Has inter sedes, Ditis pater extulit ora
Bustorum flammis et cana sparsa favilla.

The tombs and the cypresses to which the poet alludes bordered the road that leads from Puteoli to Naples, as also that called the *Via Campana*, now *Strada di Campagna*, which enclose the *Solfatara* between them, and are at no great distance from its southern and western extremities. Milton seems to have taken some features of his infernal regions from this repository of fire and sulphur. *The dreary plain—the seat of desolation—the land that burned with solid, as the lake with liquid, fire—the singed bottom all involved with stench and smoke—the uneasy steps over the burning marle—the fiery deluge fed with ever burning sulphur*, compose when united a picture poetical and sublime indeed, but not inaccurate, of the *Solfatara*. The truth is that all the great poets, from the days of Virgil down to the present period, have borrowed some of their imagery from the scenery which we have this day visited, and graced their poems with its beauties, or raised them with its sublimity. Every reader knows that Silius Italicus has described most of them, and particularly the latter, with studied and indeed blameable minuteness; that Martial alludes to them with rapture, and that Statius devotes the most pleasing of his poems to their charms. *Dante* has borrowed some of the horrors of his *Inferno* from their fires and agitations, and *Tasso* spread their freshness, their verdure, and their serenity over the enchanted gardens of his *Armida*.

Acque stagnanti, mobili cristalli,
Fior vari et varie piante, herbe diverse,
Apriche collinette, ombrose valli,
Selve, e spelunche in una vista offerse.

Canto XVI. 9.

Some days after, we made an excursion to *Cumæ*. The road leads first to *Pozzuolo*, and thence ascending the hills passes by the site of Cicero's Academic villa, runs at the foot of *Mount Gaurus* on the right, then crosses the mountains that command the *Avernus* on the left, and traversing the site of the ancient forest that surrounded that lake, terminates at the *Arco felice*. This ancient mass is a sort of lofty wall, with a gateway through it, supposed by some to be one of the gates of *Cumæ*, and by others the remains of the temple of Apollo. The view, which to the south commands all the scenery described in our last excursion, fixes the attention however on an object of no great beauty, a white tower to the north-west, standing on the flat shore, about four miles and a half distant, near a lake and almost surrounded with a forest. That tower stands on the site of the ancient *Liternum*; the neighboring lake is the *Liternina palus* and the forest the *Gallinaria Pinus*. The situation of *Liternum* is neither beautiful nor healthy, but its name is ennobled by the residence of Scipio Africanus, who passed there the latter years of his life, a voluntary exile, in obscurity, rural labor, and philosophical studies. Whether he was buried at *Liternum* or not, was a subject of doubt even in Livy's time; however, either a tomb or cenotaph was erected to him there, and a stone on which the word *Patria* is still legible, is supposed to have contained part of the inscription*, "Ingrâta patria," &c. and gives to the modern tower the appellation of *Torre di Patria*. His villa still remained in the time of Seneca, and seems to have been built with great solidity, and surrounded like a gothic castle with a wall and towers. A rampart was indeed necessary, as it stood on the confines of the *Gallinaria Pinus*, a forest, at one time the abode,

* Liv. xxxviii. 53.

and at all times, the occasional resort of banditti*. Valerius Maximus relates an anecdote which shews both the necessity of the rampart, and the veneration shewn to the person of the great Africanus†. The same author mentions his death as having taken place at *Liternum*, and cites his well-known epitaph. Perhaps his ashes were first interred at his villa, and afterwards conveyed to the family sepulchre in Rome, on the Via Capena, where a sarcophagus was found a few years ago inscribed with his name. Pliny the elder speaks of some olive trees, and of a very flourishing myrtle planted by Scipio Africanus as still existing at *Liternum* in his time‡. The *Torre di Patria* may not only occupy the site, but possibly be built of the materials of Scipio's villa.

As we proceeded we were shewn a temple, dedicated, it is said, to the giants whom Hercules defeated on the neighboring *Campi Phlegræi*. The size of this temple does not correspond with its title. Continuing to advance towards the sea, we came to a high craggy rock near the shore. On the top of the precipice stands the castle, erected in the middle ages on the ruins of an ancient fortress. In the side of this rock are two great chasms; in one, there are several steps leading upwards; the other tends downwards, was formerly lined with brick, and seems to have opened into several galleries. This cavern is now called

* As Seneca's description is curious, it may not be improper to insert the passage. "Vidi villam structam lapide quadrato; murum circumdatum sylva —turreis quoque in propugnaculum villæ utrimque subrectas; cisternam ædificiis, ac viridibus subditam, quæ sufficere in usum vel exercitus posset: balneolum angustum, tenebricosum, ex consuetudine antiqua," &c.—*Sen. Epist.* LXXXVI.

† See Val. Max. II. 10.—Lib. V. 3.

‡ XVI. 44.

the Grotto of the Sybil, and is probably part of that celebrated cavern. The grotto existed in all its splendor in the year one hundred and five of the Christian era, and is described by Justin the Martyr, an author of that period, and represented by him as an immense cavity cut out of the solid rock, large as a Basilica, highly polished, and adorned with a recess or sanctuary in which the Sybil, seated on a lofty tribunal or throne, uttered her oracles*. It may have been stript of its ornaments, disfigured, and perhaps materially damaged in the reign of Constantine, when the greater temples, and more peculiar seats of Pagan superstition, were demolished as objects likely to encourage and foster the ancient delusions. However, though despoiled and neglected, the cavern still remained entire, till the fatal and most destructive war carried on by Justinian against the Goths; when Narses, the imperial general, in order to undermine the ramparts of the fortress erected on the summit of the rock, ordered his engineers to work through the roof of the cavern beneath, and thus brought down the wall, towers, and even gates of the fortress into the cavity, which in part destroyed, and in part filled it with rubbish†. The grotto, as I have already observed, branched out into various subterranean galleries, alluded to by Virgil under the appellation of *approaches and portals*, which furnished the Sybil with the means of forming those tremendous sounds, that in the moment of inspiration issued from the depths of the cavern‡. Of these communications two only

* Vide Just. in Paranetica apud, Cluv. 1112.

† Vide Agathias Hist. 1. apud Cluv.

‡ Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum
Quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sibyllæ. *Eneid*, VI. 42. 44.

are now visible; all the others, with the body and recesses or sanctuary of the temple, are filled with the ruins of the roof, the lining, and the walls. Excavations might here be made to advantage; the very materials, where sea carriage is at hand, are doubtless sufficient to pay the expense, and the discoveries might be interesting beyond expression. I must again repeat it, if Warburton's conjecture can be admitted, and the Eleusinian mysteries contained such scenes as those described in the sixth book of the Eneid, no region can be better calculated for the exhibition than that which we are now treading. In a country, where rocks are hollowed by nature into grottos and caverns; where there are several deep dells, and hidden recesses, as *Astroni* now, and once perhaps *Avernus;* where various lakes lie concealed in the depths of forests and in the cavities of mountains; where fires and waters are ever working, under all their possible forms; where the land sometimes stretches out into the sea, and at other times the sea winds itself into the very bosom of the land; in such a country, particularly when thinly inhabited as in the early ages, how easy would it be to open secret communications, and conduct the adept through successive scenes of wonder now buried in darkness, and now gleaming with light, here infected with sulphureous exhalations, and there refreshed with gales of perfume, sometimes exhibiting the horrors of Tartarus, and at other times displaying the delights of Elysium?

Cumæ was founded at a very early period by a colony of Greeks from *Chalais* in *Eubæ* and from *Cumæ* in *Eolis;* as it was the first Grecian establishment in Italy in point of time, so it was considered for many ages as the first also in power, opulence, and population. Its overflowing prosperity spread over

the neighboring coasts, and first *Puteoli*, and afterwards Naples, owed their origin to the energy and enterprize of its inhabitants. Its situation was favorable to commerce and general communication, and its oracle, its sybil, and its temple, attracted votaries and visitants. As the Roman power extended that of *Cumæ* declined, till without contest or warfare the city gradually adopted the interests, and its inhabitants were honored with the the title of Roman citizens. The principal cause, however, of the decay of *Cumæ* was the well-founded partiality of the Romans to the neighboring coasts of *Baiæ*, *Puteoli*, and *Naples*, so superior in beauty and salubrity to the flat, marshy vicinity of the former city. Though Juvenal's* expression may imply only a comparative desertion and emptiness, yet the decline of *Cumæ* was so rapid, that in the sixth century it appears to have been reduced to a mere fortress seated on the rock, which formed indeed a military position, but could not be denominated a city. Its name however still remained, and we find it mentioned in the thirteenth century as the resort of robbers, rebels, and banditti, whose depredations at length provoked the vengeance of the neighboring cities, and occasioned its total destruction. Now, the once opulent and populous *Cumæ* is a solitary wood; its once busy streets are now silent alleys; its only inhabitants are stags and wild boars. Here and there a range of broad smooth stones remind the sportsman of its pavement, and some mouldering walls overgrown with vines and myrtles are the only vestiges of its existence.

Tot decora, artificumque manus, tot nota sepulchra
Totque pios cineres una ruina premit. . . . . .
Et querimur, cito si nostræ data tempora vitæ
Diffugiunt? urbes mors violenta rapit!

* Vacuis . . . Cumis. *Juvenal* III.

Nec tu semper eris, quæ septem amplecteris arces:
Nec tu quæ mediis æmula surgis aquis,
Et te (quis putet hoc?) altrix mea, durus arator
Vertet; et Urbs, dicet, hæc quoque clara fuit.
Sannaz. Eleg. Lib. II. 9.

The forest which covers *Cumæ* is a royal chace, extends far beyond the limits of that city, and borders the lake of *Fusaro*, the ancient *Acherusia palus*, lying to the south towards *Misenus*. This lake is a long and shallow sheet of water. It answers very exactly the description of it given by Strabo, who calls it a *muddy irruption of the sea*, and differs as widely from the splendid picture of Lycophron, who represents it,

Ῥόχθοισι κυμαίνουσαν οἰδματος χυζιν.

It has a small island with a castle, and terminates in a pool called *L'Acqua Morta*. We proceeded along its banks to *Baiæ*, ranged once more over the delicious scenery in its vicinity, and embarking bent our course to *Procida*.

CHAP. XXIV.

BAY AND CASTLE OF PROCIDA----EVENING HYMN-----BEAUTIFUL VIEW, OBSERVATIONS----THE ISLAND OF VIVARA----ISCHIA---- ITS MOUNTAINS, ERUPTIONS, APPEARANCE, AND POPULATION ---NISIDA---VESUVIUS.

AS we passed the bay of *Misenus* we observed the fine appearance of that promontory; it is separated by the harbor, and *Mare morto* with the flat shore beyond, from the neck of land which it terminates, and thus forms an insulated eminence, remarkable for its shape, its boldness, and its *aerial* elevation. After having doubled the cape, we crossed the strait which flows between it and the island of *Prochyta*. Here I landed, while my companions pursued their course to the island of *Ischia*, about four miles further. *Procida* is about two miles from the continent: its shore, towards the west, is comparatively low, but it swells gradually towards the east, and terminates in a bold promontory, the summit of which is crowned with the castle or royal palace. The prominence of this point on one side, and the *Punta del Vomero* about a mile from it to the south, form

a little bay. The promontory is sufficiently lofty to entitle the island, of which it is the most conspicuous feature, to the epithet *alta**, which Virgil gives it, as the rocks which line its eastern and southern coast justify the word *aspera* employed by Statius†. Besides the harbor which I have described, there are on the same coast several nooks and creeks, which afford shelter to fishing boats and small vessels, and contribute much to the variety and romantic beauty that eminently characterize this and the neighboring islands and shores. There is no regular inn, I believe, in the town, but strangers are received and very well treated in the castle. This edifice is large and very roomy, though almost unfinished; it has a small garden to the west and north, surrounded by a wall that borders the brow of the precipice. A trellice supporting thick spreading vines covers this wall, and shades the walk along it, while large windows open at intervals, and enable the eye to range over the view that lies expanded beneath. At one of these windows I seated myself, and enjoyed the glorious exhibition of the setting sun, which then hung in appearance over the distant island of *Pandataria*, and cast a purple gleam on all the promontories of *Gaieta*, and the hills of *Formiæ*. The purple tints, as the sun descended into the waves, brightened into golden streaks, then softened into purple again, and gradually deepening into blue, at length melted away in darkness. The moon rose soon after; a table was placed before me covered with figs, apricots, and peaches. The man and woman who took care of the palace, a young couple, the husband strong and comely, the wife handsome, seated themselves opposite to

* IX. 715. † Sylva. II. 2.

me; their son, a smart lively boy, served at table. After a little conversation, the man took his guitar and accompanied his wife while she sung the evening hymn, in a sweet voice and with great earnestness. Occasionally the man and boy joined in chorus, and while they sung, the eyes of all three were sometimes raised to heaven and sometimes fixed on each other, with a mixed expression of piety, affection, and gratitude. I own, I never was present at an act of family devotion more simple or more graceful. It seemed to harmonize with the beauty of the country, and the temperature of the air, and breathed at once the innocence and the joy of Paradise. Shortly after similar little concerts rose from the town below, and from different parts of the island, and continued at intervals for an hour or more, sometimes swelling upon the ear, and sometimes dying away in distance, and mingling with the murmurs of the sea. One would almost imagine that Milton, who had visited all this coast, had these concerts in mind when he speaks of

> Celestial voices to the midnight air
> Sole or responsive each to other's note
> Singing their great Creator——

Next morning I was awakened earlier than usual by the rays of the sun shining full into my room, and getting up I placed myself in the balcony to enjoy the air and the prospect. *Misenus* and *Baiæ* rose before me; the Elysian fields and the groves of *Cumæ* extended between them in full view still fresh with dew, and bright with the beams of the new risen sun. No scene perhaps surpasses that which is now under my eye in natural beauties, and few equal it in those embellishments which the action of the human mind superadds to the graces of nature. These intellectual charms are the most impressive, and even the most per-

manent; without them, the exhibitions of the material world become an empty pageant, that pleases the eye for a moment and passes away, leaving perhaps a slight recollection, but producing no improvement. Hence, although Germany, and other more northern countries, frequently display scenes both grand and beautiful, yet, if I may judge of the feelings of other travellers by my own, they are passed over in haste, and viewed with indifference. Even the gigantic features of America, its interminable forests, and its mountains that touch the skies, its sea-like lakes, and its volcanos that seem to thunder in another world, may excite wonder, but can awaken little interest, and certainly inspire no enthusiasm. Their effect is confined to the spot which they cover, and to the very hour which rolls over them; they have no connection with other regions, no retrospect to other times. They stand vast masses, grand but silent monuments, in the midst of boundless solitudes, unenlivened by industry and unadorned by genius. But, if a Plato or a Pythagoras had visited their recesses in pursuit of knowledge; if a Homer or a Virgil had peopled them with ideal tribes, with heroes or with phantoms; if the useful ambition of an Alexander or a Cæsar had carried war and civilization to their borders; if a courageous people had made a last and successful stand against invasion in their fastnesses; then indeed they would assume dignity and importance; then they would excite interest, and acquire a title to the attention of travellers.

> Tunc sylvæ, tunc antra loqui, tunc vivere fontes,
> Tum sacer horror aquis, adytisque effunditur echo
> Clarior, et doctæ spirant præsagia rupes. *Claud.* 1. *Com. Stil.*

Nature has shed over the coast before us some of its terrors, and many of its beauties. Homer either visited it, or heard ac-

counts of it, when probably the former were predominant, and represented it accordingly as the boundaries of the living world, and the confines of the infernal regions; the groves of *Proserpina*, according to him, spread over the sullen beach, and covered it with a thick but barren shade.

Ἔνθ' ἀκτή τε λάχεια καὶ ἄλσεα Περσεφονείης.
Μακραὶ τ' ἄιγειροι καὶ ἰτέαι ὠλεσίκαρποι.
Odyss. x. 509.

Virgil beheld it at a time when beauty was its prevalent feature, and though he was obliged to adopt the mythology of his predecessor, yet he qualifies its horrors, by confining the infernal gloom to the precincts of Avernus; while he improves upon it at the same time, by conducting his hero through the regions of the dead, and opening scenes grand, novel, and in the highest degree delightful. Thus, while the foundation was laid by the Greek, the elegant superstructure was raised by the Latin poet. The heroes, the appellations, the topography, are principally Homer's; but the graces, the decorations, the enchantment, belong to Virgil. The former is content with evoking the dead, and throwing an awful horror over the whole coast; the latter fixes on particular spots, and attaches to each some pleasing or instructive recollection. Thus to yon promontory he consigns the name and the glory of *Misenus*,

——quo non præstantior alter
Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.

Into yonder grove on the borders of Avernus, which Homer had filled with phantoms, *the nations of the dead*, Virgil intro-

duces the doves of Venus, and brightens its gloom with the vision of the golden bough.

> Species auri frondentis opaca
> Ilice ———

The adventures of Dædalus were perhaps Homer's, but the temple with its sculptured walls, and the vain efforts of the father to represent the son's fate are characteristic embellishments of Virgil.

> Bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro
> Bis patriæ cecidere manus.

He also converted the cavern in yonder rock rising on the level shore, into the abode of the Sybil; he made its vaults echo with the voice of futurity, and peopled its recesses with generations yet unknown to the sun. The Elysian fields, one of the most delightful fictions of antiquity, if that may be called a *fiction* which is founded on truth, belong almost exclusively to Virgil. He at least gave substance and locality to a notion before him vague, indefinite, and shadowy. He shed on yonder groves that cover the hills and border the sea, *a purer, a softer radiance**, and introduced into them the immortal spirits of the good made happy.

> Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
> Quique sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat:
> Quique pii vates et Phæbo digna locuti . . . . .
> Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo. *Lib.* VI.

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* . . . lumine vestit
Purpureo . . . . . .

In short, not a wood, a lake, a promontory, appears on the coast before me, that has not been distinguished by some illustrious name, or embellished by some splendid fiction. In contemplating a prospect thus adorned by nature, and thus ennobled by genius; the theatre of the most sublime and most instructive fables that the human mind ever invented, we may be allowed, as we bewilder ourselves in the mazes of classical illusion, to indulge a momentary enthusiasm.

> Audire et videor pios
> Errare per lucos, amænæ
> Quos et aquæ subeunt, et auræ. *Hor.*

But the scenes before me owe not their graces and their interest to poetry only; history has had its share in the decoration and renown of this favored region. On the summit of that promontory *(Misenus)* rose the villa of *Marius*. Lucullus succeeded to it, and spread around it the amenity and beauty which distinguished his character. On the slope of the hill beyond the harbor and looking towards *Puzzuolo* stood the villa of *Baulis*, where Cicero and Hortensius used to meet and exercise their rival powers. On the eminence above it, rose the retreat of Cæsar, lofty in its site, but in the vicinity of *Baiæ*, thus suited to the temper of that chief, high and imperious, but yet open to all the charms of literature, and all the allurements of pleasure. Yonder in the curve of the bay and almost on the beach was Cicero's Academy, sacred as its name implies, to meditation and philosophical research. Around in different directions, but all within the compass of four miles, were the villas of Pompey, Varro, and Lucullus; of Pompey, once the first of Roman citizens in power and moderation; of Lucullus, famed alike for his talents, his learning, and his luxury; and of

Varro, renowned for his deep erudition and thorough insight into the laws, the literature, and the antiquities of his country. What spot in the universe, Rome alone excepted, ever united so much power, so much genius, so much greatness! *Baiæ* indeed at that time was the resort, or rather the very temple of Wisdom and the Muses; whither the masters of the world retired, not to dissolve their energies in effeminacy, but to unbend their minds in literary inquiries and refined conversation. Luxury appeared, without doubt, but in her most appropriate form and character, as the handmaid of taste, to minister at the tables, and season the repasts, where Cæsar and Cicero, Pompey and Lucullus, Varro and Hortensius, enjoyed *the feast of reason.* Shortly after this era of greatness and glory, the sun of liberty set for ever on the Roman world; but it cast a parting beam, which still continued to brighten the hemisphere. Augustus himself felt its influence; he had been educated in the principles, and inured to the manly and independent manners of a free Roman; he observed the forms and retained the simplicity of ancient times, and gloried in the plainness and even in the appellation of a *citizen;* he may therefore be considered as a republican prince. In the modesty of this character, he frequented the coasts of *Baiæ*, and conducted in his train improvement, opulence, and festivity, Agrippa and Mecænas; Virgil and Horace. One of the most pleasing scenes of this Emperor's life, and well calculated to close a career once so active, with tranquillity, took place in the bay of *Puteoli**.

The spirit of the republic seems to have expirec

* Suetonius, Aug. 98.

tus: under his successor Rome was destined to taste the bitters of despotism, and during the following reigns, to drain the cup to the dregs. Then *Baiæ* became the receptacle of profligacy and effeminacy*, of lust and cruelty, as far beyond the bounds of nature as the power of the imperial monsters was above human control. The beauties of nature were tarnished by the foulness of vice, and the virtuous man turned away from scenes which he could not behold without disgust and horror. Silius, Martial, Statius, courted the Muse in vain on that shore which had inspired the strains of Virgil. They attempted to celebrate the beauties of *Baiæ*, but the subject was degraded, and their strains were forced and inharmonious †. *Baiæ* and its retreats, defiled by obscenity, and stained with blood, were doomed to devastation; and earthquakes, war and pestilence were employed in succession to waste its fields, and depopulate its shores. Its pompous villas were gradually levelled in the dust; its wanton

* Diversorium vitiorum esse cæperunt. *Seneca Ep.* LV.

† With all due respect to the partial opinion of the admirers of Silius, Martial, and Statius, the compositions of these authors are the offspring of study and exertion, and though in different proportions, yet always in some degree, strained, harsh, and obscure. They have been praised, it is true, but principally, I believe, by their editors and annotators. Pliny, indeed, speaks with kindness and partiality of Martial, but his praise seems dictated less by his taste than his gratitude, and that his opinion of Martial's poetical powers was not very high, may be suspected from the equivocal expression with which he closes his eulogium. "*At non erunt æterna quæ scripsit! non erunt fortasse: ille tamen scripsit, tanquam futura.*" In fact, Naples is more indebted to a single modern poet, than to the three ancients abovementioned united. I allude to Sannazarius, who has celebrated the scenery of his country in a strain, pure, graceful and Virgilian, and interwoven all the characteristic features of the Bay with the subject of his eclogues and elegies.

alcoves swallowed up in the sea; its salubrious waters were turned into pools of infection; and its gales that once breathed health and perfume, now wafted poison and death. The towns forsaken by the inhabitants, gradually sunk to ruin, and the most delicious region the sun beholds in his course, is now a desert, and seems destined to expiate in ages of silence and desolation the crimes of the last degenerate Romans*.

The morning was now far advanced, and I turned towards the west to view the island, which is highly cultivated, thickly inhabited, and presents to a spectator beholding it from the castle a most delightful grove of mulberries, poplars, and vines, with domes, and clusters of white houses intermingled. Juvenal† seems to allude to it as a solitary retreat in his time; it does not merit that appellation at present; in truth, it resembles a large town interspersed with orchards, gardens, and public walks.

The views which have been described above are not the only prospects which the castle affords; it extends its perspective over Naples, the lower part excepted, which is covered by

* The present unwholesomeness of *Baiæ* and its bay, if real, must be ascribed partly to the same cause as that of the lakes *Agnano* and *Avcrno*, and partly to the streams and sources once collected on the hills behind it in aqueducts and reservoirs, now spreading and oozing down the declivities, and settling in the hollows below. In a warm climate all stagnant water becomes putrid during the hot months. This inconvenience might easily be remedied, and will, without doubt, when the government becomes more active, and the taste of the Neapolitan gentry more rural.

† Juv. III. 5, 6.

the prominency of *Pausilypus*, includes *Vesuvius*, *Stabia*, *Surrentum*, and terminates in the island of *Capreæ*. It is perhaps one of the finest points of view, as it looks down on the bay of *Puteoli*, which is the most delicious part of the crater*.

Close under the southern point of *Prochyta* rises another little island, now called *Vivara*. Whether this island has been detached from *Prochyta* by some subterraneous convulsion, or whether it existed in ancient times, and be that which Ovid mentions under the appellation of

Pithecusæ habitantûm nomine dictæ,

I leave the learned reader to determine. I shall content myself with observing, that it answers the description given by the poet, and swells into a little barren hill in the centre †. The fact is, that the names of these islands have been applied in a very confused and indiscriminate manner by many of the ancients, and an attempt to reconcile their differences would employ more time and attention than the subject deserves; especially as every material circumstance connected with their history, situation, and features is sufficiently ascertained, notwithstanding such verbal difficulties, and perhaps poetical mistakes or misrepresentations.

While I thus indulged myself in solitude and repose in the castle of *Prochyta*, my fellow travellers were employed in ex-

* The bay of Naples is often called the *Crater*.

† . . . sterilique locatas
Colle Pithecusas . . . . . *Met.* xiv. 90.

ploring the neighboring island of *Ischia*, anciently *Arime*, *Inarime*, and *Ænaria*, and perhaps sometimes *Pithecusæ*. As it is only about two miles distant from the southern extremity of *Prochyta*, and as it is distinguished by a very bold and lofty mountain, its scenery, owing to the extreme clearness of the air, was brought as it were under my eye, and appeared as distinct as similar objects in northern climates at the distance of half a mile. The following particulars, may suffice to give the reader a tolerable notion of this island.

The town of *Ischia*, from which the modern name is derived, stands in a little bay opposite the island of *Vivara*, above two miles from the nearest point of *Prochyta*. This bay is defended by a castle seated on a high rock, which communicates with the above by an isthmus of sand. *Ischia* or *Inarime* was famed in ancient times for its eruptions, and all the varied and dreadful phenomena that accompany the constant action of subterraneous fires. Besides the ordinary effects of volcanic fermentation, earthquakes, torrents of lava rolling down the declivities, or showers of ashes and cinders overwhelming the country, historians talk of flames rising suddenly from the cracks and fissures of the earth, and spreading like a conflagration over the whole surface of the island; of hot water bursting out from unknown sources, and rolling through the fields with all the fury and mischief of a torrent; of mountains suddenly sinking into the abyss below, and as suddenly shooting up again increased in bulk and elevation; of vast masses of land detached from the shore and hurled into the sea, and again heaved up by the waters and thrown back on the shore*. With such tre-

* Strabo, lib. v. Plin. lib. II. cap. 89. Jul. Obs. Sub de Prod.

mendous events on record before them, it is no wonder that the poets should have placed Typhæus himself under this island, and ascribed its convulsive throws to the agitations of that giant writhing under his tortures.

The principal feature of *Ischia* is the mountain anciently named *Epopeus*, now for euphony softened into *Epomeo*, but more generally called by the people *Monte San Nicolo*. To visit this mountain was our first business; therefore the next morning, about four o'clock, we mounted our mules and begun the ascent: the road is extremely steep and craggy, and at length with much exertion we reached the summit, but found it so enveloped in clouds, that one of the grand objects of our excursion, the extensive view which is said to comprehend almost half the southern coast of Italy, was nearly lost to us. However, our loss in this respect was compensated by the local knowledge of the country, which our progress up and round the mountain enabled us to acquire. The summit is formed of a sort of grey or whitish lava, in the midst of which the form of the crater is easily distinguishable. Two hermits and a soldier inhabit this solitary spot, and occupy apartments cut out of the solid rock. This mountain, and indeed the whole island, is evidently of volcanic origin, and formed of lava, tufo, and pumice stone. No eruption however has taken place since the year 1302, when the convulsions that shook the mountain were so violent, and the rivers of burning fluid that poured down its sides, so extensive, and so destructive, that the towns and villages were all levelled with the ground or consumed, most of the inhabitants perished, and the few survivors were driven in terror from their homes. Since this tremendous explosion the island has enjoyed a state of tranquillity, and all ap-

prehension of similar visitations seems removed. The subterraneous fire however is not extinguished, and the number of hot fountains that spring up in different places still attest its existence and activity. The surface of *Ischia* is very beautifully varied by vineyards, gardens, groves of chestnut, and villages. It is intersected by numberless steep and narrow dells, shaded by forest trees, intermingled with aloes, myrtles, and other odoriferous shrubs, that shoot out of the fissures of the rocks, and wave over their summits. The soil is fertile, and peculiarly favorable to vines; hence the wine of *Ischia* is plentiful, and held in considerable estimation; it is lodged in caverns worked out of the rocks, and formed into very capacious and cool cellars, a method of keeping wine practised not only here and in some other parts of Italy, but in Austria, and various transalpine wine countries; it has many advantages, and implies a great degree of honesty and mutual confidence among the inhabitants.

Besides *Ischia*, there are nine towns and several villages; one of the former, *Foria*, is as large as the capital itself, and I believe more populous. *Panza* is on the southern side of the isle, and near it, on an insulated and conical rock, stands a fortress. *Casamicio* is placed nearly on the summit of *Mount Epomeo;* these towns have all one or two large churches, as many convents, and generally some medicinal waters, or hot baths, or sands, within their confines. The island of *Ischia* is extremely well peopled, and highly cultivated; and as its beauty, its waters, and the coolness and salubrity of its air, attract a considerable number of visitants to it in summer time, it may be considered as very prosperous and flourishing. Its coasts present a great variety of romantic scenery, as they are in general bold and craggy; in-

dented with little bays, jutting out in points, and lined with shapeless rocks which have been torn in moments of convulsion from the shore, or hurled from the precipices above. Such is *Inarime*, at present the centre of rural beauty and fertility, the resort of health and pleasure, very different from the shattered mountain tumbled in ancient days by Jupiter on the giant monster *, for ever resounding with his groans, and inflamed by his burning breath †.

On our return we touched at *Procida*, and again re-embarking crossed the bay of *Pozzuolo*. The port that once engrossed the commerce of the East, and was accustomed to behold the Roman navy riding on its bosom, was all solitude and silence; not one vessel, not even a boat was seen to ply in its forsaken waters. The Julian mole, *Lucrinoque addita claustra* ‡ no longer *repel the indignant waves*—the *royal structure* which was numbered among the wonders of Italy, has scarcely left a trace of its existence; and the moral of the poet is literally exemplified in the very instance which he selected for its illustration.

> Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus
> Terrâ Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet
> Regis opus . . . .
>
> *Hor. D. Arte Poetica.*

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* Quæ turbine nigro
Fumantem premit Iapetum, flammasque rebelli
Ore ejectantem. *Sil. Lib.* XII. 149.

† *Ischia* is about eighteen miles in circumference, and may contain about seventy square miles; the number of its inhabitants amounts to four-and-twenty thousand. It belongs to the king, and brings him a considerable income, arising principally from a tax on its wines.

‡ Virgil Georgic. II.

We passed under Nisida, rising as a theatre from the sea; its lower part is covered with buildings, the upper is crowned as anciently with wood.

Sylvaque quæ fixam pelago Nesida coronat. *Stat.*

It was once the rural retreat of Brutus, and frequently honored with Cicero's presence when on a visit to his friend. On doubling the promontory of *Posilipo*, we beheld the bay with boats without number, skimming over its smooth surface, and Naples extended along the coast in all its glory full before us. The immense line of white edifices stretched along the beach, and spread over the hills behind; the bold but verdant coasts on either side, glittering with towns, villages, convents, and villas; and Mount Vesuvius, raising its scorched summit almost in the centre, form a picture of singular beauty, and render this view from the sea preferable to every other, because it alone combines all the characteristic features of this matchless prospect. We landed at sun-set, and sat down to dinner, with our windows open full on the bay, the colors of which were gradually fading away and softening into the dim tints of twilight.

We now turned our attention to Vesuvius, and resolved to visit that mountain without delay, and the more so as the increasing heat of the weather might, in a short time, render such an excursion extremely inconvenient. Therefore, leaving Naples about three o'clock next morning, we reached *Portici* where guides with mules had been previously engaged to meet us at four, and instantly began the ascent. Vesuvius rises in a gentle swell from the shore; the first part or base of the mountain is covered with towns on all sides, such as *Portici*, *Torre del Greco*, *Torre del Annonciata*, on the sea coast; and *Ottaiano*, *Somma*, *Massa*,

&c. on the inland side. These are all large towns, and with the villages and villas that encircle them, and extend over the second region of the mountain, may be said, without exaggeration, to cover the lower parts of it with fertility, beauty, and population. The upper tract is a scene of perfect devastation, furrowed on all sides with rivers of lava extended in wide black lines over the surface. This region may be said to terminate at the *Atrio dei Cavalli* so called, because the traveller is obliged to dismount and leave his horse there till his return, as the summit of the mountain must be ascended on foot. This part has the shape of a truncated cone; it is formed almost entirely of ashes, and is extremely difficult of ascent, as it yields under the pressure of the foot, so that one step out of three may be considered as lost. The guides however afford every assistance, and by means of a leathern strap thrown over their shoulders ease the traveller not a little in his exertions. It is advisable to proceed slowly and rest at intervals, as the fatigue otherwise is sufficient to try even strong and youthful constitutions.

When we reached the summit we found ourselves on a narrow ledge of burnt earth or cinders, with the crater of the volcano open beneath us. This orifice in its present form, for it varies at almost every eruption, is about a mile and a half in circumference, and may be about three hundred and fifty feet in depth; its eastern border is considerably higher than the western. Its sides are formed of ashes and cinders, with some rocks and masses of lava intermingled, and shelve in a steep declivity, enclosing at the bottom a flat space of about three quarters of a mile in circumference. We descended some way, but observing that the least motion or noise brought vast quantities of ashes and

stones rolling together down the sides, and being called back by our guides, who assured us that we could not in safety go lower or even remain in our station, we reascended. We were near enough to the bottom however to observe, that it seemed to be a sort of crust of brown burnt earth, and that a little on one side there were three orifices like funnels, from whence ascended a vapor so thin as to be scarcely perceptible. Such was the state of the crater in the year 1802. We reached the summit a little before seven, and as we had ascended under the shade of the mountain we had yet felt no inconvenience from the heat; while on the top we were refreshed by a strong wind blowing from the east, and profiting of so favorable a circumstance we sat down on the highest point of the cone to enjoy the prospect. Vesuvius is about three thousand six hundred feet in height, and of course does not rank among the greater mountains; but its situation is so advantageous, that the scene which it unfolds to the eye probably surpasses that displayed from any other eminence. The prospect includes Naples, with its bay, its islands, and its bordering promontories; the whole of that delicious region justly denominated the *Campania Felice*, with its numberless towns and town-like villages. It loses itself in the immensity of the sea on one side, and on the other is bordered by the Apennines, forming a semicircular frame of various tints and bold outline. I own I do not admire views taken from very elevated points; they indeed give a very good geographical idea of the face of a country, but they destroy all the illusions of rural beauty, reduce hills and vales to the same level, and confound all the graceful swells and hollows of an undulated country in one dull flat surface.

The most interesting object seen from the summit of Vesuvius

is the mountain itself, torn to pieces by a series of convulsions, and strewed with its own ruins. Vesuvius may be said to have two summits; the cone which I have described, and a ridge separated from it by a deep valley, called *Monte Somma* from a town that stands on its side. The distance between these two summits is in a strait line, nearly three thousand feet. The ridge on the side towards the cone presents a steep rugged barren precipice; on the other side, it shelves gently towards the plain, and is covered with verdure and villages. The valley or deep dell that winds between these eminences is a desolate hollow, formed entirely of calcined stones, cinders, and ashes, and resembles a vast subterraneous forge, the rocky roof of which has given way, and admitted light from above. Hence it is conjectured, that it is part of the interior of the mountain, as the ridge that borders it, or the *Monte Somma*, is the remnant of the exterior, or original surface so much celebrated for its beauty and fertility, previous to the eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era. It is indeed probable, that the throws and convulsions of the mountain in that first tremendous explosion may have totally shattered its upper parts, while the vast ejection of ashes, cinders, ignited stones, and melted minerals, must have left a large void in its centre. One entire side of the mountain seems to have been consumed, or scattered around on this occasion, while the other remains in *Monte Somma*. The cavity thus formed was filled up in part by the matter ejected in subsequent eruptions, and gradually raised into the present cone, which however varies its shape with every new agitation, and increases or diminishes, according to the quantity of materials thrown out by the mountain. Even in the last eruption*, it lost a considerable share of its elevation, as the

* An. 1794.

greater part of it, after having been raised and kept suspended in the air for some minutes, sunk into the crater and almost filled its cavity. The fire raging in the gulph below having thus lost its vent, burst through the flank of the mountain, and poured out a torrent of lava that, as it rolled down the declivity, swept all before it, and in its way to the sea destroyed the greater part of *Torre del Greco*.

It is not my intention to describe the phenomena of Vesuvius, or to relate the details of its eruptions, which have been very numerous since the first recorded in history in the reign of Titus, so well described by Pliny the younger *, in two well known epistles to Tacitus. I shall only observe that although this eruption be the first of which we have an account, yet Vesuvius had all the features of a volcano, and particularly the traces of a crater from time immemorial. Strabo speaks of it as being hollowed out into caverns, and having the appearances of being preyed upon by internal fires; and Florus relates a stratagem employed by a Roman officer, who, he says, conducted a body of men through the cavities and subterraneous passages of that mountain †. These vestiges however neither disfigured its form nor checked its fertility; and it is represented as a scene of

* Pliny vi. 16. 20.

† Silius Italicus, who probably witnessed the grand eruption, seems to have been induced by the previous appearances of Vesuvius to indulge himself in a poetical fiction, and represent it as portending the carnage of *Cannæ* by a tremendous explosion—

> Ætneos quoque contorquens e cautibus ignes
> Vesbius intonuit, scopulisque in nubila jactis
> Phlegræus tetigit trepidantia sidera vertex. *Lib.* VIII.

beauty and abundance, covered with villas and enlivened by population*, when the eruption burst forth with more suddenness and more fury than any similar catastrophe on record. The darkness, the flames, the agitation, the uproar, that accompanied this explosion, and extended its devastation and its terror so widely, might naturally excite among many of the degenerate and epicurean Romans that frequented the *Campanian* coasts, the opinion that the period of universal destruction was arrived, and that the atoms which formed the world were about to dissolve their fortuitous combination, and plunge the universe once more into chaos.

The last eruption took place in 1794; the ashes, cinders, and even water, thrown from the mountain did considerable damage to the towns of *Somma*, *Ottaiano*, and all the circumjacent region; but the principal mischief was, as usual, occasioned by the lava, rivers of which, as I have already related, poured down the southern side of the mountain. These and several other torrents of similar matter, but earlier date, are seen from the summit, and may be traced from their source through the whole of their progress, which generally terminates in the sea. They are narrow at first, but expand as they advance, and appear

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* Hic est pampinus viridis modo Vesvius umbris:
Presserat hic madidos nobilis uva lacus.
Hæc juga, quam Nysæ colles plus Bacchus amavit
Hoc nuper Satyri monte dedere choros.
Hæc Veneris sedes, Lacedæmone gratior illi:
Hic locus Herculeo nomine clarus erat.
Cuncta jacent flammis et tristi mersa flavillâ:
Nec Superi vellent hoc licuisse sibi!

Mart. Lib. IV.

like so many tracks of rich black mould just turned up by the plough. When their destructive effects are considered, one is surprized to see villas placed in their windings, vineyards waving over their borders, and towns rising in the very middle of their channels. In truth, ravaged, and tortured as the vicinity of Vesuvius has been for so many ages, it must appear singular, that it has not been abandoned by its inhabitants, and consigned to the *genius of fire and desolation* as his own peculiar territory. But such is the richness of the soil, and so slight the damages occasioned by the volcano, when compared to the produce of the lands fertilized by its ashes; so delightful is the situation, and of its numerous inhabitants so small the number that suffer by its agitations, that the evil when divested of its terrific appearances seems an ordinary calamity, not exceeding in mischief the accidents of fire and inundation so common in northern countries. The alarm is indeed great on the approach of an eruption, because it is usually preceded by earthquakes; but when once the fermenting matter finds vent, the general danger is considered as over, and the progress of the phenomena becomes an object of mere curiosity to all, excepting to the cultivators of the lands which the lava actually rolls over, or seems likely to ravage in its progress.

We descended the cone or upper part of the mountain with great ease and rapidity, as the ashes yielding to the tread prevented slipping, and enabled us to hasten our pace without danger. From the *Atrio dei Cavalli* we proceeded towards a bed of lava ejected in the last eruption, and found its appearance very different from that which we had observed from the summit. From thence it resembled long stripes of new ploughed land; here it was like the surface of a dark muddy stream con-

vulsed by a hurricane, and frozen in a state of agitation; presenting rough broken masses rolling over each other, with a huge fragment rising above the rest here and there, like a vast wave distorted by the tempest and congealed in its fall. The exterior parts of this once liquid torrent of fire are cold, but the sand produced by the friction and crumbling of the interior parts, although it is now eight years since the eruption, is still too hot to hold in the hand, as is indeed the earth itself under, or in immediate contact with these once glowing masses. We continued our descent, and again reached *Portici* about eleven o'clock*.

* Notwithstanding the encomium of Martial, the summit of Vesuvius is represented by Strabo, that is sometime before the eruption of 79, as flat and totally barren. It is reported that in the intervals of some of the eruptions its summit, and even the hollow of the crater, was covered with verdure and forest trees, as Astroni, a long extinguished volcano, is at present. The number of eruptions, including that of 1794, is said to be about thirty-one; it is not probable that in all these eruptions more than fifteen thousand persons perished, while in one eruption of Etna three times that number were buried under the ruins of one town only, *Catanea*.

CHAP. XXV.

HERCULANEUM——PAPYRI——TORRE DEL GRECO——POMPEII; ITS THEATRES, TEMPLE, PORTICOS, AND VILLA, GENERAL APPEARANCE AND EFFECT——EXCURSION TO THE AQUEDUCT, AND PALACE OF CASERTA.

PORTICI is a small town about six miles from Naples, on the sea shore, and at the foot of Vesuvius; its principal ornament is a royal palace. Under this town and palace lies buried, at the depth of seventy feet under accumulated beds of lava, the city of *Herculaneum*, the first victim of the fires of Vesuvius. Its name and catastrophe were too well recorded to be forgotten; but its site, though marked out by the ancients with tolerable precision, was a subject of debate among the learned, till an accident determined the controversy. A peasant sinking a well in his garden found several fragments of marble. The Prince D'Elbeuf, being informed of the circumstance, purchased the spot, and continuing the excavations discovered various statues, pillars, and even a whole temple of the finest marble, adorned with statues. The Neapolitan

government then interposed, and suspended all further excavations for the space of twenty years, at which time, instead of satisfying the public curiosity and doing itself immortal honor by purchasing the village and buildings above, and laying open the whole city below it, bought the ground, but with characteristic stupidity resolved to cover it with a palace. The excavations were indeed continued occasionally but negligently, and rather for the purpose of profit than liberal curiosity. However, a basilica, two temples, and a theatre were successively discovered and stripped of their numerous pillars and statues. Streets were observed, paved, and flagged on the sides, and private houses, and even monuments explored. A prodigious number of statues of bronze of different sizes, pillars of marble and alabaster, and paintings and mosaics, many entire and in high preservation, others fractured and damaged, have been drawn from the edifices of this subterraneous city, and give a high idea of its opulence: to these we may add every species of ornaments used in dress, of weapons, and armor, of kitchen utensils and domestic furniture, of agricultural and chirurgical instruments. More treasures, without doubt, might be extracted from this long forgotten and neglected mine of antiquity, but the almost inconceivable indifference of the Spanish court, and the indolence with which the excavations have been carried on, as well as the manner, which is more influenced by a regard for the safety of the heavy useless palace above, than by any considerations of curiosity and interest in the city below, have hitherto in spite of public eagerness checked or rather suspended the undertaking. At present, the theatre is the only part open to inspection; the descent is by a long flight of stairs wide and convenient, but the darkness below is too deep to be dispelled by the feeble glare of a few torches; and some of the seats for

the spectators, and the front of the stage, are the only objects distinguishable. The other excavations are filled up, as the method is to open one only at a time, always filling that which is abandoned, with the rubbish drawn from that which is newly opened.

Emerging from this gloomy cavern we turned to the palace, and proceeded directly to the repository of the numberless articles collected in *Herculaneum* and *Pompeii*. Unfortunately the furniture of these apartments, which had all been packed up and carried to *Palermo* on the approach of the French, either had not arrived, or had not been unpacked; we had therefore the mortification to find the numerous cases empty, and were obliged to content ourselves with the inspection of some pictures in the rooms below, and some pavements in those above. Of the former, the subjects are generally taken from mythology; some however are fantastic landscapes, and others arabesque decorations; the design is bold and graceful, but the execution oftentimes indifferent; hence they are supposed to be copies of celebrated pictures taken by ordinary painters. The pavements of the upper rooms are ancient, and some of uncommon beauty, formed of marble of the most brilliant colors, and arranged with exquisite taste and effect.

But of all the articles of this collection however curious, and of all the treasures drawn from *Herculaneum* however valuable, the most curious and most valuable are, without doubt, the manuscripts there discovered. Of these a considerable number dissolved into dust as soon as exposed to the air, while others though scorched or rather burnt resist the action of that element. The number of the latter may, I believe, be about

eighteen hundred. As a very small part of *Herculaneum* has hitherto been explored it is highly probable, that if a general excavation were made, ten times the number of manuscripts above-mentioned might be discovered, and among them perhaps, or rather very probably, some of the first works of antiquity, the loss of which has been so long lamented. The destruction of the palace of *Portici*, and of the village of *Resina*, would without doubt be abundantly compensated by the recovery of the Decads of Livy and books wanting in Tacitus, or of the treatise of Cicero *De Gloria*, or his Dialogues *De Republicâ*, that grand repository of all the political wisdom of the ancients. The first manuscripts unfolded were Greek, and as *Herculaneum* was known to be a Greek city, it was presumed that the whole collection might be in that language; but several Latin works have been found since, and there is every reason to believe that in a city so rich, and inhabited by so many wealthy Romans, there must have been considerable libraries both public and private, and of course, complete collections of Roman authors.

The mode of unrolling these manuscripts was invented by a priest of the congregation of the *Somaschi* (a body of clergy who devote themselves entirely to the education of youth), but as the government of Naples, though it employed him and an assistant whom he instructed in the process, did not however give much encouragement to the undertaking, the work languished, and the manuscripts long remained a neglected treasure. At length, the Prince of Wales, with a munificence that does equal honor to his taste and his public spirit, undertook to defray the expences, and selected a person, not only qualified for the task by his deep and extensive information, but peculiarly adapted

to it by his zeal and perseverance. The gentleman alluded to is Mr. Hayter, a clergyman of the Church of England, who is now established at *Portici*, and superintends the process of unfolding the *papyri* with indefatigable assiduity. Never indeed were vigilance and patience more necessary, as the method employed requires the most delicate touch, and the most unremitting attention. One hasty gesture may spoil a whole volume, and the most important and most laborious task of the superintendent is to prevent such accidents by repressing the eagerness of the workmen. To this tediousness, inseparable from the very nature of the operation itself, and to the difficulty of procuring steady workmen in a country where ardor and impetuosity are the predominant features of the national character, must be attributed the slow and almost imperceptible progress of this undertaking. It is indeed melancholy to reflect, that supposing the work to be carried on with the same zeal and on the same principles as at present, centuries must elapse before the manuscripts now in hand can be unrolled, and their contents given to the public. To which we may add, that such is the extreme frailty of the *papyri* themselves, that with all the care, and precaution, imaginable, not one probably can escape mutilation, and pass through the process without some detriment, or rather without material defalcation.

The fate of *Herculaneum* naturally reminds us of *Pompeii*, which was destined to perish by the same disastrous catastrophe in the first century, and to arise again from its tomb in the eighteenth. We accordingly made an excursion to this town on Monday the 7th of June. It is about fourteen miles from

Naples, on the road to *Nocera*. From Naples to *Torre del Greco* the high way is almost a street, so close are the villas, villages, and towns to each other. As the road runs along the coast, and at the foot of Vesuvius, every break gives on one side a view of the bay, on the other of the mountain.

Torre del Greco still presents in its shattered houses, half buried churches, and streets almost choked up with lava, a melancholy instance of the ravages of the last eruption. The depth of the destructive torrent is in some places five-and-twenty feet; so that the entrance into several houses is now in the second story, and into one church, through the great window over the western door. Some edifices were entirely destroyed; others were surrounded, incrusted and filled with lava, and may perhaps give a very accurate idea of the state of *Herculaneum* at the time of its destruction. The inhabitants, after having seen their town in part levelled with the ground or swallowed up in the fiery deluge, and in part shaken and disjointed, would have been excusable if they had transferred the wreck of their property to some other less obnoxious quarter. But the disasters to which their country is exposed seem rather to increase than diminish their attachment, and when we passed, a new city was already rising upon the ruins of the former. A French traveller, who noticed this persevering spirit some years ago, attributes it to the blindness and folly of the human race, and very ingeniously, and at the same time much to the credit of his species, compares them to ants which never fail to repair their nests how often soever they may be ravaged and crumbled to pieces. Addison observed near a century ago, that even in his time the principal object of some French writers seemed to

be to degrade and vilify human nature: and since that period whole swarms of declaimers and sophists have risen in succession to provoke and justify a more extensive application of the remark. The English nation, much to its credit, differs in this respect, as indeed in many others, very widely from its rival neighbors, and is united with the wise, the good, the great of all ages and countries in a glorious confederacy, to support the dignity and grandeur of our common nature. In opposition therefore to the sagacious *president*, we may venture to praise the inhabitants of *Torre del Greco*, and consider their perseverance which, undismayed by the most tremendous disasters, still pursues its object, as a sublime sentiment that indicates the greatness of man, and displays at once his courage and his resources. Camillus preferred a cottage, amid the ruins of Rome still smoking after the Gallic conflagration, to the palaces of *Veii;* and the natives of this town prefer their country, though on the verge of a fiery abyss, to a secure but foreign mansion. We applaud the patriotism of the former; why should we not praise the spirit of the latter*?

The town of *Torre del Greco* was supposed by Cluverius to occupy the site of *Herculaneum*, because the distances nearly corresponded, and inscriptions have been found that seem to corroborate this conjecture. In fact, making allowances for the extent of the ancient town, there is little more than three quarters of a mile difference, so that its name and jurisdiction extended probably much farther. Hence the *Salinæ*, which

* Adeo nihil tenet solum patriæ, nec hæc terra quam matrem appellamus; sed in superficie, tignisque caritas nobis patriæ pendet?—*Tit. Liv. Lib.* v.

lay on the coast further on, and probably near if not beyond *Torre d'Annonciata*, were called *Herculanenses*. The road to this last-mentioned town crosses various beds of lava, poured out at different periods: it is notwithstanding this circumstance bordered with houses and villas, and enlivened by perpetual crowds and agitation. Beyond *Torre d'Annonciata* the road turns a little from the sea, and crosses the ancient *Palus Pompeiana*, once perhaps a marsh, now a rich plain, raised and fertilized by the very ashes which buried the unfortunate *Pompeii*. We stopped at a farm-house in appearance, and alighting in the court found ourselves in the quarters of a legion of Roman soldiers: the destination and date of this edifice, its form and coloring, the names and jests of the soldiers scribbled on the walls, fresh as if written yesterday, are objects sufficiently curious to interest without the aid of architecture, of which this building cannot boast; it is an oblong square, with a portico on all sides, supported by Doric pillars of brick plastered over and painted alternately red and yellow, with the exception of the two in the middle of each side which are blue; behind are numerous apartments about fourteen feet square. Immediately behind the barracks are two theatres, one small and supposed to have been covered, the other large; both these edifices were lined with marble, beautifully paved, and in every respect highly finished. The pavement of the arena of the smaller theatre is entire, and engraved on it, in a line parallel with the stage, are the following words in large brass letters:—

M. Oculatius, M. F. Verus IIVir pro ludis.

In other respects these theatres are exactly of the same form as the *Teatro Olimpico* of *Palladio* at *Verona*: having like it a nar-

row proscenium, and three entrances, (one large, the other two less,) to the stage from the scenery behind. In the larger of these fabrics the seats rest on the side of a hill, above which was a colonnade or portico communicating with a public walk or rather forming a part of a forum. The side of a hill was indeed peculiarly favorable to the arrangements of an ancient theatre, and seems to have been frequently chosen for the purpose. These theatres when discovered were nearly entire; they have since been stripped of their decorations, but still retain all their great characteristic features.

The temple of Isis is behind the little theatre, and occupies an angle formed by two streets. It consists of a small court supported by Doric pillars, on one end of which is the *cella* raised on several steps; to this *cella* there are two doors, one in front opening on the court, the other on the side: in the back of the *cella* is a piece of brick-work nearly breast high, running from side to side, and leaning against the wall; it is hollow and arched, and open at each end with steps conducting to it. This circumstance has induced the *Ciceroni* to represent it as a lurking place for the priests, who, they say, gave answers from thence in the name of the idol that stood above; and it has thus afforded the profound *president De Paty* an opportunity of declaiming against priestcraft; while a female traveller with all the piety and tenderness of her sex laments the fate of the *poor deluded votaries*. It is a pity that so much eloquence and so much compassion should be thrown away, but so they have been upon the present occasion. In the first place, it does not appear that oracles were ever given at *Pompeii*, as this was a privilege reserved to the ancient and more renowned

temples; in the second place, oracles had ceased every where long before this temple or edicula (for it scarce deserves the former appellation) was erected; thirdly, these entrances are too public, and the whole contrivance too gross to dupe the dullest peasant, much less the polished inhabitants of *Pompeii*. There is close to the Cella, a room in which a skeleton was discovered. There are niches where various statues of Venus, Priapus, &c. were found, which with the furniture, marbles, and pictures, were transported to *Portici*. The whole of this edifice appeared to me ill-proportioned in form, and poor in materials; its pillars are brick plastered, and most of its ornaments are stucco.

Behind this temple on one side is a court surrounded with a portico, supported by sixteen Doric pillars; from a sort of pulpit on one side, I should suppose it intended for some public assembly. Another court follows with a similar portico, and communicates with the grand portico of the theatre, supported by more than sixty stone pillars of the same order, that is, Doric, but in proportion bordering upon Tuscan. Near this portico lie several fragments of columns, of a much larger size and of bolder proportions; as the excavations have been carried no farther on this side, it is difficult to form any conjecture about their destination; perhaps they belonged to the temple of Neptune, and may have been thrown down and laid in their present situation by the earthquake which nearly destroyed this city a few years previous to the eruption that buried it finally. The damage occasioned by the first disaster was never probably repaired, and seems to account for the apparent want of architectural magnificence in a city, equal perhaps in size and population to *Herculaneum*, and complimented by Seneca

with the addition of "*celebrem Campaniæ urbem.*" The street which runs from the neighborhood of the soldiers' quarters to the gate is narrow, that is, only about thirteen feet wide, formed like the *Via Appia* at *Itri*, and other places where it remains entire, of large stones fitted to each other in their original form, without being cut or broken for the purpose. There are on each side parapets raised about two feet above the middle, and about three feet wide. The pavement is furrowed by two deep ruts, which shew evidently that the carriages always kept the same line, and that the wheels were about four feet asunder; of course they must have all moved in the same direction, and had regular hours for coming and going, as there is not room for two, and even if there were, stone posts placed at intervals would oblige them to return to the track. The houses on either side stand close to each other, seem to have been shops of different kinds, were of the same elevation, and nearly the same size, all paved, and painted much in the same manner. In one of these buildings were found several unfinished statues, that announce the work-shop of a statuary. In another, the word *Salve*, engraved in large characters on the threshold in Mosaic, indicate, it may be supposed, the readiness of a publican to welcome his guests. In one, the amphoræ, which contained wine, still remain; and on the marble slab that served as a shop-board are the marks of cups or glasses. The gate has one large central and two less openings on the side, with parapets of the same breadth as the street; without, but close to it, are semicircular recesses with stone seats, and beyond a tomb and a palumbarium or receptacle of cinerary urns.

The most perfect and most curious object that has been yet

discovered is a villa at a little distance from the town. It consists of three courts; in the first and largest is a pond, and in the centre an edicula or little temple; there are numerous apartments of every description paved in Mosaic, colored and adorned with various paintings on the walls, all in a very beautiful style. The baths in this villa seem to have been the principal object of luxurious indulgence, and are laid out with a refinement of art and contrivance that can receive few or no improvements from all our modern inventions. In the cellars under the portico of the great court, were discovered several female skeletons in a row with their backs against the wall: the ashes which had gradually worked their way into every corner, had hardened into a solidness, which when removed was found in some places imprest with the form of the bosom, and even retaining part of the garment. At the door of the same court were found two other skeletons, one with a key, the other with a purse grasped in its hand. This villa is said to have belonged to Arrius; the name of Arrius has no charm in its sound! what traveller while visiting it would not wish to persuade himself that he was ranging over the apartments of Cicero's *Pompeianum*. It stood in the neighborhood of this town, and *possibly* on this very spot. It was a favorite retreat, and much frequented by Cicero and his friends Atticus Hortensius, Sulpicius, &c. From it, he sailed to Greece, in order to join Pompey, after having declined the dubious offer of the three cohorts stationed at *Pompeii*. At all events, if the excavations were carried on with spirit, and on a large scale, there is no doubt but that Cicero's villa would be found, and probably some inscription, statue, or other circumstance, recording the name of the most illustrious of its proprietors.

The houses are on a small scale, generally of one, sometimes

of two stories; the principal apartments are always behind, enclosing a court with a portico round it, and a marble cistern in the middle; two had glass windows, in the others shutters only were used—the pavements are all mosaic, and the walls are stained with mild colors—the decorations are basso relievos in stucco, and paintings in medallions. Marble seems to have been common. On the whole, *Pompeii*, in all the circumstances which I have mentioned, bears a strong resemblance to modern Italian towns, with this only difference, that in point of general appearance the latter have, I think, the advantage. It must however be remembered, that *Pompeii* had already been damaged by an earthquake *, that the roofs and upper parts of the houses have been borne down by the weight of ashes and pumice stones upon them; and in short, that, as not more than a quarter of the town has been hitherto explored, buildings of greater magnificence may still remain buried.

It is generally supposed, that the destruction of this city was sudden and unexpected, and it is even recorded that the people were surprised and overwhelmed at once by the volcanic shower while in the theatre †. But this opinion seems ill-founded; the number of skeletons discovered in *Pompeii* does not amount to sixty, and supposing it to have been ten times that number, it would still be very inconsiderable when compared to the extent and population of the city. It may perhaps be doubted, whether *Pompeii* was ever fully restored and repeopled after the earth-

* Motu terræ celebre Campaniæ oppidum,
Pompeii corruit. *Tac. Ann.* xv. 22.

† Dio lxvi.

quake of sixty-three; but it certainly was repaired in part, and inhabited by a very considerable body of citizens, as must appear from the state in which the houses and apartments are at this day, that is, painted and ornamented not only with neatness, but even with elegance. As for the circumstance of the inhabitants, of either *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii*, being surprised while in the theatre, it is so palpable an absurdity, that it is difficult to conceive how the historian above-mentioned could relate it with so much gravity. It may be questioned whether even one skeleton was found in or near the theatres at either place. The first agitation, and the threatening aspect of the mountain, must have banished mirth and amusement far from its borders, and filled every heart with awe, expectation, and terror. While the earth was rocking under their feet, and the mountain bellowing over their heads; while the country was deluged with liquid fire, and the whole atmosphere was loaded with ashes and sulphur, the people of the towns immediately within the range of destruction could not have been so frantic as to sit down quietly to theatrical exhibitions. In fact, symptoms of the approaching explosion had manifested themselves in numbers and manner sufficiently terrific to alarm the strongest minds, particularly when not accustomed to volcanic phenomena. Not to speak of the previous earthquakes mentioned by Pliny *, because not uncommon on that coast, Dio relates that the summit of the mountain was thronged with spectres, who sometimes moved along its brows, and sometimes raising themselves from the ground, flitted through the air in hideous and gigantic shapes. This appearance was probably occasioned by the

* Ep. Lib. VI. 20.

vapors working through the crevices of the earth, and rising and expanding as they escaped from confinement; an appearance, which a superstitious and terrified populace might easily metamorphose into fiends and furies. Pliny, in the same epistle, describes the cloud rising from Vesuvius in the form of a pine, observed at *Misenus* about the seventh hour of the day, or one o'clock *post meridiem*. The elder Pliny embarked shortly after, (the younger, who remained at *Misenus*, seems from his own account to have been deficient either in spirit or curiosity on this occasion, so well calculated to call forth both.)* As the wind was fair he must have reached the coast of *Herculaneum* or *Pompeii* about four o'clock.

As he approached, the shallowness of the sea, occasioned perhaps by the agitation and swell of the earth under (not certainly by the ruins of the mountain, as his nephew expresses it) obliged him to change his course, and turn to *Stabiæ*. *Stabiæ* stood on or near the site of *Castell à Mare*, which still bears its name, at least in ecclesiastical proceedings and records, and is about three miles from *Pompeii*. Here he found his friend prepared for the event, with vessels ready and his baggage on board; in fact, the alarm had been general long before, for we find that a message from *Retina*, (now *Resina*) a naval station at the very foot of Vesuvius, had reached him before he set out from *Misenus*. He converses with his friend, goes to supper, and retires to rest. In

* Jubet Liburnicam aptari: mihi, si venire una vellem, facit copiam. Respondi studere me malle; et forte ipse quod scriberem, dederat. *Plin. Ep.* VI. 16. What lesson could books afford equal to that which nature was then exhibiting? We find him afterwards making extracts from Livy, in circumstances still more astonishing!

the mean time the mountain appears on fire, probably from the eruption of the lava; and ashes and pumice stones, which had begun to fall some hours before, now showered down in such quantities as almost to fill the adjoining court. This shower, which seems to have continued all night and during part of the morning, *(jam dies alibi, illic nox omnibus noctibus nigrior densiorque)* was probably that which overwhelmed *Pompeii*, as it ceased shortly after, and with it the agitations of the mountain. This indeed appears from the circumstance of the body of the naturalist having been found on the third day after, on the spot where he had fallen, not covered, as must have been the case had the fall of ashes and pumice stones continued even one hour after his death.

Pompeii, as has been already observed, is only three miles from *Stabiæ*, but on the very side itself of Vesuvius, and only about five miles from its crater. The bed of ashes was in some places scarce three feet in depth, so that it must appear wonderful that the town had not been discovered long before the middle of the last century, or rather that the ashes were not removed, and the city restored immediately after its catastrophe. We may therefore conclude, that the far greater part of the inhabitants of *Pompeii* had time to escape, and that those whose skeletons remain were either decrepid slaves, or criminals in a state of confinement. Of the latter, indeed, some were found in chains, and as for the former, when we consider the immense number employed in Roman villas, we shall wonder that so few have been hitherto discovered. However it must be admitted, that during the course of the eruption, and taking in the whole range of its devastations, many persons perished, and among them some of distinction, as may

be collected not only from Dio but from Suetonius*, who relates that Titus, then Emperor, devoted the property of those who lost their lives on that occasion and had no heirs, to the relief of the survivors†. Though the catastrophe took place within the space of twelve or twenty hours at the utmost, yet time was found to remove most portable articles of value, such as plate, silver, and gold ornaments, &c. as very little of this description has been discovered. The furniture which remains is to moderns of equal perhaps of greater value, as it is better calculated to give a clear and accurate idea of Roman manners, as far as they are connected with such objects.

It has been often regretted, that the pictures, furniture, and even skeletons should have been removed, and not rather left and carefully preserved in the very places and attitudes where they were originally discovered. Without doubt, if articles so easily damaged, or stolen, could with any prudence have been left in their respective places, it would have heightened the charm, and contributed in a much greater degree to the satisfaction of the spectator. Pictures, statues, and pillars, or other decorations can never produce the same effect, or excite the same interest, when ranged methodically in a gallery at *Portici* or Naples, as they would when occupying the very spot and standing in the very

* Suet. Titus. 8.

† The greatest number of sufferers was probably in the villas, where the proprietors themselves might very naturally have loitered too long, as they were there secure from the effects of the earthquake, and the slaves might be detained even to the last moment.

point of view for which they were originally destined. But independent even of this advantage, and stripped as it is of almost all its moveable ornaments, *Pompeii* possesses a secret power that captivates and fixes, I had almost said, melts the soul. In other times and in other places, one single edifice, a temple, a theatre, a tomb, that had escaped the wreck of ages would have enchanted us; nay, an arch, the remnant of a wall, even one solitary column was beheld with veneration; but to discover a single ancient house, the abode of a Roman in his privacy, the scene of his domestic hours, was an object of fond but hopeless longing. Here, not a temple, nor a theatre, nor a column, nor a house, but a whole city rises before us untouched, unaltered, the very same as it was eighteen hundred years ago, when inhabited by Romans. We range through the same streets, tread the very same pavement, behold the same walls, enter the same doors, and repose in the same apartments. We are surrounded by the same objects, and out of the same windows contemplate the same scenery. While you are wandering through the abandoned rooms you may, without any great effort of imagination, expect to meet some of the former inhabitants, or perhaps the master of the house himself, and almost feel like intruders who dread the appearance of any of the family. In the streets you are afraid of turning a corner lest you should jostle a passenger; and on entering a house, the least sound startles, as if the proprietor was coming out of the back apartments. The traveller may long indulge the illusion, for not a voice is heard, not even the sound of a foot to disturb the loneliness of the place, or interrupt his reflections. All around is silence, not the silence of solitude and repose, but of death and devastation, the silence of a great city without one single inhabitant.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent. *Æn.* II.

Immediately above the buildings, the ground rises, not into a cliff casting gloom, as the sides of a grave, on the hollow below, but as a gentle swell formed by nature to shelter the houses at its base. It is clothed with corn, poplars, mulberries, and vines in their most luxuriant graces, waving from tree to tree, still covering the greater part of the city with vegetation, and forming with the dark brown masses half buried below, a singular and most affecting contrast. This scene of a city, raised as it were from the grave, where it had lain forgotten during the long night of eighteen centuries, when once beheld must remain for ever pictured on the imagination, and whenever it presents itself to the fancy, it comes, like the recollection of an awful apparition, accompanied by thoughts and emotions solemn and melancholy.

Among the modern works that adorn the territory or rather the vicinity of Naples, the two noblest are the aqueduct and palace of Caserta. Both lie north of Naples; the former is farthest, the road is over a delicious plain to *Acerra*, a very ancient town, remarkable however for nothing but its attachment to the Romans, even after the battle of *Cannæ*, and in the presence of Hannibal*. Some miles farther we passed *Sessola*,

† Livy XXIII. 17. It is perhaps better known for the fertility of its soil extolled by Virgil, or rather for the harmony of the verses which terminates in its name.

Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
Ora jugo, et vacuis Clanius non æquus Acerris. *Georg.* II.

*The inhabitants seem to have secured themselves by embankments against the

now a village, once *Suessula* a city, noticed frequently in Livy for a Roman camp long stationary on the hills above it: we shortly after skirted *Maddaloni*, and entered the valley to which it gives its name. This valley is formed by *Mount Tifata* on one side, and on the other by *Monte Gazzano*, which is in fact a branch of the former. It is long and deep; its sides are rugged, and its appearance is wild and solitary. In the midst of this lonely dell the traveller is surprized to behold an immense bridge formed of a triple row of lofty arches, crossing with gigantic strides from one side to the other. This bridge forms part of the celebrated aqueduct of *Caserta;* it is near two thousand feet in length, and two hundred in height, and conveys a whole river of the purest water across the valley. The stream itself is collected in the neighborhood of *Mount Taburnus*, and carried sometimes through mountains, and sometimes over vallies to the palace; but though the work may in many places have been more difficult, it is no where more magnificent than in this valley. In length, elevation, and effect it surpasses all similar edifices of modern construction, and may indeed vie with some of the noblest Roman monuments. The first row consists of nineteen arches, the second of twenty-seven, and the third of forty-three. The stream is about four feet wide, and three and a half deep. From a reservoir on the top of *Gazzano* it is precipitated down the declivity to the plain, where collected in a long strait canal it loses its rapidity and

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mischievous swells of the *Clanius* (now *Chiagno*, and sometimes *Lagno*) alluded to in the last line.

beauty, and assumes the appearance of an old-fashioned stagnant pool*.

From the hill we descended along the side of the aqueduct to the gardens, extensive and regular, and if we except a part in the English style, uninteresting. We then entered the palace, one of the noblest edifices of the kind in Europe for magnitude and elevation. It is a vast quadrangle, near eight hundred feet in length, six hundred in breadth, and in height, one hundred and twenty. It is divided into four great courts; a portico, supported by a hundred pillars, and wide enough for carriages to pass, extends from the grand entrance to the opposite side. An octagonal hall in the centre of the edifice opens on the portico and at the same time on the courts, and the principal staircase. The staircase is about twenty feet wide, consists of at least one hundred steps, each of one piece of marble, and ends in an octagon vestibule supported by twenty-four marble pillars. From these pillars rise arcades, which cover the entrances into the grand apartments; that opposite the staircase is the chapel, which is

* The arches of the upper row in this aqueduct are the highest, and those of the under the lowest, an arrangement contrary to ancient practice, and certainly not pleasing to the eye; but whether it may be considered as a defect or not, I will not presume to determine. It is to be regretted that an edifice of such magnitude and solidity is of brick with a sort of pumice stone intermingled; it ought to have been coated with marble in the Roman manner. The difference which it might have made in the expense could not have been a matter of importance in a country where marble is so common. The architect was Vanvitelli, a man of great, and, as may well be supposed, of merited reputation. The inscriptions on the middle arch under which the road goes are long, and as usual pompous, and therefore misplaced. Such a work requires no eulogium.

well proportioned and highly decorated. Its form is ancient, terminating in a semicircular recess, for the altar. The royal gallery is over the entrance and in front of the altar; it is on the same level as the side galleries, and with them forms a most beautiful colonnade, supported by four-and-twenty pillars of the finest marble. This chapel is on the same plan as that of *Versailles*, but in size, proportion, materials, and ornaments far superior, and may be considered, when united with the staircase, as the noblest part of the palace.

The other apartments do not seem to correspond with it in grandeur; and of the whole edifice of *Caserta*, it may be said, that notwithstanding the advantages of magnitude and regularity, it is deficient in effect, because it wants *greatness of manner*. The whole is on a great scale, and so ought the component parts to have been, but the reverse is the case. Though the building be more than a hundred feet in height, yet the columns that adorn the front are not more than fifty. Again, the length of the front is near eight hundred feet, the colonnade therefore that adorns it ought to have been extremely prominent; on the contrary, it has very little relief, and indeed scarcely seems to project from the wall behind it. The interior portico is six hundred feet in length, yet the pillars that support it are not twenty in height; it has therefore the appearance of a long low gallery. Whether these defects are to be ascribed to the interference of the king himself (Don Carlos of Spain) who is supposed to have given the general plan, and may be suspected of having sometimes entered into the details of execution; or whether they result from the original design, we know

not, but they certainly lessen the effect, and deprive this palace of the grandeur to which its materials, situation, and magnitude entitle it.

I mean not by these observations to disparage the work, or lower the reputation of the architect. The fame of Vanvitelli is above the reach of censure; as long as the aqueduct of Maddaloni stands, so long will his name be placed with that of Michael Angelo and of Bramante; and as long as the stranger ascends by the marble staircase of *Caserta* to its marble chapel, so long will it be numbered among the first palaces in Europe. I only lament that the former either did not or could not realize his own sublime conceptions; and that the latter, with all the advantages which it possesses, was not carried one degree nearer to perfection.

The observations which I have ventured to make on *Caserta*, might be extended to almost all the palaces which I have had an opportunity of visiting. The imperial residences, whether at *Vienna*, *Inspruck*, or *Prague*, have not the least claim to architectural ornament, at least externally; and it is to the exterior that my observations are at present confined. The palaces of the *Tuilleries* and *Versailles* are of a different description, and cannot be said to want ornament, or even symmetry, but the style varies so often, and the scene is so perpetually changing on the eye, that proportions are constantly counteracting each other, and no part produces its full effect. Thus, the front of the *Tuilleries* consists of five parts; a lofty pavillion in the centre, two long low buildings on each side, and again a lofty pavillion at each end. The central pavillion consists of three stories adorned with pillars, the wings of two, the pavillions at

each end of one story and a most enormous attic. The decorations of the two latter are Corinthian pilasters, massive, bold, and majestic; and had the same style been continued throughout the whole length, the effect would have been truly noble; but as it is, the greatness of manner so conspicuous in these two members, only makes the two orders of the wings and the three of the centre appear mean and diminutive. The *Louvre*, at least the front which faces the river, is simple and manly. The celebrated colonnade, which forms the principal front, is with many defects, certainly beautiful.

Versailles may be said to have two fronts; one facing the road, the other looking on the garden; the former consists of several courts opening into each other and contracting as they recede from the gate, so that angle succeeds angle, and roof sinks behind roof. The *facade* towards the garden presents a considerable length, but the order which decorates it is petty; moreover the wings fall back and by breaking the line, destroy the unity of the view. Thus, are these huge edifices, notwithstanding their magnitude, reduced by the puny proportions of their component parts to *vast heaps of littleness.*

The King of Prussia can boast of a palace which, though inferior to all the above-mentioned edifices in extent, is yet in *style* superior. It is in the vicinity of *Potsdam*, and called *the Red Palace*, from the color of the stone of which it is in part built: its front is simple, formed of few members, and decorated with a bold Corinthian portico. Frederic the Great was fond of the arts; he seemed ambitious of giving both his capital and his residence as much architectural splendor as possible, and to a certain degree,

he has succeeded, as few cities present so much pillared scenery as *Berlin* and *Potsdam*. Unfortunately, either he has not always followed the best models, or his architects have as usual deviated from ancient proportions. Hence the columns are generally too thin, and the pediments too high, and hence also those perpetual interruptions of the *line*, and those *zigzags* and flourishes so unnatural in stone and marble, and yet so frequent in modern decorations. To these defects we may add another scarcely less reprehensible; these porticos and colonnades are frequently like a theatrical decoration, mere deceptions; so that the spectator, when he has admired a noble front and enters the portal with the expectation of seeing a church or a hall of corresponding grandeur, is surprized to find himself sometimes in a petty meeting-house, and sometimes in a narrow dirty passage. However, the *Brandenburgh Gate*, which is an imperfect imitation of the *Propylæum*, has a noble appearance, and may perhaps be considered as the most faultless piece of architecture in Germany *.

The country palace of *Willelmesnohe* in the neighborhood of *Hesse*, erected by the present Landgrave, has an Ionic colonnade of considerable boldness and beauty, and is comparable if not superior in manner to most royal residences. The palace of *Laken*, erected by the Archduchess Christina and

* The French have since carried off the bronze quadriga with the figure of Victory, which surmounted the pediment of this gate. I know not whether defied and challenged as they had been by the Court of Berlin, they were not justifiable in this act of plunder. *Victory* of course follows the *victor*.

the Duke Albert, has one fine feature, a beautiful colonnade and dome.

It has been observed, that there is not in England a single royal palace fit for the residence of the sovereign of so great and opulent a nation. With the exception of the feudal mansion of Windsor, which derives not a little grandeur from its site and magnitude, and more majesty from its antiquity and connexion with the history and the literature of England, than the noblest architecture could give it; with this single exception, the remark may be just. But whence comes this deficiency? it cannot be said that the Kings of England have wanted either the inclination or the means of building, as scarce a reign has passed that has not seen a new palace, castle, *box*, cottage, pavillion, or nameless and shapeless *something* arise for the royal accommodation. Nor can it fairly be objected, that the King of England cannot, like other sovereigns, draw at pleasure upon the treasury. Till the Revolution the monarch could command what portion of the public income he thought proper, and since that period, sovereigns do not appear to have been too economical, or parliaments very parsimonious. The fact is, that the King of England possesses as many royal residences as any prince in Europe, and that as much money has been expended upon them here as in any other country, but at the same time it is to be remembered, that *taste* has been wanting in the designs, and economy in the expenditure. However, if the royal mansions be deficient in grandeur, the defect is abundantly compensated by the splendor and princely state of the villas and country-houses of the nobility and gentry. Here indeed England outshines all the countries in the world, and far eclipses the glories even of Italy.

The palaces that rise in the most distant provinces, the colonnades, and porticos that grace them, and all the *temple-like* magnificence that surrounds them, give a stranger the idea of so many imperial abodes, and present scenes of architecture superior to all modern exhibitions, and inferior only to the splendor of ancient Rome!

END OF VOL.

J. G. BARNARD, SKINNER STREET, LONDON.

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